Grove Papers (copied for R. D. Grove in March 1849).

from Bailey's History of the Tower p. 632. (London, 1825).

1684. June 6. Edward Grove late of Hampton in E. Where he was convicted of High Treason in Levying War against the King. sent to England by Edw. Cranfield Lieutant Governor of N. Hampshire, and was committed to the Tower till his Majesty's pleasure be further known (Errors of the Journey of year and surname, 1683 being the true date.

1684. Nov 28. (From a book 1660–1760, containing Orders of the Committee of Council &c. relating to the Tower. At the Court at Hampton Ct. By the King's most Excellent Majesty, and the Lords of his Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council.

Upon reading this day at the board the humble petition of Edward Grove of N. H. in N. E. a prisoner in the Tower of London, praying that he may be released from his irons and have the liberty of the Tower, it was ordered by his Majesty in Council that Thomas Cheeke Esq. Lieut. of H. M.'s Tower in London, or in his absence that the Commander in Chief do forthwith cause the said Ed. G.'s Irons to be taken off, and that he or the C m C do accordingly grant the said Ed. G. the liberty of the Tower, upon good security that he will remain a true prisoner there

(signed) Phil Lloyd.

3.

9 March 1685-6 Edwd G. discharged. Giving his own recognizance for his appearance at the Sessions of the Old Bailey, & pleading his pardon. (Signed) Sunderland.
(Same Entertainment book)

5 March 1685-6. Privy Council Court at Whitehall
Present. The King. Prince George of Denmark. Abp of Canterbury. Ld Chancellor. Treas. Privy Seal & Comptr. Chancr of Exchequer. Earl Bradford. Bath. Plymouth. Thanet. Middleton. Ld Pr. Preston. Ld Pr. Durham. Ld Dartmouth. Godolphin. E. G. & the undertaker in the next paragraph being the Council at Whitehall April 9 1686. To be received by the Exchequer

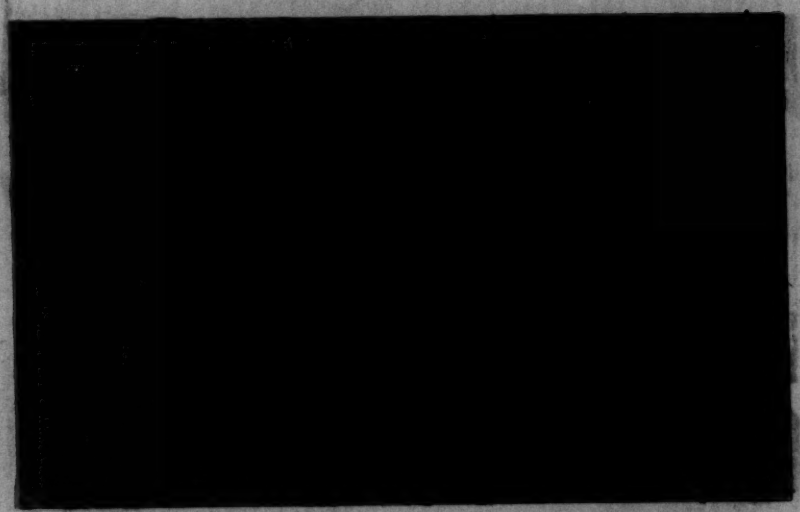
Bills from July 25 1685 & Lasts 29, 13 weeks
Expenses. £8, 9, 5, ÷ 2 = £9. 4. 6½
Approved by Jeffreys. Clarendon. Rochester. Huntingdon. Halifax. Godolphin. J. Bridgewater. C. Craven
Plymouth

There was a March 10 1686. at the same date
of £2. 4, 5 a week (but not paid in full,
10 weeks, 5 days, being but £7. 2. 09¾
= 142 s 9¾ (11/13.5) a week about.

DOCUMENTS

for

HISTORY of the DEVELOPMENT of RELIGION.



Nitzsch.

Some things by K. J. Nitzsch on the article God in Herzogs Real Encyklopädie. B. V. p. 257 seq. (Stuttg. 1856)
"Even it in him alone God subsists, remains, passes — other such Glossen Beschäftigen durch den Gedanken an seinen, als den Offenbarung Inhalt doch noch nicht erregen." p. 350. "

Further down he says: "The incomprehensibility of the divine Being not only remains a fixed fact; but this also in turn, even as to the knowledge of God is also an advance in the knowledge of God's incomprehensibility."

The article is one of the many which ecclesiastical reverence has written.

Jäger in Jahrb. für Deutsch. Theol. (1857.) B II. p. 28.

The fallacy of the ontological argument does not consist in presupposing the reality of the God-Idea instead of proving it. It rather is this: that this argument without any proof (Beweis) transfers the ground idea — which one rightly assumes — a department which is independent of the form human spiritual life; the ontol. Arg.t is correct & convincing only when it is proved, from the very nature of the God-idea, that the origin of this Idea could not take place in Human-Cons. in a merely psychological way, but only as the reflex of a real objective Being in Human-Cons. when it indeed [illegible] of the finite

Atheisme.

L'Hôpital called an atheist a corrupter of sacred literature. Bayle's Hist. Crit. &c. p. 461

Special Mss.

Memoirs rel. thereto not to Historical Causes but to a Special Providence – i.e. to Miscellaneous Interests of town &c.

See Records Col. Coll. I. p.

In ep. in 1st N.E. Sermons of XVII C.

Rhode Island Hist.

Mich. Odyssey &c.

N.B. 1st Winthrop & 1st Peters Poetry Lowell & Johnson (Wonder W.) Mass. & 1st (Hist.) Winthrop. 2nd Life & Poems (Poetical) N.Y. 1858. p. 41—.

Also Rev. Aaron Burr Sketch of Braddock's Defeat & Edwards Letter Dec. 12th 1758 & Dr Gillis ibid.

N.B. Sermons of 1st Quak Fri &c.

Barbarous Cruelty &c.

Winthrop's letter on 1st Earthquake at Lisbon in Lisbon Manuscript.

Immortality

Savage nations

Mexicans, see McCulloh Researches on America Balt 1817. p 112—

They believed it p 112.

Transmigration

Here the Japanese with Eternal Damnation. See F. J. Scudder's extracts from Verbeck's de Japonia— in his letter to me 2nd Feb. 11. '87.

Numerus Sacrificii

In Former Articles in the Books of
Eusebius Praep. Evang. Lib IV. 16.
Clemens Misc.
Prove the Authenticity,

Missa Sacra

Die Form Lectiones in alio Breuiis d

Quinquies Praeq. Evangl. Lb IV. 16.

Clausulae Missae.

Post Alt. Thes Antiphonis,

Method in Philosophy &c.

Deductive

In xendom the method is to assume the Bible or the Rom Ch. to be divine - infallible &c. then from that to deduce certain conclusions. So x in Theology is deductive from the Bible - i.e. from such parts of the Bible as the doctrines elect.

In the Scientific world differs. There the Rom Cath. selects certain texts parallel to their x doctrine. Th 3rd & 12th x, the Denominations, the Salvationists.

So their Proof of Existence of God - is deductive from Bible - Nature & Man. Rel &c.

See then is all the Creeds - deductive, catechisms &c.

Sermons are originally deductive from a text &c. To do this Work well it requires the special technical training as much as to make a Common Law Lawyer.

There is Induction in M - i.e. intellectual Proofs. the Book way. 2 — — Faith - Obedience to Pt - Cath -.

Lundi 1er Février 1926.

Toulouse

Le Xe Congrès de Médecine de Langue Française aura lieu à Toulouse du 1er au 6 Avril prochain. Nous y serons tous les deux. Le Docteur Gaussel, Professeur de Clinique Médicale, Président du Comité d'Organisation, est un de mes meilleurs amis. Il a été mon Interne à Paris. Il y a bien longtemps de cela.

Le Président du Congrès, M. le Dr. Jean Cruet, habite Carcassonne. Il a été Professeur à Toulouse.

Il y a, à Toulouse, de nombreux Médecins de Paris. Nous y verrons, Gil Vn.

Je vais m'occuper de cela. Mais, Mon Cher Ami, Toulouse est à 700 kilomètres de Paris. Il faut compter 12 heures de chemin de fer. Nous ne pouvons pas nous absenter de Paris pendant 15 jours.

Je vais m'occuper de cela. Mais, Mon Cher Ami, Toulouse est à 700 kilomètres de Paris. Il faut compter 12 heures de chemin de fer. Nous ne pouvons pas nous absenter de Paris pendant 15 jours.

Je vais m'occuper de cela. Mais, Mon Cher Ami, Toulouse est à 700 kilomètres de Paris. Il faut compter 12 heures de chemin de fer. Nous ne pouvons pas nous absenter de Paris pendant 15 jours.

Methods in Phil

The Genius of the Anglo Sax People is essentially evidenced

two 1. The Law.

2. — Phil.

3

Phallus L.

in Mr Ballch p 174. who says a stone Gaddos was found near Charleston S. Carolina in the Hall of Am Phil Soc. (at Philad.?) p 174 He finds Gaddos in Newfoundland Islands. VI Carter Rogers. 206. q. V.

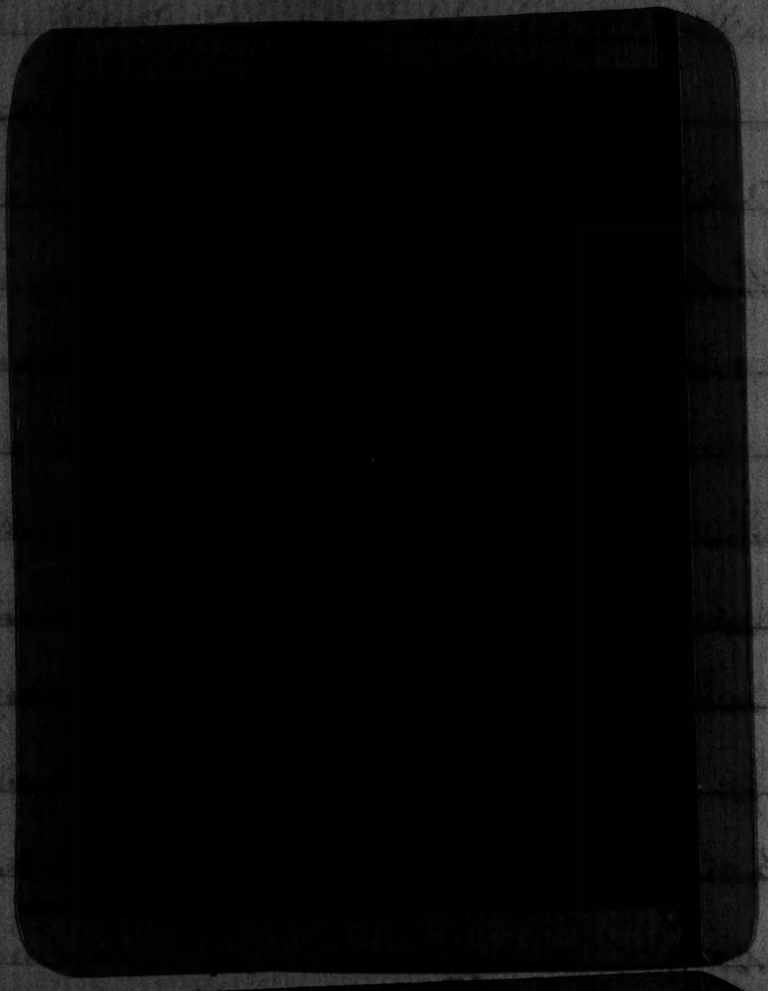
Squier. Serpent Symbol N.Y. 1851. p 36 ——

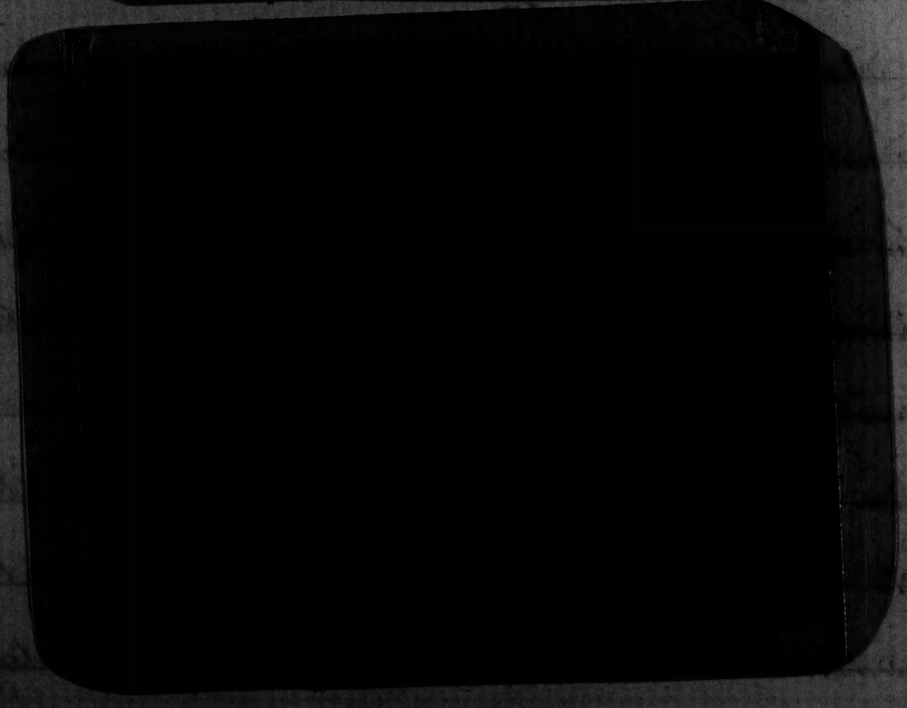
Sadas

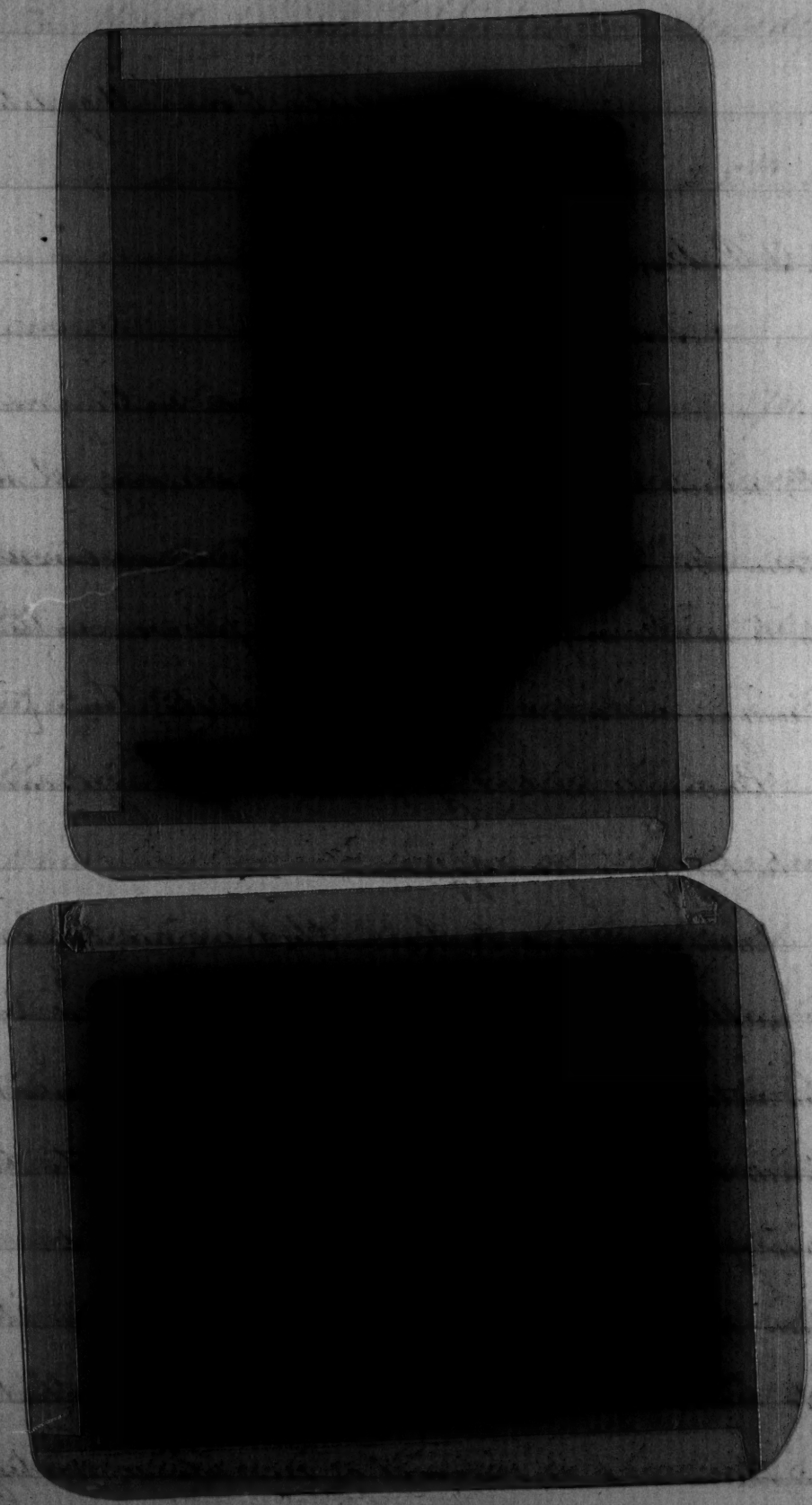
Bibliography:

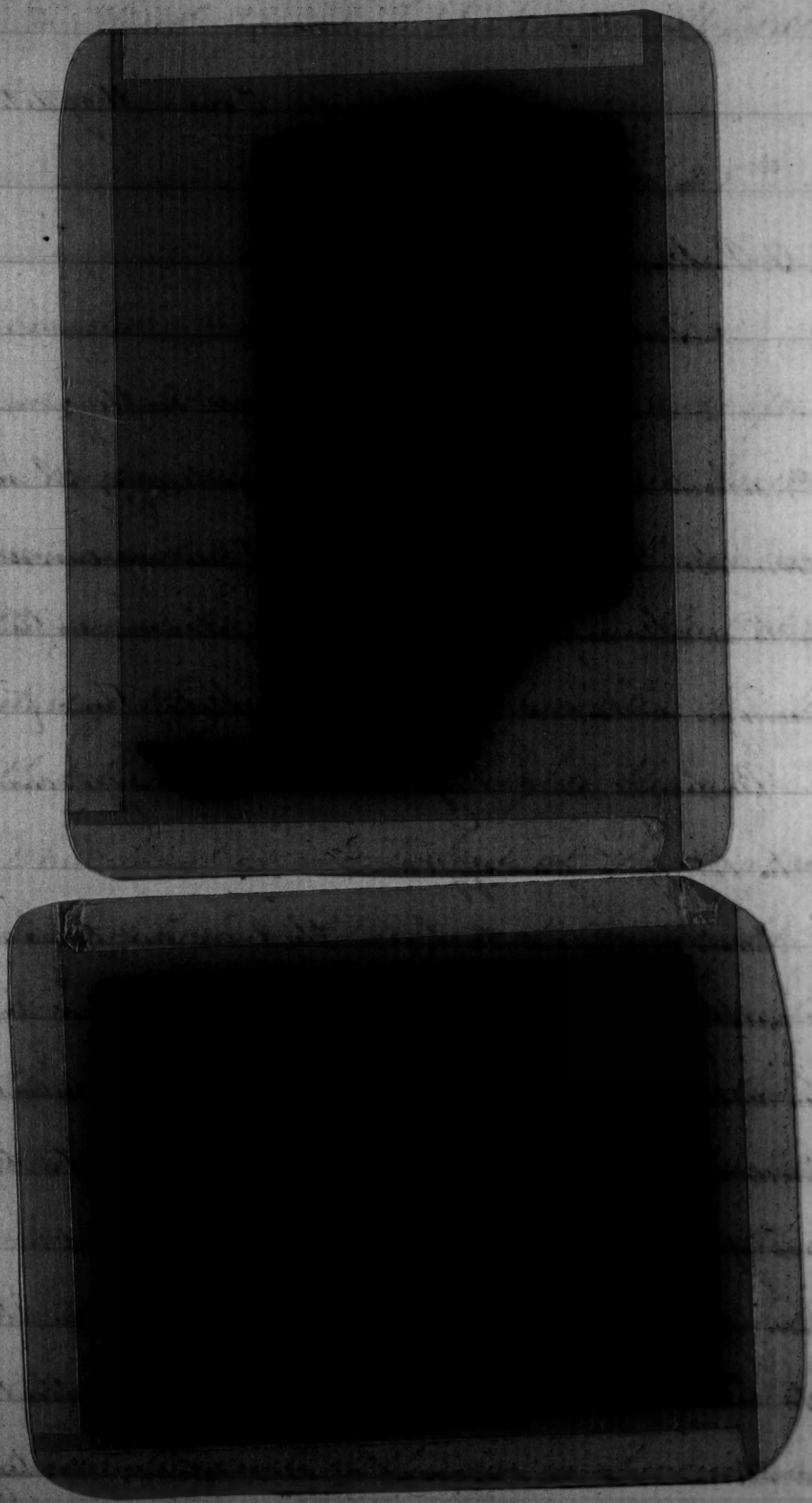
In the Bibliography list the key to the Bibliography
Number in the Bibliography Notes. If the
Notes are in alphabetical order, the
Bibliography should be alphabetical. If the
Notes are in numerical order, the
Bibliography should be numerical. If the
Notes are in chronological order, the
Bibliography should be chronological.

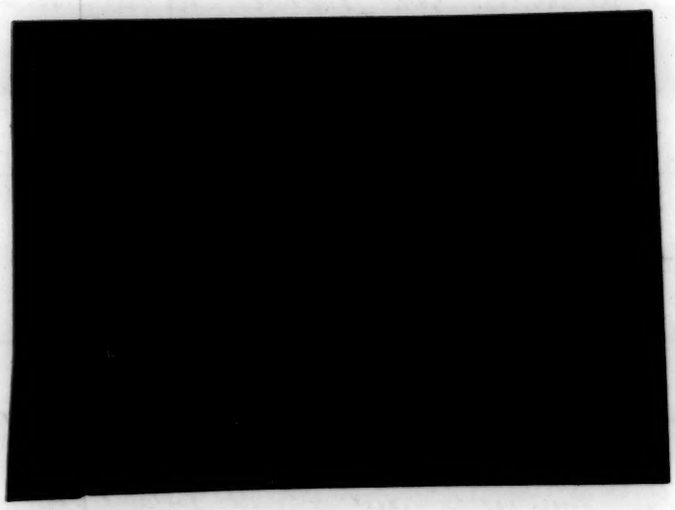
Gastos

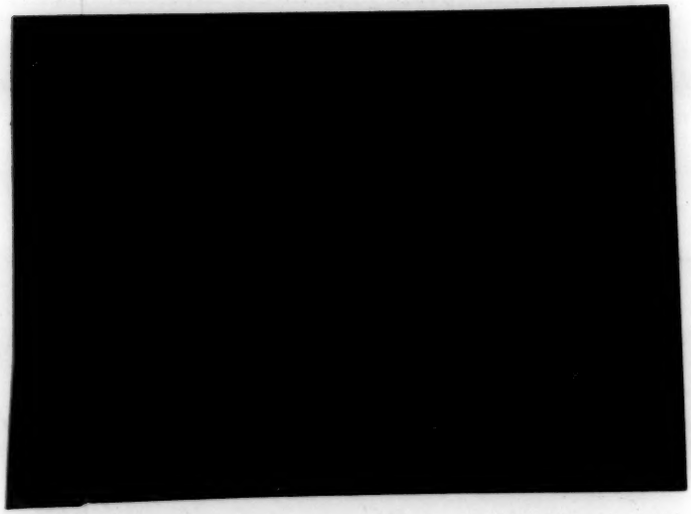


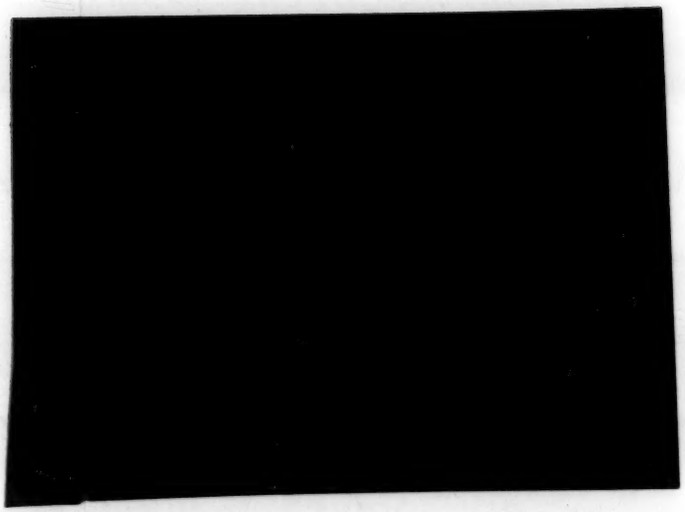












Middlefield Conn. May 21. 1862.

Mrs L. D. Parker,

Dear Madam,

In compliance with your request of May 8th, which I did not receive till yesterday, I send two letters from Mr Parker, the only ones I ever received. You are at liberty to make any use of them you please, with the exception of two passages included by me in brackets. Thus [—], referring to Dr Bushnell and Prof. Porter. Those references if published would be likely to give offence.

I am very glad to learn that we are to have a Memoir of your excellent husband "abundantly illustrated by extracts from his note-books, letters, journals and other manuscripts". Thousands and tens of thousands will wish to know all they can of a man so true, so good and great.

When you have no further use for them I shall be glad to have the two letters returned to me that I may preserve them as a memorial of one whose writings and life have been to me so great a blessing.

Very sincerely & respectfully yours

Dickinson J. L.

To Revd James. L. Dickinson Middlefield. Con.

Boston 25th May 1854.

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your kindness in sending me the opinion of your Friend so highly commendatory as it is. I wish I was worthy of half the praise he bestows upon me. But it is a strange state of things which now prevails. Mr Webster denied that there was any Law higher than an Act of Congress. When he stood and looked at the magnificent Mountains of Virginia he sneered at the thought of a Law higher than their Tops. And when he came to die more than a hundred and fifty clergymen preached and printed sermons eulogizing him as a great Christian — the evidence was; — He went to meeting, knew Watts' Hymns, and in the Girard will case declaimed in behalf of the Christian Religion. But on the other side all the philanthropists of the age in America are denounced as fanatical, unchristian, often as irreligious and

atheistic. Not to love your Brother whom you have seen seems to be a sign of love of God whom you have not seen.

The great diffinulty is— we have not an Idea of God at all adequate to the wants of Mankind; the popular Theology does not know the God of Infinite Perfection. It is a partial and exceedingly imperfect God that all the churches worship. Hence they have a form of Religion which is not adequate for the purposes of Science, of Politics, of Philanthropy, or of Piety. To the Philosophers, the Politicians, the Philanthropists and the men of solid Piety turn off from the popular forms of religion. — The Politicians comply with it— it is a part of their policy, and means as much as their praise of democratic institutions which they subvert while they profess to honour.

But this is not to last long; the old Theology is fast going to pieces and a better is slowly coming to take its place, with a form of Religion which does not look back but forward, and finding the Infinite God every where will make daily life a sacrament of communion with Him and with men our

Dickinson, J. S.

Brothers of every colour and condition: a great change will take place in a few years. (so it seems). I hope I may do something towards this good work, no one man can do much — for this must be brought about as all American achievements are *wrought — by a multitude of men and not by *any single mind. I have doubtless made many mistakes: may they swift-ly be corrected, and the good work go on. — I send you two copies of a Sermon, one for you, one for your friend and am

*brought in original
*one eminent "

Truly yours

Mr Dickinson. Theo. Parker.

To the Same.

Boston 31 Jan't 1859.

Mr Dickinson

My dear Sir,

I shall answer your letter

Dirkinson J. S.

spite of my Card, tho' I must do it with a pencil and not a pen. What a kind letter you wrote me the day after our Mass. Thanksgiving when I was lying quite sick; what another kind letter you wrapt it in and sent it to me! It came Saturday night. I read a word or two and it felt so kind and genial that I did not dare look at it again when I was tired but waited for a stronger moment. [I never read this new Book of Bushnell's; somebody told me he criticized me, which did not draw me to the work. Bushnell and I passed the better part of two days together. (In 1862 or '63 I think it was.) I liked much that I found in him, but doubted if he were strong enough to bear the burthen in the heat of the day which I knew would try men's souls. But I thought so well of him that I tried to get him invited to preach at one of the most "respectable" Unitarian churches in Boston, then wanting a minister. The scheme went on well — several of the leading men liked it, but one old Joy, wiser than the rest, said, "Well, if a man has come out of Orthodoxy, there's no knowing where he will stop. He may go over to Theodore Parker." Here

ended the matter.]

I was sorry I could not see you more than the minute we spent in the City Library, and resolved to write you, but was not well enough then to do what I need not. I thank you heartily for all the kind words you write me. Certainly I have inquired honestly as well as laboriously, and have written and spoken honestly, only asking men to hear me. [The first Reviewer who treated me humanely was a Connecticut man, Rev. Prof. Porter, in the very New England=er which now prints Rev Mr Tarbox's paper. Porter and I have been good friends ever since, tho' I find the revival has frozen the side of him turned towards me.]

If I ever come back – a sort of posthumous man – I shall take pains to see you, that we may know each other better.

Yours thankfully

Theodore Parker.

Boston May 27–54

R H Dana Jr Esq

Dear Sir

As I am obliged to leave the City on Monday I wish to say to you now that if you should have to resort to buying the freedom of poor Burns (now under arrest as a fugitive Slave) – You may call on the following persons for the amount set against their names – And I will on my return agree to collect enough more to make up the sum to $100 Yours very Respectfully

T C Wales

Augustus Perrin –	$50	All at
H I Downs –	10	No 66 – Pearl
T C Wales	10	Street
	70 $	

To be raised by T C W 30 more

100 $

Yours T C W

Boston, May 27th 1852

We the undersigned, agree to pay Anthony Burns or order, the sums set against our respective names, for the purpose of enabling him to obtain his freedom from the United States Government, in the hands & whose Offices he is now held as a Slave

// This paper will be presented by Rev L A Grimes pastor of the 12th Baptist church. /

Hamilton Willis.	$25
A Friend	25
A Friend	25
Charles P. Curtis	100
Thomas B Curtis	100
Sam[l] A Eliot	50
Moses Grant	25
Winslow Lewis	25
Butler Keith & Hill	25
	350

	350
Geo B. Emerson	# 10
Samuel Johnson	- 25 =
Gliddon & Williams	50
Lincoln Wing & Co	25
a friend - (pd Mr Grimes)	10
Wm Callender (Nash & Co)	10
Chas H Mills per W	50
Samuel Johnson J.	25
Andrew Carney	25
Jacob Sleeper	25
Mr Wyman	20
A Friend	25
Mr Allen	15
	665
H Willis	100
	765
	25 R & W
	# 785

Boston May 27/1854

The Subscriptions on this paper have all been obtained by me & I wish see them all collected to reimburse Hamilton Willis for his check of Eight hundred Dollars, given for Burns' use to W. Freeman—

Leonard A. Grimes.

Boston May 29. 1854

Hamilton Willis Esq^re.

Boston. My dear Sir,

I learn that you have been making an effort for the liberation of the fugitive Slave, Burns & that you have failed to accomplish his purchase from his owner who I am told is in this City.— I feel myself a deep interest in the peaceable adjustment of this unpleasant case & should be disposed to contribute for such an object any amount that you might think proper to call upon me for.—

I think the same feeling is very general with my fellow Citizens.—

Under these circumstances I beg to ask of you to make renewed efforts for the end I desire & I trust you will prove successful in accomplishing what will avoid the shedding of blood or an open resistance of an existing law of the land.

I remain, very truly

Yours &c

Geo. Baty Blake

Hamilton Willis Esqr.

Dear Sir

Mr B. F. Hallet told me to day that he was authorized to say that, that Col Suttle would sell Anthony in Alexandria.

You are doubtless informed of this, but I thought best to be sure, will you communicate this to Mr Grimes, if you have an opportunity.

With Great Respect,

Boston

3d June 1854.

Chas A. White

From T. Parker

My dear Sir,

If Byrnes does not go back — he is kept here only by the money of the Merchants, or the decision of Mr L. There is no Bravery to detain him an hour —

truly yours.

MR. HALLETT AND HIS INTERFERENCE WITH THE PURCHASE OF BURNS.—We published on Saturday a communication, signed L., making a serious charge against the United States District Attorney, Mr. Hallett. That gentleman has since denied the charge. We have therefore requested Hamilton Willis, Esq., the gentleman referred to by our correspondent, but who knew nothing of the communication until it appeared in print, to furnish us with the facts in relation to the attempted purchase of Burns. Our readers will find them in the letter below. Mr. Willis' statement is clear, frank and explicit, and need no comments from us. We submit it, as it stands, to our readers, and leave them to judge for themselves how far the district attorney of the United States is chargeable with having interfered to prolong the agitating scenes of the past week, by preventing the purchase of Burns, and of seeking to involve our community in unnecessary odium and reproach. Mr. Willis is a gentleman too well known to all our readers to require any endorsement from us.

BOSTON, Saturday, June 3, 1854.

To the Editors of the Atlas:—You have called my attention to an article in your paper of this morning, signed L., and to a contradiction of its statement in the Journal of this evening, by authority of the United States District Attorney. I know nothing of the origin of either of these articles, but will, at your request, give you a narrative of my own connection with the recent negotiation for the freedom of "Byrnes," believing that such a narrative will be altogether pertinent to the fact which you seek to establish, namely, the interference of the United States District Attorney in the negotiation above referred to.

On Saturday afternoon last, the Rev. Mr. Grimes called upon me and said that the owner of Byrnes had offered to sell him for $1200, and that he (Mr. Grimes) was anxious to raise the money at once. He desired my advice and assistance in the matter, and requested me to draw up a suitable subscription paper for these purposes, which I did in these words:

"We, the undersigned, agree to pay to Anthony Byrnes, or order, the sum set against our respective names, for the purpose of enabling him to procure his freedom from the United States Government, in the hands of whose officers he is now held as a slave.

This paper will be presented by the Rev. L. A. Grimes, pastor of the 5th Baptist Church."

Upon this paper Mr. Grimes obtained signatures for $665, and with the aid of Col. Shattuck's counsel, Messrs. Parker and Thomas, who interested themselves in this matter, $400 more was got in a check, conditionally, and held by Mr. Parker. It was agreed by me that I should be near at hand on Saturday night, to make final delivery of the money, which was accordingly done, and my check for $400, early in the night was placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for this purpose. About eleven o'clock, all parties being represented, we met at Mr. Commissioner Loring's office. This gentleman, with commendable alacrity, prepared necessary papers. At this juncture the actual money was handed over, which thunderstruck for a time the completion of the negotiation; but anticipating this contingency, which, under all circumstances, was not an unnatural one, we adjourned to the Marshal's office, and I supplied myself with the needful dollars. The United States Attorney, Mr. Hallett, was in attendance, and the respective parties substantially discussed the mode of procedure. The hour of 12 was rapidly approaching, after which no action could be taken. Mr. Grimes was prepared to receive Byrnes, and anxious to take him as he might peacefully. The matter lingered, and effectual action ceased.

I am not disposed to charge any one with double-dealing or foul play in this matter. The whole business was, I believe, conducted in good faith, and all proceeded upon the supposition that all were ready to act in good faith to make good the last requisite on Monday. In pursuance of the friendly understanding had after midnight with all parties in the room, we left them to expect Byrnes' liberation on Monday. But that day came the owner refused to treat. Learning (still rumor only, that $4600 had been raised on the main chance, I, on Monday addressed Col. Shattuck, [illegible] that I am about to withdraw from all connection with the matter, as unprofessional, and [illegible] that position of things he should [illegible] the original agreement to be carried out. [illegible] any additional money [illegible] that the owner is to have the money and [illegible] decided. [illegible] I had an interview with Col. Shattuck, in the U. S. Marshal's office. He seemed disposed to [illegible] the case, and that the subject is

A CARD.

In Mr Willis's statement relative to the purchase of the fugitive Burns, the failure of the negotiation is attributed to the interference of the Hon. B. F. Hallett. The facts are these. A proposition was made to Col. Suttle to purchase Burns. I, as a southern man, and a friend of Col. Suttle, was appealed to to estimate the pecuniary value of Burns. I stated that in my judgement he was worth $1200. This was on Friday night. The amount was satisfactory to Col. Suttle, and it was supposed the purchase would be consummated. On Saturday Col. Suttle's counsel informed him that the necessary papers had not been procured; but the requisite papers had not been drawn up; they would be perfected on Monday morning. On Sunday morning a friend of mine, not a professional gentleman, called on me and exhibited to me the statutes of Massachusetts wherein it is provided that any person selling a slave in Massachusetts is liable to fine and imprisonment. The volume containing this law I carried to Colonel Suttle, and reminded him that he was already under arrest for kidnapping, and if he sold Burns he certainly would be held answerable under the law forbidding such an act; upon this he positively declined selling Burns in Massachusetts. Therefore, his refusal to sell Burns was *in consequence of the law of Massachusetts*. Mr Hallett was in no manner responsible for the failure of the sale. The illegality of such a transaction was Col. Suttle's objection to it. Furthermore, if the purchase of Burns be still desired by any one here, his wishes can be gratified by applying to me any day within one month from this date, as I am empowered to act by Col. Suttle.

W. WELLS, *of Louisiana.*

Brattle House, Cambridge, June 6, 1854.

From T. Parker

My dear Sir,

If Byrnes does not go back — he is kept here only by the money of the Merchants, or the decision of Mr L. There is no Bravery to detain him an hour —

truly yours.

MR. HALLET AND HIS INTERFERENCE WITH THE PURCHASE OF BURNS.—We published on Saturday a communication, signed L., making a serious charge against the United States District Attorney, Mr. Hallett. That gentleman has seen fit to deny the charge. We have therefore requested Hamilton Willis, Esq., the gentleman referred to by our correspondent, but who knew nothing of the communication until it appeared in print, to furnish us with the facts in relation to the attempted purchase of Burns. Our readers will find them in the letter below. Mr. Willis' statement is clear, frank and explicit, and need no comments from us. We submit it, as it stands, to our readers, and leave them to judge for themselves how far the district attorney of the United States is chargeable with having interfered to prolong the agitating scenes of the past week, by preventing the purchase of Burns, and of seeking to involve our community in unnecessary odium and reproach. Mr. Willis is a gentleman too well known to all our readers to require any endorsement from us.

BOSTON, Saturday, June 3, 1854.

To the Editors of the Atlas:—You have called my attention to an article in your paper of this morning, signed L., and to a contradiction of its statement in the Journal of this evening, by authority of the United States District Attorney. I know nothing of the origin of either of these articles, but will, at your request, give you a narrative of my own connection with the recent negotiation for the freedom of "Byrnes," believing that such a narrative will be altogether pertinent to the fact which you seek to establish, namely, the interference of the United States District Attorney in the negotiation above referred to.

On Saturday afternoon last, the Rev. Mr. Grimes called upon me and said that the owner of Byrnes had offered to sell him for $1200, and that he (Mr. Grimes) was anxious to raise the money at once. He desired my advice and assistance in the matter, and requested me to draw up a suitable subscription paper for that purpose, which I did in these words:—

"BOSTON, May 27, 1854.

"We the undersigned agree to pay to Anthony Byrnes, or order, the sum set against our respective names, for the purpose of enabling him to obtain his freedom from the United States Government, in the hands of whose officers he is now held as a slave.

"This paper will be presented by the Rev. L. A. Grimes, pastor of the 12th Baptist Church."

Upon this paper Mr. Grimes obtained signatures for $665, and with the aid of Col. Suttle's counsel, Messrs. Parker and Thomas, who interested themselves in this matter, $400 more was got in a check, conditionally, and held by Mr. Parker. It was agreed by me that I should be near at hand on Saturday night, to assist and advance the money, which was accordingly done, and my check for $800, early in the night was placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for this purpose. About eleven o'clock, all parties being represented, we met at Mr. Commissioner Loring's office. This gentleman, with commendable alacrity, prepared necessary papers. At this juncture the actual money was insisted on, which threatened for a time the completion of the negotiation; but anticipating this contingency, which, under all circumstances, was not an unreasonable demand, we adjourned to the Marshal's office, and I prepared myself with the needful tender. The United States Attorney, Mr. Hallett, was in attendance, and the respective parties immediately discussed the mode of procedure. The hour of 12 was rapidly approaching, after which no action could be taken. Mr. Grimes was prepared to receive Byrnes, and anxious to take him as he might peacefully. The matter lingered, and official action ceased.

I am not disposed to charge any one with designedly defeating the desired end on that occasion. The business was new, the questions raised novel. But when we had proceeded thus far, and were ready in good faith to make good the sums requisite on Monday, in view also of the friendly understanding had after midnight with all parties in interest, we had a right to expect Byrnes' liberation on Monday. When that day came the owner refused to treat. Learning from rumor only, that $4000 had been named as the sum then asked for, I on Monday addressed Col. Suttle, then in court, a respectful note, reminding him of the position of things on Saturday night, and urging that Mr. Grimes had the right to expect the original agreement to be carried out, but further asking him, if any additional sum was required, to which he replied, that the "case is before the court, and must await its decision."

Tuesday morning I had an interview with Col. Suttle, in the U. S. Marshal's office. He seemed disposed to listen to me, and met the subject in a

manly way. He said he wished to make the boy's bonds, after which he would sell him. He wanted to see the result of the trial, at any rate. I stated to him that we considered his claim to Byrnes clear enough, and that he would be delivered over to him, urging particularly upon him, that the boy's liberation was not sought for, except with his free consent, and his claim being fully satisfied. I urged upon him no consideration of the fear of a rescue, or possible unfavorable result of the trial to him, but offered distinctly, if he chose, to have the trial proceed, and whatever might be the result, still to satisfy his claim. I stated to him that the negotiation was not sustained by any society or association whatsoever, but that it was done by some of our most respectable citizens, who were desirous, not to obstruct the operation of the law, but in a peaceable and honorable manner sought an adjustment of this unpleasant case; assuring him that this feeling was general among the people. I read to him a letter, addressed to me by a highly esteemed citizen, urging me to renew my efforts to accomplish this, and placing at my disposal any amount of money that I might think proper for the purpose.

Col. Suttle replied that he appreciated our motives, and that he felt disposed to meet us. He then stated what he would do. I accepted his proposal at once; it was not entirely satisfactory to me, but yet, in view of his position, as he declared to me, I was content. At my request he was about to commit our agreement to writing, when Mr. B. F. Hallett entered the office, and they two engaged in conversation apart from me. Presently Col. Suttle returned to me and said—"I must withdraw what I have done with you." We both immediately approached Mr. Hallett, who said, pointing to the spot where Mr. Batchelder fell, in sight of which we stood—"that blood must be avenged." I made some pertinent reply, rebuking so extraordinary a speech, and left the room.

On Friday, soon after the decision had been rendered, finding Col. Suttle had gone on board the Cutter at an early hour, I waited upon his counsel, Messrs. Thomas and Parker, at the Court House, and there renewed my proposition. Both these gentlemen promptly interested themselves in my purpose, which was to tender the claimant full satisfaction, and receive the surrender of Byrnes from him, either there, in State street, or on board the Cutter, at his own option. It was arranged between us that Mr. Parker should go at once on board the Cutter, and make an arrangement if possible with the Col. I provided ample funds and returned immediately to the Court House, when I found that there would be difficulty in getting on board the Cutter. Application was made by me to the Marshal, he interposed no objection, and I offered to place Mr. Parker alongside the vessel. Presently Mr. Parker took me aside and said these words: "Col. Suttle has pledged himself to Mr. Hallett that he will not sell his boy until he gets him home." Thus the matter ended.

In considering, Mr. Editor, whose interference was potent in thus defeating the courteous endeavors of citizens of Boston, peacefully and with due respect to the laws of the land, to put to rest the painful scenes of the past week, it must be borne in mind that the United States Marshal, who, throughout this unfortunate negotiation, has conducted himself towards us with great consideration, consented, individually, to hold the funds, as a party not in interest, thus early acquiescing in the success of our plan; the owner himself was willing to release his claim; his counsel, Messrs. Thomas and Parker, volunteered their aid in raising the money, urged it, and interested themselves in its speedy accomplishment—even in the latest moment when it could be effected, with commendable alacrity, they offered their assistance; the United States Commissioner himself consented to be at his post until midnight of Saturday, to give his official service for the object—I repeat, in view of all these considerations, the conclusion must come home irresistibly to every candid mind, that there was one person, who, officially or individually, in this connection, either did do, or left undone, something whereby his interference became essential to a less painful termination of this case. Respectfully,

HAMILTON WILLIS.

A CARD.

In Mr Willis's statement relative to the purchase of the fugitive Burns, the failure of the negotiation is attributed to the interference of the Hon. B. F. Hallett. The facts are these. A proposition was made to Col. Suttle to purchase Burns. I, as a southern man, and a friend of Col. Suttle, was appealed to to estimate the pecuniary value of Burns. I stated that in my judgement he was worth $1200. This was on Friday night. The amount was satisfactory to Col. Suttle, and it was supposed the purchase would be consummated. On Saturday Col. Suttle's counsel informed him that the necessary sum had been procured, but the requisite papers had not been drawn up; they would be perfected on Monday morning. On Sunday morning a friend of mine, not a professional gentleman, called on me and exhibited to me the statutes of Massachusetts wherein it is provided that any person selling a slave in Massachusetts is liable to fine and imprisonment. The volume containing this law I carried to Colonel Suttle, and reminded him that he was already under arrest for kidnapping, and if he sold Burns he certainly would be held answerable under the law forbidding such an act; upon this he positively declined selling Burns in Massachusetts. Therefore, his refusal to sell Burns was *in consequence of the law of Massachusetts*. Mr Hallett was in no manner responsible for the failure of the sale. The illegality of such a transaction was Col. Suttle's objection to it. Furthermore, if the purchase of Burns be still desired by any one here, his wishes can be gratified by applying to me any day within one month from this date, as I am authorized to say by Col. Suttle.

H. W. ALLEN, *of Louisiana*.

Brattle House, Cambridge, June 6, 1854.

From T. Parker

My dear Sir,

If Byrnes does not go back — he is kept here only by the money of the Merchants, or the decision of Mr L. There is no Bravery to detain him an hour —

truly yours.

MR. HALLET AND HIS INTERFERENCE WITH THE PURCHASE OF BURNS.—We published on Saturday a communication, signed L., making a serious charge against the United States District Attorney, Mr. Hallett. That gentleman has seen fit to deny the charge. We have therefore requested Hamilton Willis, Esq., the gentleman referred to by our correspondent, but who knew nothing of the communication until it appeared in print, to furnish us with the facts in relation to the attempted purchase of Burns. Our readers will find them in the letter below. Mr. Willis' statement is clear, frank and explicit, and need no comments from us. We submit it, as it stands, to our readers, and leave them to judge for themselves how far the district attorney of the United States is chargeable with having interfered to prolong the agitating scenes of the past week, by preventing the purchase of Burns, and of seeking to involve our community in unnecessary odium and reproach. Mr. Willis is a gentleman too well known to all our readers to require any endorsement from us.

BOSTON, Saturday, June 3, 1854.

To the Editors of the Atlas:—You have called my attention to an article in your paper of this morning, signed L., and to a contradiction of its statement in the Journal of this evening, by authority of the United States District Attorney. I know nothing of the origin of either of these articles, but will, at your request, give you a narrative of my own connection with the recent negotiation for the freedom of "Byrnes," believing that such a narrative will be altogether pertinent to the fact which you seek to establish, namely, the interference of the United States District Attorney in the negotiation above referred to.

On Saturday afternoon last, the Rev. Mr. Grimes called upon me and said that the owner of Byrnes had offered to sell him for $1200, and that he (Mr. Grimes) was anxious to raise the money at once. He desired my advice and assistance in the matter, and requested me to draw up a suitable subscription paper for that purpose, which I did in these words:—

"BOSTON, May 27, 1854.

"We the undersigned agree to pay to Anthony Byrnes, or order, the sum set against our respective names, for the purpose of enabling him to obtain his freedom from the United States Government, in the hands of whose officers he is now held as a slave.

This paper will be presented by the Rev. L. A. Grimes, pastor of the 12th Baptist Church."

Upon this paper Mr. Grimes obtained signatures for $665, and with the aid of Col. Suttle's counsel, Messrs. Parker and Thomas, who interested themselves in this matter, $400 more was got in a check, conditionally, and held by Mr. Parker. It was agreed by me that I should be near at hand on Saturday night, to assist and advance the money, which was accordingly done, and my check for $800, early in the night was placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for this purpose. About eleven o'clock, all parties being represented, we met at Mr. Commissioner Loring's office. This gentleman, with commendable alacrity, prepared necessary papers. At this juncture the actual money was insisted on, which threatened for a time the completion of the negotiation; but anticipating this contingency, which, under all circumstances, was not an unreasonable demand, we adjourned to the Marshal's office, and I prepared myself with the needful tender. The United States Attorney, Mr. Hallett, was in attendance, and the respective parties immediately discussed the mode of procedure. The hour of 12 was rapidly approaching, after which no action could be taken. Mr. Grimes was prepared to receive Byrnes, and anxious to take him as he might peacefully. The matter lingered, and official action ceased.

I am not disposed to charge any one with designedly defeating the desired end on that occasion. The business was new, the questions raised novel. But when we had proceeded thus far, and were ready in good faith to make good the sum requisite on Monday, in view also of the friendly understanding had after midnight with all parties in interest, we had a right to expect Byrnes' liberation on Monday. When that day came the owner refused to treat. Learning from rumor only, that $4000 had been named as the sum then asked for, I on Monday addressed Col. Suttle, then in court, a respectful note, reminding him of the position of things on Saturday night, and urging that Mr. Grimes had the right to expect the original agreement to be carried out, but further asking him, if any additional sum was required, to which he replied, that the "case is before the court, and must await its decision."

Tuesday morning I had an interview with Col. Suttle, in the U. S. Marshal's office. He seemed disposed to listen to me, and met the subject in a

manly way. He said he wished to take the boy back, after which he would sell him. He wanted to see the result of the trial, at any rate. I stated to him that we considered his claim to Byrnes clear enough, and that he would be delivered over to him, urging particularly upon him, that the boy's liberation was not sought for, except with his free consent, and his claim being fully satisfied. I urged upon him no consideration of the fear of a rescue, or possible unfavorable result of the trial to him, but offered distinctly, if he chose, to have the trial proceed, and whatever might be the result, still to satisfy his claim. I stated to him that the negotiation was not sustained by any society or association whatsoever, but that it was done by some of our most respectable citizens, who were desirous, not to obstruct the operation of the law, but in a peaceable and honorable manner sought an adjustment of this unpleasant case; assuring him that this feeling was general among the people. I read to him a letter, addressed to me by a highly esteemed citizen, urging me to renew my efforts to accomplish this, and placing at my disposal any amount of money that I might think proper for the purpose.

Col. Suttle replied that he appreciated our motives, and that he felt disposed to meet us. He then stated what he would do. I accepted his proposal at once; it was not entirely satisfactory to me, but yet, in view of his position, as he declared to me, I was content. At my request he was about to commit our agreement to writing, when Mr. B. F. Hallett entered the office, and they two engaged in conversation apart from me. Presently Col. Suttle returned to me and said—"I must withdraw what I have done with you." We both immediately approached Mr. Hallett, who said, pointing to the spot where Mr. Batchelder fell, in sight of which we stood—"that blood must be avenged." I made some pertinent reply, rebuking so extraordinary a speech, and left the room.

On Friday, soon after the decision had been rendered, finding Col. Suttle had gone on board the Cutter at an early hour, I waited upon his counsel, Messrs. Thomas and Parker, at the Court House, and there renewed my proposition. Both these gentlemen promptly interested themselves in my purpose, which was to tender the claimant full satisfaction, and receive the surrender of Byrnes from him, either there, in State street, or on board the Cutter, at his own option. It was arranged between us that Mr. Parker should go at once on board the Cutter, and make an arrangement if possible with the Col. I provided ample funds and returned immediately to the Court House, when I found that there would be difficulty in getting on board the Cutter. Application was made by me to the Marshal, he interposed no objection, and I offered to place Mr. Parker alongside the vessel. Presently Mr. Parker took me aside and said these words: "Col. Suttle has pledged himself to Mr. Hallett that he will not sell his boy until he gets him home." Thus the matter ended.

In considering, Mr. Editor, whose interference was potent in thus defeating the courteous endeavors of citizens of Boston, peacefully and with due respect to the laws of the land, to put to rest the painful scenes of the past week, it must be borne in mind that the United States Marshal, who, throughout this unfortunate negotiation, has conducted himself towards us with great consideration, consented, individually, to hold the funds, as a party not in interest, thus early acquiescing in the success of our plan; the owner himself was willing to release his claim; his counsel, Messrs. Thomas and Parker, volunteered their aid in raising the money, urged it, and interested themselves in its speedy accomplishment—even in the latest moment when it could be effected, with commendable alacrity, they offered their assistance; the United States Commissioner himself consented to be at his post until midnight of Saturday, to give his official service for the object—I repeat, in view of all these considerations, the conclusion must come home irresistibly to every candid mind, that there was one personage, who, officially or individually, in this connection, either did do, or left undone, something whereby his interference became essential to a less painful termination of this case. Respectfully,

HAMILTON WILLIS.

3

A CARD.

In Mr Willis's statement relative to the purchase of the fugitive Burns, the failure of the negotiation is attributed to the interference of the Hon. B. F. Hallett. The facts are these. A proposition was made to Col. Suttle to purchase Burns. I, as a southern man, and a friend of Col. Suttle, was appealed to to estimate the pecuniary value of Burns. I stated that in my judgement he was worth $1200. This was on Friday night. The amount was satisfactory to Col. Suttle, and it was supposed the purchase would be consummated. On Saturday Col. Suttle's counsel informed him that the necessary sum had been procured, but the requisite papers had not been drawn up; they would be perfected on Monday morning. On Sunday morning a friend of mine, not a professional gentleman, called on me and exhibited to me the statutes of Massachusetts wherein it is provided that any person selling a slave in Massachusetts is liable to fine and imprisonment. The volume containing this law I carried to Colonel Suttle, and reminded him that he was already under arrest for kidnapping, and if he sold Burns he certainly would be held answerable under the law forbidding such an act; upon this he positively declined selling Burns in Massachusetts. Therefore, his refusal to sell Burns was *in consequence of the law of Massachusetts*. Mr Hallett was in no manner responsible for the failure of the sale. The illegality of such a transaction was Col. Suttle's objection to it. Furthermore, if the purchase of Burns be still desired by any one here, his wishes can be gratified by applying to me any day within one month from this time, as I am authorized to say by Col. Suttle.

H. W. ALLEN, *of Louisiana*.

Brattle House, Cambridge, June 6, 1854.

Letter from Judge Curtis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER.

I am informed that some misapprehension exists respecting the subject to which the enclosed note relates. I will thank you to publish it. It was written on seeing the report of the proceedings of the Convention. I desire to add, that I have no cause to believe that the gentleman to whom the note is addressed or they who acted with him, have willingly done anything to create a false impression, nor have they manifested the least reluctance to do what I might deem proper to correct one, if it exists.

B. R. CURTIS.

School Street, Oct. 30th, 1858.

"HON. HENRY E. ROCKWELL:

"DEAR SIR,—I have read in the COURIER of this morning an account of the report made by your committee last evening, to a convention for the nomination of Senator for the Third Suffolk District, as [illegible] I think it should appear [illegible] had been nominated with the [illegible] by the convention that if elected, I was free to act according to the dictates of my own judgment, [illegible] any reference to any party connection with those from whom the nomination came.

"In the present state of [illegible] I would not have [illegible] moment to say this if I am not a member of the Republican party, and would not accept a nomination from one of its conventions.

"You will recollect that some of your committee seemed to suppose my remarks that, if I were [illegible] younger, I should be glad to do my share of the duty of the revision of the Statutes, my supposed [illegible] for which seemed to have been the reason for my nomination. I did not intend to be understood as saying that under any circumstances not known to me, I would have accepted the nomination.

I am very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

B. R. CURTIS.

"SCHOOL STREET, Oct. 28, 1858."

We observe that more than one of our Republican neighbors continue to derive encouragement for the Republican cause, from the fact that the names of Mr. Everett, Mr. Winthrop, Judge Curtis, and others were not affixed to the Address of the Old Whigs. They are welcome to all the comfort they can draw from this source; but who can tell that if these gentlemen do differ from the views of the [illegible] Address, it may not be, after all, because they approach more nearly to the Democrats than to the Republicans? Mr. Winthrop certainly has made no secret of his purpose to vote for Col. Heard; we think that we should hazard very little indeed in alleging that Mr. Everett also retains the same general opinions; and as to Judge Curtis, his own note shows what countenance the Republicans can rely upon from him.

Law [illegible]

REPORTED AND [illegible] FOR THE BOSTON COURIER.

COURTS IN BOSTON.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.—FRIDAY.—Before Judges SPRAGUE and [illegible].—Twenty-one grand jurors having answered to their names, the jury was impanelled, and Benjamin F. Copeland, Esq. of Roxbury, was appointed foreman.

Prayers were offered by Rev. Dr. Blagden, and Judge Sprague then proceeded to charge the grand jury according to the usual custom. After defining the respective spheres of action of the National and State courts, and the supremacy of the Constitution, and the laws enacted by Congress in pursuance thereof, he alluded to the capital cases which he had been informed would be brought before them for investigation. These were five for murder. He referred to the cases, without naming them, of Plummer and others of the Lemay, for killing the captain and third mate, and Captain Estabrook of the schooner Caroline, who killed his mate. Then he wilfully and maliciously burning a vessel at sea made piracy by statute. This referred to some of the [illegible] Next came the robbing of the Junior by Plummer and his accomplices,—an act made piracy by statute. He now alluded to and gave a history of the legislation by Congress against the slave trade, and then proceeded to the question of jurisdiction. When an offence under the laws of the United States is committed within the limits of the United States, the Constitution provides that the offender shall be tried in the State and district in which the offence shall [illegible] been committed. But Congress [illegible] beyond the territorial limits of the United States, as on the high seas, or into foreign harbors, &c. In 1790 [illegible] was enacted in regard to offences so committed, that offenders should be tried in the district in which first apprehended, or into which they might be first brought. The same provision was contained in the act of 1835. In the act of 1820, it was made the duty of commanders of national vessels to apprehend American citizens, whom they found employed in the slave trade and bring them to the United States, and give them into custody of the civil authorities for trial. This apprehending was by force of law and arrest by an officer duly qualified, and into which district the officer should first bring the offender, would be the district in which he must be tried. Thus act of 1820, in which provision was made for trying a party in the district where "found," did not affect the previous statute provisions. An offender against the laws prohibiting the slave trade, apprehended by a naval officer, and "brought" into a district, could not be said to be "found" in that district. Such was the case of Cant. Townsend, who had an prehended by Lieut. Maffitt off the coast of [illegible] and "first brought" into the district of Florida.

The Judge next explained the law for punishing assaults at sea, &c. Cases of beating and wounding of seamen by officers frequently came before the court. Three ingredients were necessary to constitute the offence: first, there must be a beating and wounding; second, it must be without justifiable cause; and third, it must also be from malice, hatred and revenge. It might be that an officer would be justified in beating and wounding a seaman in defence of his own person or for the protection of property on board the vessel, and it might be necessary to inflict blows for the purpose of enforcing instant obedience to a necessary order.

The charge having been concluded, the Grand Jury withdrew to their room, accompanied by C. E. Woodbury, U. S. District Attorney.

C 40

To D Huntington. Hadley M Mitc. Mass.

Watertown 24 August 1832

Dear friend.

I received your Letter of the 11th inst in due season, and am rejoiced to find that you have not forgotten Lexington, and that your Brother is still alive and well, for reports have formerly circulated among us that he had fallen a victim to the Yellow Fever at Natchez. I have frequently heard my acquaintance in this place, speak of your brother, whose decease you mention in your last; he taught a school last winter in a neighboring town, and was much esteemed as a good instructer and an excellent man. But he is gone; I too, Dear friend, have felt and keenly, the afflictive rod, since our attendance at School, a brother- a brother-in-law, and lastly, a sister have gone the way of all the Earth. The latter was but a few years above my own age, and had been married but one year, one week and one day. You have five brothers and three sisters, I have but two brothers, and as many sisters, who, with myself alone remain

of a family of eleven children— "The Lord giveth and taketh away" but we can answer, "blessed be his name".

You say you are engaged in farming: after leaving your brother's School at Lexington, I reengaged in the same honorable occupation, and taught a common School for four successive winters, during which time I studied laboriously. In 1830 I entered the Freshman Class at Cambridge, without having devoted any other time to study, than hours stolen from slumber, after having performed a day's labor, at farming.

I did not join the Class, but continued to work and the ensuing winter completed my fourth period of teaching a district School, then I engaged as an assistant in a private academy in Boston where I remained upwards of a year, and as a further remove I came to Watertown, where I at present remain. Your old school-mate Glover will graduate the ensuing Commencement. Casey entered Brown University but quitted after the second term and is now studying Medicine. Asa. Adams has become an actor, and I regret to add a man of

Huntington D.

sadly dissipated habits, & frequenting the lowest cone-
-pany and playing at the lowest houses.

The rest of the School are scattered abroad some have become farmers, some merchants, and Theodore Locke is a Dancing Master! The Misses Phinney still remain at Lexington having plenty of Beaux but no Fellows. Miss Nuttiken has married a young man, who lives near by. The rest of our companions, are scattered I know not whither. Where are Eleazar, and Lyude Huntington, your Cous-
-ins! Please, write as often as convenient, and, if ever you come in this vicinity, I request you to call and pass some time with me, and you will much oblige

Yours affectionately

Theo: Parker

To Wm P Huntington. Esq.

[24 AUG. 1832]

Dear Friend & Instructer,

It is long since we have met, but the recol-
-lection of the days spent under your Instruction

still lives in revered remembrance. I am rejoiced to hear of your welfare, since we have felt much anx-iety on your account. You enquire of Lexington Academy. You probably know that it did not flourish under Mr Rensel. Mr Hagar succeeded him, with similar success. The building stood unoccupied nearly a year. Mr Houghton a Graduate (as he says) of one of the Vermont colleges, next occupied it and with tolerable success. he had at one time, about fifty scholars but they were principally little boys, scholars well suited to his capacity for instruction. He too has gone, and a Mr Whitney, a graduate of Cambridge, has taken his place, and meets with scanty encourage-ment. The good character of the school has been declining ever since your departure, and now, we may express its condition by the Roman Finit. We have a Lyceum in Lexington; but it totters on the brink of ruin, and will probably soon hasten to that Magazine of "things exploded". ~~The Moon~~ Lyceums are estab-lished in almost all the neighboring towns, and in most, Debates are conducted on the same evenings

Huntington Wm. P.

with the Lectures. In Watertown we have both a Lyceum and a debating Society, but the standard of education is not very elevated among us.

My School has now been in existence but 18 weeks - yet I have 24 Scholars, which seems to bid fair as to future prospects; I instruct in the Latin, Greek French and Spanish Languages, Algebra and such other Sciences, as are usually taught in country academies. I have four Scholars preparing for the university, and others just commencing the Languages. My own education, since attending at your School, has been pursued in private and alone. I have read all the Greek and Roman authors, used at Cambridge and many more, in Geometry and Algebra, I have used the Cambridge course. This has been effected without the assistance of any Teacher. I have likewise obtained considerable knowledge of the Spanish and French Languages, and a smattering of the German, which I intend to pursue still farther. I shall mention with great pleasure to our friends at Lexington that I have heard

from you, as when I last saw some of them, they reques-
-ted me to make inquiry.

I remain your friend and former pupil

Theo: Parker

P.S. I this day complete my 22 year.

From Copy of a Letter C

To Rev Henry Ware D.D.

from the Senior class, in the Divinity College.

Dear Sir,

We, the members of the Senior class of the Theological School, now we are approaching the End of our Academi-
-cal course, beg leave to present to you our most sincere and heartfelt gratitude for your kindness, attention and urbanity towards us, and for the interest which you have taken in our Studies, while we have sat at your feet.

When we depart from this place, and the voice of your instruction reaches our ears no longer,

we shall still retain a lively sense of the Paternal regard you have ever shown for us, and for the wise charity, manifested in your example no less than inculcated in your precepts. Rest assured, Dear Sir, that the remembrance of both will never fade from our memory. But, that, wheresoever Providence shall cast the lines of our lot, we shall look back with gladness and gratitude to the time we have spent in consecrated places under your direction.

The example you have set us of diligence in examining, of patience in reasoning, and of a benevolent candour and impartial Love of Truth in deciding will ever dwell in our hearts as a model we would gladly imitate.

Accept dear Sir our most cordial gratitude for the continual favours you have shown us, and our sincerest wishes and Prayers for your future prosperity and happiness.

Div College 15 May 1836.

Signed by all the

Senior Class.

Mr Parker,

To be communicated to the Senior Class.

June 16 1836.

Messrs Andrews, Austin, Dwight, Ellis, Everett, Livermore, Parker, and Silsbee, Members of the Senior Class of Theological Students in Harvard University, —

Gentlemen,

Your Letter, full of kind feeling, addressed to me yesterday, was highly gratifying. — Nothing can be more so, than thus to learn, that one's good intentions, and faithful efforts to be useful, are well received, and estimated with liberal indulgence. I beg you in return to be assured of the great satisfaction I have had in witnessing the earnestness and fidelity with which you have pursued your professional Studies, — the singleness of mind and love of truth with which your enquiries have been conducted, and the uniform propriety, which has marked your conduct.

If it has been in my power to contribute in any degree to the character and habits which you have here formed, and by which you are fitted for the great work upon which you are about to enter, I am amply rewarded,

and my best wishes and hopes are fulfilled.
I can express no better wish for you on this occasion, —
than that each of you individually may be conducted by
divine providence into that precise field of usefulness,
for which you are best qualified; and that your
v. the Dean's success and prosperity may be answerable to the
Certificate faithfulness with which you have prepared yourselves
copied on for it, and the faithfulness with which you shall give
page 46 yourselves up to its duties.

Your affectionate friend & well-wisher
Henry Ware —

Duplicate of Reply to the letter of Hon Josiah Quincy L L D.

Hon Josiah Quincy L. L. D. President of
Harvard University

[West Roxbury 3.d Oct. 1840]

Honored Sir,

I have just received your note of the 25th ult, accompanied by the Diploma for the degree of A. M. Allow me, Sir, to express to you my high sense of the unexpected and unmerited honor, you have

conferred upon me, and my lasting gratitude for it. With sincere wishes for the welfare of the University, and your own continued prosperity, I am

Yours &c

Theo. Parker

West-Roxbury

3d Oct. 1840.

Senatus Universitatis Harvardianæ
Cantabrigiensis,
In Republica Massachusettensi.
Omnibus ad quos hæ Literæ pervenerint. Salutem
in Domino sempiternam.

Cum Gradus Academici eo consilio instituti sint,
ut qui aliis vel ingenio vel doctrina præstent, qui
bene de Republica literarum meuerint, qui
bonas artes ament et promoverint, hominesque
in iis excolendis vel scriptis suis vel exemplo vel
quoquo denique modo adjuverint, honoribus et
titulis præter cæteros insignirentur.

Præses et Socii Universitatis hujus
Curatoribus auctoribus, in Comitiis solemnibus, Anno Millesimo Octingentesimo 2-u-a-d-s-a-g-s-i-m-o habitis, virum Clarissimum

Reverendum Theodorum Parker,
virum probis moribus ornatum ingenio acuto præditum, artibus ingenuis bene instructum,

* omnibus generosi animi affectibus imbutum Artium Magistrum honoris causa creavernnt et renunciaverunt eumque omnibus juribus, privilegiis et honoribus ad hunc gradum quaqua pertinentibus, frui et gaudere jussernnt.

In cujus rei documentum hoc diplomati Sigillum Academicum apponendum curavimus.

Josephus Story — Jacobus Walker
Samuel Shaw — Johannes Amory Lowell
Carolus G. Loring — Thomas W Ward. Thesaurarius.

Josias Quincy LL.D. PRAES.

* nb the words underlined on this and the page preceding thus == are not words of course — but are specially written for this diploma.

Certificate on leaving Divinity School Cambridge

These certify, that Mr. Theodore Parker has honourably completed the prescribed course of preparation for the Christian ministry in the Divinity School of the University of Cambridge.

John G. Palfrey
Dean Fac. Theol.

Divinity College
20th July, 1836.

Partial copy of Reply to the within Letter.

West Roxbury 26 June 1841.

To Messrs. Wm Lamed, S. E. Brackett, Charles L. Thayer, and Charles Ellis.

My dear friends,

Your kind and very flattering note came safely to hand, and I have given it the best consideration in my power to bestow. I am thankful for the interest you express in my views of the Christian life. I know of no finite happiness so great as that which attends a successful attempt to set forth the great truths of Religion, on which our welfare depends. It is with great reluctance that I conclude it is wisest and best to decline the invitation you have so generously made me. My reasons are chiefly a distrust of my own ability to effect the object you contemplate. Besides I can still utter my word in the pulpit, and occasionally through the press, and perhaps can do what is given me to do, better in this than any other way. The

Subjects you suggest offer a most noble and beautiful theme, and would to Heaven I were able to discuss them as I feel they <u>now</u> require to be treated. The lectures of Dr Walker however will more than supply any thing I could attempt with any hope of success.

Believe me Gentlemen

very affectionately your friend and Brother in the Christian faith,

Theo Parker.

From Horace Seaver.

Boston, Jan 11th, 1843.

Rev. and Dear Sir—

As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of Thomas Paine's Birth Day, in this city, on the 30th instant, I am instructed to perform the highly pleasing duty of soliciting the honor of your company at the Dinner; and to say to you, in addition, that it would give the Committee great pleasure, as well as many others of your personal friends, if your health and time will allow you to comply with this invitation.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Horace Seaver.

Rev. Theodore Parker.
West Roxbury
Mass.

Scarer H. Reply.

West Roxbury 14 Jany. 1843.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 11th Inst came in my absence from home and I now hasten to reply to the invitation you offer me. With the views I entertain of Mr Paines character in his later years I could not consistently with my own sense of duty join with you in celebrating his birth-day. I feel grateful, truly so — for the service rendered by his political writings, and his practical efforts in the cause of Freedom, though with what I understand to be the Spirit of his writings on Theology and Religion I have not the smallest sympathy.

I am respectfully

Horace Scarer Esq. Your obt Servant

Theo Parker.

Emerson. To R W Emerson Esq. Concord. Mass.

West Roxbury 20th June. 1843.

Dear Sir

Herewith I send you "the Treatise of the Supernatural" as prepared by the Coadjutor of the Dial. I have promised to see it safely through the press. I send also the Song of the First Bob a Link taken down by Robertus Lincolnensis and done into English by the same, and furthermore a little notice of Sears' Book on the Dutch Philologues. Use as you will.

Yrs truly

Theo. Parker.

P.S. Mr Lincoln is desirous of preserving the incognito, and so I do not tell you of his hiding palace. The treatise itself is of course the work of Ximiam, and if any one doubt the fact and attribute it to any living writer. alas for him!

To W. H. Channing

c

West Roxbury 24 Aug. 1845.

My dear Friend

I did not receive your letter of Friday till yesterday. So it was too late to return an answer at the time you requested. I shall be exceedingly glad to have you come and say your noble and soul-stirring words to our little flock if you will do so, I know you will do them more good than any one else. For they will not now come to church in the morning. Mr Sewall I had engaged to preach for the months of September. After that I shall be glad to have you begin as soon as you will; may God bless you and may you bless the world.

Yours truly

Theo Parker.

W. H. Channing

To Revd Theodore Parker West Roxbury. Massts

Boston Nov 28. 1845.

Dear Sir,

Among your friends and congregation at the Melodeon, a society has been organized according to law; and we have been instructed, as the Standing Committee, to invite you to become its minister.

It gives us great pleasure to be the means to forward in this small degree the end proposed. and we cordially extend you the invitation, with the sincere hope that it will meet a favorable answer.

We are truly and
Respectfully
Your friends

Mark Healey
John Flint
Levi B Merriam
Amos Coolidge
John G. King
Sidney Homer
Henry Smith
Geo. W. Robinson
E. M. Ellis

To the
Revd Theodore Parker
West Roxbury
Massts.

[Copy]

Healey &c.

51

To Mark Healey Esq Present.

To Mark Healey, John Flint, Levi B. Merriam, Amos Coolidge, John G. King, Sidney Homer, Henry Smith, Geo. W Robinson & C. M Ellis Esq

Dear Friends.

When I received your communication of the 28th Ult. I did not hesitate in my decision, but I have delayed giving a formal reply, in order that I might confer with my friends in this place whom it becomes my plainest duty to leave. I accept your invitation but wish it to be provided that our connection may be dissolved by either party giving notice to the other of a desire to this effect six months before such a separation is to take place.

It is now, nearly a year since I began to preach at the Melodeon, I came at the request of some of you; but I did not anticipate the present result - far from it. I thought but few would come and listen to what was then so widely denounced. But I took counsel of my

Healey Me.

hopes and not my fears. It seems to me now – that if we are faithful to our duty we shall, in a few years, build up a Society which shall be not only a joy to our own hearts – but a blessing also to others now strangers to us and perhaps hostile. I feel that we have begun a good work. With earnest desires for the success of our common enterprize and a willingness to labor for the advancement of real Christianity. I am

faithfully your Friend

Theodore Parker.

West Roxbury 12th Dec. 1845.

Memo.

For Letter to the Com^e of Parish at West Roxbury dated 6 th 11 Dec. 1845 see Letter book 1. pp. 142

For Letter to the Parish in West Roxbury dated 3^d Jan^y 1846 see same Letter book page 145.

Widdifield. To Widdifield & Co. Present. c

Boston 2d Feb. 1847.

Dear friends

You had the kindness to send me a Thermometer the other day, not knowing what loss you would soon yourselves encounter. I think the instrument is worth at least $5.00, so allow me to send it you. I should consider the Gift not less a gift if you keep the price of it & shall be not less obliged than I felt at first.

Yours heartily

Widdifield & Co: Theo. Parker.

To Rev. Theo Parker c

Tuesday Feb 2 1847

Dear Sir

You must not make us feel so poor, it was a labor of love expressly for you and you must not put the mark of the "vile dirt" upon it, and after all we are well off in this affair when compared with our neighbours, and money is but very uncertain riches at best.

We Remain Dear Sir

Rev. Theo Parker. very Respectfully &c &c Widdifield & Co

Allyn J. C

To Mr John Allyn, Quincy. Ohio.

Boston 3d Janr. 1849.

My dear Friend

It is long since I received your letter, but I could not answer it before — my resources do not enable me to aid you to any considerable amount, but you will find a trifle (only $10, though) on the other side — which I beg you to accept with a Scholar's blessing. I trust you will never repent your resolu-tions to be true to your own convictions of Right and Duty; the time has come when the poor tra-ditions about Religion will no longer satisfy men, when real Goodness and Piety alone can answer the demands of the time. You have chosen a Profession which might dignify Angels — one of the noblest and most useful — when a noble man devotes him-self to it with all his Heart, and all his Mind and all his Soul; — but as this Profession is commonly con-ducted it is one of the meanest of all mean callings tending to degrade the Minister making him but a keeper of forms and repeater of traditions,

Allyn. J.

a man who dares not trust his Reason or his Conscience; and tending to degrade the People by filling them with superstitions and so enslaving their Mind, Heart and Soul, instead of making them free with the glorious liberty of the Sons of God, I shall hope good things of you and great things — not madness, but sound Religion, and sound Sense, Believe me

Truly your Friend

John Allyn. Theo. Parker.

Memo.

The above letter not received by Mr. Allyn, but returned to Mr. Parker from the dead letter Office Washington. Previous letters from Mr. Allyn dated.

1. Carrolton Green County Illinois. Jan. 6. no year.
2. Milford Clermont " Ohio Oct 9. 1848.
3. Quincy Illinois Nov 12. " "
4. Carrolton " June 13. 1849
5. Sonora Tuolumne County. Cal: Sept 12. 1854
6. Sonora Dec 4. 1854

Parker F.E. To Francis E. Parker Esq. Cambridge Mass.

West Roxbury 12th July 45.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your note which I have just read – I find among my old Family Papers several old documents of no value that once belonged to Thomas Parker. The oldest is of the year 1663, and is dated at Reading and relates to a Lot of Land. There was one Thomas Parker of Reading in England that was no friend to the church though a Catholic Priest. If you will go to Reading on Wednesday or Thursday next, and will let me know when I can meet you – (say at the Maine Rail Road depot,) and where, – I shall be glad to go with you,

truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Mr Wm Parker's letter to Roxbury 9th July 1845.
Extracts
Dear Sir

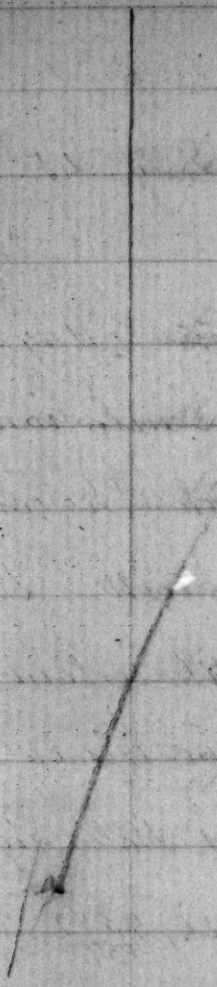
C

I have just received your favour & hasten to reply to it. I think all the Parkers of N.E. are of the same stock. I once took a good deal of pains to trace out their history. But my papers of late years have got into considerable confusion & I cannot, at this moment, lay my hands on them. However I can tell you something of them. The Thomas Parker of whom you speak as Governor of Lynn in 1637 - came to Hingham in 1638. How long he remained there I know not. He was a Baptist in 1635 - (I think, because I write now for recollection I may be mistaken as to the date.) If so he removed as you say, to Lynn later. He is an ancestor of mine. One of his papers was in the possession of my father. I have seen it "Will & Testament." My Father left Reading in 1810. - in the shape of John Parker who built a Mill & land in Cambridge - near Lexington where the battle with Regulars was fought - the family of my Brother Isaac Parker. To go back to Thomas. He came as I think from Lancashire. I believe he was of the Parkers of Gathwaite. They owned sometime in the 15th century Gathwaite & Brookholme where they still live in a fine mansion House built

in the time of queen Elizabeth. I had no opportunity to
visit the Place when in England last year but have
been a description of it in a large work on the beauties of
most counties of England. I found a good deal
about the Parishes of Lancashire & Cheshire - from
an old MSS. which I accidentally found one day in
running about in the library of what was once a
monastery in Manchester. It now belongs to "the
collegiate church" in that city. Coats of arms in N.E.
have been altered since it ceased to be a
part of the Chapter. In my father's family we had
one with three tigers heads on the shield, a dove with
an olive branch in its mouth for the crest. & Deo et
Labore for the motto. The quiles & the Adore &c &c. I
think originally the crest was a Stags Head & the
dove an error in the mouth of each tiger. But some
Puritan found his religion hurt & so began a collection
but the dove in the place of the Stags Head which
to him meant nothing - & received the arms for the
same reason. I find in all the original arms of the
Parish of the Stags Head. & the arms different - style
various terms. Sometimes it is a whole Stag - sometimes
with an arrow, with other emblems - see to point
to the origin of the parish - & these names. Indeed the

first who bore the name in England was a Norman - & "came in with the conqueror". He dos came to England in 1066, with "William the Bastard" - & was at the Battle of the Rye Forts. thence to Staffs Head, otherwise. His name was Johannes Le Parkere. How soon the article was dropped I know not - but I suppose as soon as Eglo-Saxon language began to bear rule again. I have not examined the Doomsday Book sufficiently to find if Johannes held land in his own right - I rather but shall do so soon. I find the Parkers often in history for that time down. The name is variously spelled - Parkere. Parker. Parkre & Parkhouse &c. &c. They were much scattered, I find, at the Reformation - Some seem seldom to have been good churchmen - I fear I have inherited bad blood. Some were publicly behaved under Mary for their creed - & burnt. I suppose many of them took part with Cromwell - for they were Puritans - but some must surely to the Royalist party but their lands & cares in such as Restoration. I fear all the rebellious blood came over to N.E. for the considerable Parkers in England were all Tories. They are numerous about Nottingham & are all the High churchmen & High Tories. - - I am now collecting materials a little memoir of my grandfather Capt John Parker

born 1734 & drew the first sword in the Revolutionary war. He was
Captain of the Lancaster Soldiers on the 19th April 1775. I have in my
study the musket he took from the British - the first taken in
the war - & his Bible. In the cover of the latter I shall
print all the names who to family records lived in this
country & how to get authentic information. If I succeed
I shall be happy to communicate them to you any time that I can
learn. I have by nature & education a great dislike to
changing my old Christian christian name. I dislike to hear a man
boast over the graves of his Fathers that he died a
N.E. & when I am an old man - very old - too old
to think any thing new - I hope to go again to England &
search out all the antiquity of my Fathers down to the time
of the battle of Hastings. I shall then go to Reading &
consult the Records there. If you can tell me who
the Town clerk, & the minister that holds the old
Parish Records - you will oblige me much — I find
your direct ancestors were Nathans. Peirce was Johns &
Roberts. So I find in some of the English Parishes that John &
Robert are the common christian names. There is less confusion
P.S a Granville in the Annapolis River Nova Scotia, which
went from Mass. before the Rev. about 1758-60. the Richards
have christian names, only with a notable sprinkling of Abadiah
& Hannaniahs. I think you from what you have told
me of by you to communicate any thing that may occur to
you [illegible]



Felton. To Prof Felton. Cambridge

West-Roxbury 18th July, 45.

Dear Sir,

Since it is doubtful that I see you today I will have a line ready for you. Here is the conclusion of the Flügel-Wheelerische Papieren which I beg you to convey to the proper person when you will. Dr F. has given me a power of attorney to settle certain claims when he was in the United States in his capacity of consul. The government of the United States righteously owes the great Lexicographer $224, 95 1/2 100 but shabbily neglects to pay the same. He writes Judge Story to help him but as I do not know the venerated Judge- or rather as he does not know me- I will venture to ask you to mention the matter to him. I have written to the Secretary of State about the matter, and also to Bancroft- If so mighty a man as Judge Story would give a hint to the proper person Dr F thinks that Justice would soon be done.

If you can find time to come over to West-Roxbury in the vacation- we will give you a most hospitable welcome. truly yours

Theo Parker.

Loring. E. G. To E. G. Loring Esq. Present.

[N.D.]

Dear Sir.

I have been told that once a Petition relative to the imprisonment of colored Citizens of Mass was sent to Mr Choate — while he was Senator — that he might present it to the Senate; that he was afraid to do this and kept it in his hat (or elsewhere) Is it so? Please tell me — for I want to know very much.

Yours respectfully

Theo. Parker.

I write this in a shop.

White W. H. To Rev Wm H. White Littleton, Mass.

Thus correspondence 7 years.

West Roxbury 26th March 1846.

Dear Friend

I found your letter in the Boston Post Office yesterday, and thank you most heartily for remembering an old scholar who has never thought of you but with gratitude and affection. I supposed you had forgotten me, or I should have sent you my little publications before. I did not know that you would take an interest in one whom you so much befriended 25 years ago. But trust me — I have enquired all about you with the greatest interest. If the boy Theodore was affectionate — I think you will find the man is the same old simpleton. I may be "proud" and very "wicked" — for aught I know; I will not say I am not —; you shall come and see — but at least I do not forget my old Teacher. I passed through your town once, on a rainy day — with three ladies in a coach — I did not pass within a mile of your house — to my great disappointment. But I learned of your welfare from one of your Parishioners whom

I found in the way. Once since I passed in the Rail Road I think through Littleton, otherwise I think I was never in your Town. You enquire after my doings &c. I have been married almost nine years but have no children. This is the only affliction of my life almost. But I never complain of that, for I am a singularly happy man. You shall ask my wife if I love her or shall see her and then guess. I think my neighbors love me. I know their children do. I have been nearly nine years in this place and think I have but one enemy in it: that is a dog whom I never treated ill but give a bone to now and then, still he growls at me, and bit me the other day, since that time I have given him over as not to be overcome by me. I think he is the only thing living that owes me a personal spite. I had rather have the affection of good plain folkes, like my neighbors, than all the fame of Luther and the power of Napoleon. As for my Theology, it has grown out of me as unavoidably as my arm has grown with my body. I think it a Christian Theology and a true one—

— Doubtless there are errors connected with it; I will gladly cast them away soon as I find them errors, yet I think there are truths also which will not perish; still I am but a very humble seeker after truth. That you may judge for yourself — I will leave for you at Munroe's Bookstore a copy of all my works — which I beg you to accept as a humble token of esteem from an old pupil — tho' it may be an unworthy one. I remember how it grieved me once to get a spot on your Latin Grammar (Smith's N. H. Lat. Gram.) — on the pronoun ille, illa, illud — which you kindly lent me. I hope you will take my gift as a return for the damage I did your book. I shall never cease to thank you for starting me in Latin and in Greek too, nor shall I ever forget how I hid my head in the bed clothes and cried, for I was sick then and could not rise — when they told me that you would not keep school the next winter — but a stranger was coming. I wanted to send you the first thing I ever published — and all since — but I feared you would not care for it — and so thro' sheer modesty have been thought proud. You ask

White W. H.

for my Sister — she has passed on — where she belonged, so have all my Sisters. Out of 11 children 3 only are left — my Brother Isaac at Lexington whom you never knew, my Brother Hiram at Lowell whom you remember — and myself. The reddish haired girl you mention was only a friend — she became almost a sister — but not quite and has gone I know not where. The Simondses live and grow rich — satisfied with that. It was Bowers I think that you saw — Wm. was a dull bad boy — and I think turns out a bad man. I have not seen your face since you were at a School — examination in Lincoln. Then you sat down beside me and did not know me! I cried all night at the thought of it — and weep a little now in sympathetic recollection. If you ever come this way — it will gladden my heart to see you — Next winter I shall live in Boston — and will entertain you hospitably if you will visit your "dear old Pupil"

J. P.

White. W. W. To the Same. Littleton Mass.

Boston 14th March 1848.

Dear Friend

It was not I that sent you the Sermon on Mr Adams, so you have one friend that you did not think of. I sent none of those copies of the Sermon - one of these days I think I shall print the Sermon myself - in a more full and complete form - and shall then be happy to send it to you. You object to the "Cohasset Rocks" the words are not in the Manuscript but I selected the figure at the moment and for this reason; I once went a fishing with Mr Adams - (& others) on the Cohasset Rocks, they are large and extend a long ways on the coast and are much assailed with Storms. Every body at Boston knows the Rocks, and Mr. Adams often went down there and so they were in my mind connected with him. I prefer the "Cohasset Rocks" in such a connection to "Gibraltar", because they are an object well known and the other not well known by the sight. If I were to speak of Birds in a Sermon I should not mention the Nightingale and the Sky Lark, -

White W. H.

but the Brown Thrasher and the Black-bird for the same reason. I am glad you like the Sermon. It is the only production of my pen that I have heard praised more than blamed. It has been popular if you will believe it. I know not why, and do not know whether it is to my credit or otherwise, that it is so. You were kind enough to say it had not my usual faults of style, or of thought. I thank you for the frankness of the statement. I have always been most grateful to persons who made me ashamed and not satisfied. If you will tell me what are my usual faults of style and of thought, you will do me a great service. I never sought praise so much as perfection, and shall be very grateful to you if you will do me that kindness. "Fas est et ab hoste doceri", but my Hostes - tho' numerous enough have done me little good by their criticisms. You were an early friend and did me a great service once; why wont you do me a greater one now? Once when I was a little bit of a boy - in the old School house on the North side of the road in Lexington, the first

winter that you taught a school there, one of your acquaintance told my sister that you had spoken of me to her at a party the night before; "well" said I to my sister, "what did he say?" she returned, "he said that he was disappointed in Theodore, they told him he was "a smart boy", and he found him a good one, and put him upon Latin, but he would not study; he did not get along well; was lazy and loved play better than his book. He was sorry he had put him into Latin", &c &c and I was eight years old - turning to nine. I went off and cried a while - that I had disappointed <u>you</u> - whom I loved with all my might. But the next day - you had to take it, the lesson was the verb <u>Sum</u> and its compounds in "the N H - Latin Grammar." I recited six times that forenoon. It was Saturday and you heard <u>me</u> when I had any thing to say, and asked me repeatedly <u>what had got into me</u>. I did not tell you but thought <u>you knew</u>. The next day my sister who had seen what took place told me that you had never said so of me, but quite differently; well the impulse lasted, and I remember well that once reciting

White. W. H.

I repeated all the rules in the Syntax (I think they were 84) without a prompting or without a question being asked me. So much for your criticism then. Now I think it might do me more good, for certainly I am quite as humble as then. So let me have the criticism. I sent you a Sermon this morning before receiving your letter, and am truly your old pupil and present friend

Rev. W. H. White. Theo. Parker

To the Same. Littleton Mass.

Boston 13th May 1851.

My dear old Master,

It was very kind in you to write me such a nice good generous letter, the other day. Trust me your words of sympathy and of esteem are very dear to me, and your words of rebuke, of caution, of warning are as dear and as much valued. I love most those that are so sincere as to tell me of my faults and shall

always value your admonitions as much as when you gave them to me over a little Latin Grammar, in the little Hacke School House at Lexington. You have forgotten that you once rebuked me for asking to have the same thing explained twice. I met, in Historiæ Sacræ, the word avulsum, and asked you what it came from. You showed me avello in the Dictionary. But the next day - or the next week - I met the same avulsum again and asked the same question a second time. You told me - "I showed you that the other day" - "I know it sir, but I have forgotten it"! "You must not forget it again" said you, and showed me avello for the second time: well I will try and profit by a rebuke now as much as then. So if you will always point out my faults while you commend any excellence you may discover or imagine - I shall rejoice and will try and mend.

I had hoped to see you at your own house long before this. But much work forbids: still I hope to see you at mine on Anniversary week. With best regards to you and yours, I believe me

Your old Pupil and hearty friend

Rev W. H. White — Theo. Parker.

To Miss White.

Newton Corner 21 Sept 1853.

My dear Miss White,

I thank you for the tender letter you wrote me about your late lamented and beloved father. I have been living out of town all summer long, and seldom seen a minister, and never a Theological Newspaper: and still more at the time of your Father's departure I was absent on a little journey. After I wrote the letter, as I went in to Mr Crosby's to leave the Book for your Father Mr C. asked me if I did not know that Mr White was dead. It came upon me with entire surprize. I knew from his last letter to me that he was ill; but afterwards I heard that he was better, that he preached as usual, and supposed the sickness was all over. Judge then of my surprize when informed of his departure to a fairer world! But my letter was in the Post-Office and perhaps already on its way. I could only wait till some one should reply to it.

How much I lament now that I have never been to Littleton to see him! But in a life a good deal too busy for the delights of friendship,

*within ten in original

even when friends are *within a few minutes walk, I never found just the right time, when I could go as well as not, but continually put off the pleasure against a more "convenient season" Several days this summer I sighed for visiting him, but something always prevented. Now the Good man has outgrown my Friendship. I have always felt a great veneration for him, such as I felt for but few men. He was a most excellent teacher, taking a school at Lexington (My Father was the School Committee man who engaged him) when it was in a sad condition and improving it quite surprisingly. He filled his pupils with a love of study. I know not why — but in the little country school, he set me to study Latin; I went through the Latin Grammar and began to construe "Historia Sacra" the first winter, and finished it the next and begun the Greek Grammar; the School lasted only 12. or 13 weeks. I shall never cease to be grateful to him for all the kindness he showed me and the gratuitous interest he took in my studies — for it was no part of his duty to teach a boy Latin.

He lent me his Latin Dictionary, a copy of

Young's Latin Dictionary – a Book which I look up to with great respect – This is the only copy of this Dictionary that I ever saw – it has been long out of print, replaced by better works – but the old well worn copy he lent me lives in my memory as a sacred memorial connected with the remembrance of one I held so dear. He taught school for us at Lexington two winters, then he found a better place for the next winter – at Lincoln – I was sick in the Autumn after his second winter, and one day as I was better, and out of danger, one of the neighbors told me that "Master White aint a going to keep the School this winter"! I turned my face to the wall and wept aloud and would not be comforted.

He endeared himself to the Hearts of all his Scholars, and of their parents too. Two years ago I went up to Lexington to dedicate a new and handsome School house on the very spot where he first taught, and it did my heart good to recount the valuable services of your Father – and his successor Mr Fiske also from Lincoln – in the little, mean

old and uncomfortable house which was there thirty years before. Some of his Scholars were present and approved the statements — but most of them have already passed on in the road which he has now travelled. I only lament that I never visited him in his own house. From Mr Emerson and Mrs Ripley — I have often heard accounts of his excellence as a Minister, as a Husband and a Father. Mr Pearson also has been abundant in his praise. Others that I have seen confirmed to me what I suppose the "daily beauty of his life" sufficiently attested to you. I thank you for writing me the account of his last moments — Full of a tender interest and melancholy to me. Yet there is a triumph in the deaths of such a man. I wish he could have been spared longer; but it is well to die in "God's time," and he rests from his labours. ——— I dedicated the little volume of Sermons, which I wrote about, to him and Mr Fiske. I am sorry he could not have known it. The Dedication was printed before he ceased to be mortal.

Present my kindest consolations to your mother, and believe me with respect and affection

Truly yours Theodore Parker

White. Sarah B. To Mrs. White Littleton. Mass.

Boston 25 July 1856

My dear Mrs White,

I was very glad to receive your pleasant letter, and hope whenever your daughter is of suitable age and strength she will go to some one of the Normal Schools of Massachusetts, and so enable me to do something for the Daughter of one I held in such reverence and estimation. I have not any special plan— Some prefer Framingham, some Bridgewater. I have no personal knowledge of either; at B. there are both young men and young women, which is not the case at F.

Some time I trust I shall have a little leisure and be able to see you in your own home. With kindest Regards

Yours affectionately

Theo Parker.

White S. B. To the Same. Littleton Mass

Boston 22 May 58.

My dear Mrs White

I thanke you heartily for your letter, not the less but more for the kindly criticism it contained. We can't all think alike. But I think I have not destroyed too much — nor lifted my own too hastily. Three hundred & fifty years ago the Christian World lay prostrate before that terrible Idol the Roman Church; then it was thought an authority above all the faculties of individual or collective Man. There was good in the Catholic Church — but its evil made it a tyrant, and under its command the wheels of Humanity were blocked forwards; the obstacle must be removed.

At this day the Bible is to Protestantism what the Roman Church was then to all Christendom. Out of it men gather (1) total depravity, (2) a wrathful God; (3) the Salvation of a few by the merits of Jesus, & (4) the eternal

White. S. B.

damnation of the great Mass of Mankind. All these doctrines are in the New Testament. The worst of them (2d4) were taught even by Jesus of Nazareth: I simply show that fact - and take neither him nor the New Testament for my master. But what is good in both I use with thankfulness of heart. I see men bowed down before the superstition of the Protestants and try to lift them up. My work is seven parts constructive - only the eighth is otherwise.

Faithfully and truly yours

Theodore Parker.

Jackson. F. To Francis Jackson. Boston.

c

Comte Cavin. Brot-Dessus, Neuchâtel

Twisse, Augt 21. 1859.

My dear Francis Jackson

I want to write you a few lines tho I have not much to say. I have letters from Mr Manley and others in Boston up to Augt 2. Amongst them came a quite charming letter from your niece Emmeline; it was a beautiful idyll, a sweet little poetic picture of a refined life in Boston and let us right into the heart of the Family. It was directed to my wife but I claim at least half of it. I love thus to get close to my friends; indeed there is seldom a day that I do not drop in to all the houses in New England where I am intimate, and look at the good people whom I love and who love me. It is amazing how quick the affections fly, thus far. I see the homely vegetables in the more useful of your gardens at South Boston, and the beautiful plants in the others - where I should like to set down some of the Alpine Gentians which grow here, but not in America. I always thought it a little too cold for Mr Francis Jackson over at South Boston, but he knows the best. I hope Mrs

Jackson. N.

Eddy is well and does not forget this writer; and the round-armed Cherry cheeked Miss Lizzie— I hear all about her! George tells me that— foolish boy! I wonder how Captain Beasle is— and if he has taken another Sword-fish! How I should like to go down in the harbor with the Jackson family, and eat a chowder of Austin's making.

Here I am staying, with one of my best friends Prof. Dean— he was often at my house in 1847-52. He is one of the great men in these parts— both respected and beloved, interested in all manner of good things. I have been here a month, and have seen many enlightened and interesting people whom he entertains most hospitably: a Brother could not be kinder; or a sister more delicate and tender than he is to me. I think I am really getting better— certainly I am fatter and stronger than for a year past— but the cough continues, and the voice is good for nothing: it is a little painful to talk at all. He has a fine wood-lot— and I work in it with a bill-hook and a light hatchet pruning the trees, cutting down bushes— sometimes I take the axe and cut down a tree of 12 or 14 inches diameter. But I am very careful and do not

overwork. I have such an appetite as the late Rev. Alexander Young D.D. was chiefly distinguished for, and a digestion like a New England Cow! I shall go back to Monterey Wednesday, 24, when I shall be XLIX years old! That does not seem at all terrible to Deacon Mory who has been a Father more years than I have lived. To me it seems venerable. — Kind Mr Lyman has proved one of the best of Friends — he sends his best Regards to you — I hope American affairs look better at home than abroad. Here they have an ugly aspect which gives me a good deal of anxiety. Look at this. 1. The South has reopened the African Slave-Trade and neither the Government nor the democratic party nor yet the public sentiment of the great Towns opposes it. 2. the Southern States are logically carrying out the Principle of Slavery and applying it to the Free Blacks. (1) they begin with selling them into Slavery to pay their taxes, (2) ultimately they will either banish them all or else reduce them to Slavery. It would be curious if the New Englanders should pass a law to sell into slavery all the Foreigners who could not pay their taxes — purposely made oppressive. (3). No Northern Gov^s dares stand out for State-Rights

Jackson. F.

against the invasions of the Slave Power. Look at Mr Chase one of the ablest and most enlightened men in the Nation, naturally conscientious and humane; but how like a Coward he looks at this distance! I hope he seems more courageous and manly as near as Boston. I have had more respect for him than for almost any of our politicians – for I thought him a great man. But I want new evidence now! Will the time never come when an able man shall see that he may be greater than a President and have more power in the Nation, by being faithful to the Right! It is a mean Ambition to desire a mere office, especially when the whole Capital ~~smells offensive~~ stinks with such creatures as Polke, Pierce, Buchanan and the like of them! But to seek to help the People, to found Institutions which shall promote the welfare and the Progress of Mankind for 1000 years – that is the noblest aim of noblest men; I should like to see such a man in American Politics. Perhaps Sumner will prove one of that stamp – certainly he looks that way now! (4). We have 2,000,000 imported Irishmen in the United States. They are the worst people in Europe to make colonists of; it is a bad nature which belongs to them

– oppressive to the weak, and servile to the Strong. They have the worst form of Religion which disgraces the civilized world; in Europe it hinders the welfare of every State, and is now a worse evil to the Continent than the "Heathen Religions" at the time of Jesus. The Irish love this Religion, and are entirely devoted to their Priests – a vile set of men in America as a general thing. All these Irishmen are members of the democratic Party, and fond of Slavery, hostile to temperance, to education, to cleanliness. It is curious to see how all the Irish members of the Common Council voted against printing George Sumner's oration – the McCarthys, the Kelleys, the Mooneys, and the Reileys all went that way: the Paddy is a genuine democrat dyed in the wool – I mean of the Ben Wallet and George T. Curtis complexion. When the Paddies are commanded by the Catholic Priests, and these latter are engineered by American politicians who think as badly of American institutions as Caleb Cushing – what a deal of mischief they can do – and will do! (5) Besides, the men of Property in our great cities seem strangely debauched in their morals – for ten years they have

Jackson. F.

not once taken the moral side of any great question. Look at the last act of Boston – the transfiguration of Rufus Choate. We judge Crime (1) morally by the amount of its departure from national justice and (2) socially by the amount of damage it does to the actual welfare of the community. Now theft is the immoral transfer of value from its just owner to some other claimant: if attended with violence it is robbery. In Boston $63.000 is annually thus stolen or robbed, that is the amount reported to the police; but $26,000 is ~~recored~~ recovered and restored to the true and just owners – for our thieves only keep 2/5 when they steal 3/6. But for 20 years and more Choate has caused annually more than $100,000 thus to be unjustly transferred from the true owner to some fraudulent claimant, and I never heard a cent of it was ever paid back. We steals and rob by law: but I could never see that it was any better to plunder by a writ than by a jimmy. Looked at morally or socially you see what a prowerful thief and robber he has been. Capt Kidd – as he sailed was the greatest of New England Pirates. Which did the most harm to Property, Robt. Kidd as he sailed, or Rufus

Choate as he plead! What a Ballad some one might write:

"My name was Rufus Choate
As I plead, as I plead,
And God's Laws I did forbid,
And most wickedly I did,
As I plead, as I plead!"

It is a sad sign of the times that our City honors such a man with such a Funeral. It was a different Boston when Capt. Jackson fired Cannons for the Federal Toasts! — Remember me kindly all round; I finish this Letter (23d Sept.) in the City where Calvin burnt Servetus and where he would burn F. J. if he could catch him. Good bye

Yours always
J. P.

I had a nice letter from Sumner a few days ago — in good spirits and full of Hope!

Remember me tenderly to that noble man Mr Garrison and his Family. It grieves me much to hear that he is ill! "Help Lord — for the righteous faileth!" How is that good for nothing Wendell Phillips? I should like to hear him speak — even if he spoke hard of Washington or Everett!

Jackson F. To the Same. Boston. C

Montreux, Suisse, 12th Sept 1853

Dear Mr Jackson

We hasten to answer your esteemed letter of 23d ult. advising us of the state of affairs relating to the distribution of the land at Newton. We always wished Mother to have the House and as much land as was convenient and desirable — indeed we all agreed on that as a thing of course. But we did not suppose she would want all the land which you sent us a plan of. For (1) it would bring her no income proportioned to its actual and assessed value, and so in reality be of no service to her: and (2) it would subject her to a large annual expense in the shape of taxes, and so actually be a burthen and loss to the good woman instead of a help and source of profit. We take it for granted that she has the house and as much land as is found convenient and desirable. But we do want a Houselot for ourselves near the old House, and see no reason why a part of that lot should not be set off to us. But George may also like a lot — tho' we dont remember that he

ever said so. So we make these propositions.

2. If George does ~~not~~ want such a lot, then the diviners shall divide the said balance into two parts according to their discretion one for G. one for us. But as the two may not be of equal value the most valuable shall go to the best bidder — and we request you to bid for choice on our part. We prefer the upper lot next the Bo

It seems to us that this is entirely fair — for it gives all parties "a streak of fat and a streak of lean," and it secures Mother more income than she would have by the opposite plan of distribution. Besides, it is all owned in the Family and may perhaps be all joined into one lot again at some future time if found necessary.

Faithfully your's Theodore Parker

Lydia D. Parker.

It is my wife's 46th Birthday. T. P.

* 1. If George does not want such a lot, we will take the balance that piece after Mother's part has been set off to her.

Jackson Fr

To the Same.

c

Monterey. Surfside. 13th Sept 1859.

My dear Francis Jackson,

Wife and I write you a joint letter touching the land that you can show Mr Cabot if you like; this is for your private consideration. I wont "draw any inference" while the team is so far from the load – but if I were nearer and did, I doubt not you and I should draw the same without crowding or hauling. – If the Woodlot be divided into two parts – after Mother's portion is set off to her – I suggest that you should bid for the choice on our part and take the best, but I would not give more than the real value of the difference, (you are the best judge of that, not I.) for if we get the lower lot I make no doubt we can make satisfactory arrangements with Mother Cabot either to live with her, which may indeed be necessary for her comfort, or for the purchase of her whole lot, she to live on it during life. ——— I don't think it fair for Mr C. to name two of the dividers – as it might give him the entire distribution of all, but as he named

two such honest men I think you did wisely in accep-
-ting them; I guess Agnes is mainly right about Shannon
-I think him a fair man and always found him
just in every particular, still your caution is wise and
prudent.—— That little triangular bit of land you
speak of has no mystery about it, Mr. C. could have ex-
-plained it all in a minute. When we laid out Cabot
Street it touched a little on Shannon's land, and he
proposed as a sort of indemnity that we should make
a little Common there. Mr. C. and I talked it over and
both assented to it as also did Mother.—— Mr Agnes
suggests that we should take the whole balance of the
Hamelet after Mother's part is set off and gives very
good reasons for it. But if we do this I hope it would
not involve the actual payment of any money— I do not
know the value of the four outlying lots which are to
be distributed, and so cant judge. I leave all to your
discretion.—— I rejoice in Antiquarian matters almost
as much as you, and share your feelings for the old bit
of land whose history you give so clearly. I did not
know the well was so old— I wish it had better water;

Jackson 5

perhaps it had in its younger days. ——— As we leave it to you and the Divider to lay out the lots for us it does not seem necessary for me to make the plan you sent me. But I suppose Mother's line will come somewhere near the Barn and ours which separates us from George if he takes a lot would be so as to divide the balance into equal parts or something near it ———

My dear Mr Jackson, I am sorry you should have so much trouble about what need require so little. But I make no doubt it will all be made smooth at length. I think Mother Cabot desires justice to all and would do it as near as she could, for I believe she really loves my wife who has been one of the most patient of Daughters, and the most attentive and loving. —

I wish you would remember me kindly to your Brothers George and Edmund and their Families, and also to your own children. I have not heard a word about Mrs Palmer this great while. Wendell has written a brave letter to the Chief Justice and President of Harvard. He makes a strong case against the Judge whose function is to execute the Laws, and who decided that a place

for the sale of liquor was a Nuisance by Statute and so liable to the Common Law of Nuisance and so might be abated by any body who would. I only queried one thing about the letter - viz whether it would not have been better to put it in the Form of a Letter to the People stating the facts instead of a Letter to those Delinquents. - What a fuss the Bostonians have made about their new "Saint Rayns". How differently they treat Horace Mann! But I am glad to hear they raised near $20,000 for his family. I care less for the monument - I don't like such things much, and when I die want only an old fashioned blue slate grave stone with my name and the appropriate dates - it will cost $3 or $4. I should hate to be buried beside a great heap of stones. No President of the United States since Madison - perhaps none since Jefferson ever did such service to the Nation as Horace Mann either officially or privately - I wonder men dont look and enquire (1) what a man has been, & (2) what he has done, before they make such a fuss over his dead body. That Statue to Webster, in the yard of

Jackson. F.

the Statehouse — what a disgrace it is to the State! If I had been Governor I would have vetoed the Bill for putting it there — tho' it turned me out of office the next day. But we will give it "notice to quit" before long: this winter 50 towns will petition for its removal, next year 250; a committee will have the matter in charge and hear the parties. Wendell will go up and show cause for the ejectment — "the Statue debases the People" — then the character of Daniel Webster must be discussed anew — and the dead not be allowed to rest. How foolish in his friends to provoke this discussion about so questionable a reputation! It is not worth while to "crowd the mourners" too hard. That great ugly piece of canvas in Faneuil Hall, which the friends of Webster put up there long ago, will by & by be set aside, and the Adams will come back to their old place — I wish I could have preached a Sermon on Horace Mann. He had his faults which were as obvious as his great bald forehead, but magnificent virtues also. It was a grand life he lived — devoted to the Highest Interests of Mankind, and he died faithful to his principles

for the sale of liquor was a Nuisance by Statute and so liable to the Common Law of Nuisance and so might be abated by any body who would. I only queried one thing about the letter viz whether it would not have been better to put it in the Form of a Letter to the People stating the facts instead of a Letter to those Delinquents.— What a fuss the Bostonians have made about their new "Saint Rayns". How differently they treat Horace Mann! But I am glad to hear they raised near $20,000 for his family. I care less for the monument. I don't like such things much, and when I die want only an old fashioned blue slate grave stone with my name and the appropriate dates— it will cost $3 or $4. I should hate to be buried beside a great heap of stones. No President of the United States since Madison— perhaps none since Jefferson ever did such service to the Nation as Horace Mann either officially or privately— I wonder men dont look and enquire (1) what a man has been, & (2) what he has done, before they make such a fuss over his dead body. That Statue to Webster, in the yard of

Jackson. F.

the Statehouse - what a disgrace it is to the State! If I had been Governor I would have vetoed the Bill for putting it there - tho' it turned me out of office the next day. But we will give it "notice to quit" before long. This winter 50 towns will petition for its removal, next year 250; a committee will have the matter in charge and hear the parties. Wendell will go up and show cause for the ejectment - "the Statue debases the People" - then the character of Daniel Webster must be discussed anew - and the dead not be allowed to rest. How foolish in his friends to provoke this discussion about so questionable a reputation! It is not worth while to "crowd the mourners" too hard. That great ugly piece of carrags in Faneuil Hall, which the friends of Webster put up there long ago, will by & by be set aside, and the Adams will come back to their old place - I wish I could have preached a Sermon on Horace Mann. He had his faults which were as obvious as his great bald forehead, but magnificent virtues also. It was a grand life he lived - devoted to the Highest Interests of Mankind, and he died faithful to his principles

and also rather triumphant. Garrison is the only live American who has done as much for the moral development of the nation. I wrote a word to Dr Howe about Mann which I wish you would read. I think I asked him to shew it you.

I should yet more have liked to preach the funeral sermon of John Augustus. a truly remarkable man, living in comparative obscurity, and never seeking or asking any fame. He was a queer man, full of oddities. I knew him 40 years ago, indeed I used to go to his house when I wore pathicoats and remember it well. he married my cousin. He came to see me a day or two before I left America as full of his special philanthropy as a Broker's head is of Stocks. I have no more respect for mere intellectual greatness than for mere bulk of muscles and bones. I ask "what use did the man make of his head! or his arms!" It does me good to find such a man as John Augustus. such women as St. Matilda (Goddard), Dolly Dix, Florence Nightingale and Mary Carpenter (of England). I thank God and take courage. My ecclesiastical "Brother" Rev Henry Ward Beecher

Jackson F.

Bellows D.D. complains of the "Suspense of Faith", which is characteristic of these times! Poor man - it is only Faith in ecclesiastical Blowbags that is suspended. Faith in Piety - the Love of God; in Morality - the Keeping of God's Natural Laws, is not suspended, nor never will be. But alas, neither the American Church nor any other has ever had much "Faith" in that Form of Religion which consists in Piety and Morality. But better times are coming - that is, Good men are making better times, and even bad men help the work while they mean no such thing. Then the fugitive slave bill turns out an anti-Slavery measure - rousing the North as nothing before had done: so was the Kansas Nebraska Bill, so the Dred Scott Decision, the revival of the Slave trade which has already taken place will create an open Anti-Slavery political party in the South which like the Republican Party will go through changes like a Caterpillar and come out wings and handsome as a Butterfly at the end. "Nothing by leaps" every thing goes step by step, and we slope up to tallest heights. It is curious that Progress is never in a

straight line for any length of time: there are bendings and windings and crossings backward but still the general course is on and up. — I wish you could see the spreading Beauty of Switzerland, it is the handsomest country I have seen as yet, and I know none where the whole mass of the People seem to enjoy so high a degree of happiness. It is perhaps the richest country in the world, and the property is more evenly distributed perhaps than in New England; there is political freedom, religious freedom, education of all the people, especially in the Protestant Cantons, and more social pleasure I think than with us. There are rich men in Switzerland: one died at Basel a few years ago and left ₣ 8.000,000 to the City! I mean eight million dollars. Since I have been here a Mr Stampa died in Grisons and left ₣ 600,000: a Mr Escher who left the same. Mr E was a manufacturer of steam engines and other machinery: 1200 of his workmen followed him to his grave in Zurich! Men loved him as they did Jonas Chickering, only E took part in public affairs as J. C. never ventured to do. a Mr Kunz died at Zurich a few weeks ago, a cotton

Jackson F.

manufacturer and left the enormous sum of $14,000,000. He was a sort of Eben Francis, only his relations followed his carcass to the tomb; they "with ill-disguised satisfaction". He reported his property at 3 or 4 000,000 and was taxed accordingly. But since his death the assessors have brought an action to recover his taxes for the last 20 years! It would make a pretty kettle of fish if we should try that experiment in Boston! The farmers seem rich and happy— I have never seen finer farms except in England (where the land is cultivated and the peasants savage— I mean stupid.) I am sorry to find so much drunkenness here about me— it is rather a new thing. Wine has become so dear in Europe since the sickness of the grape vines that the Government in some cantons allows men to distil whiskey out of Potatoes. The whiskey turns into Drunkenness, and that into theft, murder &c; the Ministers in two Cantons have published a circular stating the fact and asking for a repeal of the law. Generally in wine countries there is little drunkenness; but Switzerland grows little wine.

Jackson N.

Here the grapes are ripe – how handsome they are – and the farmers are gathering their Indian Corn which grows here and there between the vines. They hang up the great yellow ears by the husk in the gable ends of their houses where it is sheltered by the projecting roof.

Now good bye, and God bless you.

Faithfully & thankfully T. P.

The cheque for £200 came all right.

To the Same.

c

Rome Dec 3 1859.

My very dear Mr Jackson,

Your letter of Nov 7, came to hand last Tuesday and I reply by the first mail. I am surprized that Mr Cabot does not accept the decision made by three disinterested men – two of whom were selected by himself, and I think he will yet do so. But if he does not I do not know that my wife and I have

Jackson F.

any other proposition to make. But yet I wish to say this: (1) she naturally wishes to have a bit of land on the old place where she may live and be near her mother in her declining years; (2). She has no desire to circumscribe her and prevent her having all the land she wishes and needs — but on the contrary would gladly give up her own wishes to accommodate her mother: if she and her mother were to talk the matter over by themselves alone I make no doubt the whole difficulty would be presently settled — for I cant think that either Mother or daughter has any desire except to promote each other's comfort and welfare. Certainly a more faithful and devoted daughter than my wife it would be difficult to find, not to say impossible. (3) for myself personally, it is of small consequence, apart from my wife's interest, whether that special piece of land be set off to me or to Mother Cabot, for the only house I am likely ever to have built for me will be made, I think, of but six pieces of board; and when it is set up it will not much disturb the prospect from any one's windows, unless the eyes look perpendicu-

early downwards and can see through six feet of Euro-
-pean or American ground. So if Mr Cabot accepts the
decision of his own dividers he need have little to fear
from my wife or myself attempting to build a house
which would annoy or in any way disturb the Mother she
has watched over with such tenderness. —— If Mr Cabot
has not delivered to you the property of my wife he holds
as Administrator I think you had better demand it of
him; certainly he has no right to detain it in his hands.
I will sacrifice every thing but Justice to avoid any ill feelings,
but you know the difficulties which lie in the way.

My dear Mr Jackson amid all your grave anxieties
about public affairs, and your sufferings in private for your
own direct troubles and the sickness and mental distress
of your daughter, it is a shame you should be pestered
with such miserable matters as I have written of above.
You will make such use of that part of the letter as you
see fit, and I hope will not be much or long annoyed
by these petty and needless grievances —— I suppose I
am as well as I ought to expect: the weather has been abom-
-inable for 40 days and 40 nights, crazy with humid inte-

Jackson F.

vals. At first I grew worse - coughed badly, sweat at night, had a bad diarrhœa, little appetite and little sleep. Now the cough has diminished and is actually less than any time since I have been in Europe (i.e. it has been so for a week); still I have lost a good deal of flesh and cant weigh more than 145 pounds I fear - for I don't dare get into the scales. But I don't think much of my own condition except when I write my friends: the gloomy look of things at home keeps me awake and fills me with the deepest anxiety. Yesterday I suppose the Slave-holders hung my friend Captain Brown, and his fine associates - I see before me the six bodies stiff, ghastly-dead; I see also the widows - not only of these men but also of Brown's two sons, shot before his eyes; I remember the unspoken woes of other men and women, - poor Gerrit Smith made crazy by what has happened, your own daughter sick and tormented with such heart-rending sorrows!

"Alas for Love if this were all,
And nought beyond the earth"!

I wish I was at home to speak my word of public

instruction - never more needed, and of private consola-
-tion which I always found welcomed. But I am
only a miserable Deadhead in the world, as wisely as
the Pope of Rome: yet I murmur not that I can
do nothing; rather do I thank God that I once could
do a little and worked while my day lasted. I read
Wendell's lecture at New York and J. F. C's Sermon
in his own pulpit - his most powerful address so far.
I was with you yesterday in your Anti-Slavery meeting,
and know that the Blood of Captain Brown will
cry out of the ground against the Slaveholders and
their wretched Flunkeys at the North, till Massachusetts
hears, and New England hears, and all the Free States
answer Justice! What a lot of miserable Sermons
will get preached tomorrow all over the United States,
- how will the Flunker Pulpits of Boston ring with
the opinions which mean men uttered in State Street
the day before! But here and there will be found
a faithful man appealing to the Eternal Jove
and the Everlasting Right, and as deep answereth
unto deep so will young Humanity answer the

Parker F.

appeal. You and I have sown seed in late Autumn which the quick falling snow soon deeply covered up: in the Spring the ground was green with our work, and in Summer we reaped down the golden Corn and made it into wholesome bread.—— Give my tenderest and most sympathizing love to your daughter greatly afflicted. She knows and you know that an Infinitely Perfect God

"From seeming evil still educes Good.
"And better thence again, and better still
"In infinite progression!"

My wife and Miss Stevenson send most affectionate greetings to you and yours in all the many sorrows that attend you. Good bye.

Theodore Parker.

83

Jackson. F. To the Same. Boston.

Rome 10 Dec. 1839.

My very dear Francis Jackson,

I did not mean to trouble you so soon again with that troublesome business at Newton which is a source of great uneasiness to me and my wife. Her Brother, George, sent her a letter of which I enclose you a copy [A]. You will see he makes no mention of the Appointment of Arbitrators — of whom he nominated two — and of the fact that they gave us the lot we wanted. I need make no remarks on the spirit of the letter. Our right I think is clear to the Lot the dividers set off to us. But Peace is more valuable to me and my wife than land on the Old Homestead at Newton — so we conclude to put the whole matter in Mother Cabot's hands and let her decide for herself. If she wants all the Lot (No 1) she shall have it, and we will seek a house elsewhere. We dont want the lower part of that Lot (valued at $900,) and set off to ~~her~~ S. D. C. for it would not do for me to live on. Yet had it been set off to us we should have taken and sold it. My wife has not yet answered George's Letter — when she does

Jas Mason F.

you shall have a copy as soon as he gets the Original: but she has written her mother as follows.

[Copy] "I received a letter from George Dec 6th, dated Nov. 10th in which he speaks of these things. [i.e "things at home"]. Now, dear Mother, I wish to say in the first place that neither Theodore nor myself ever intended in the slightest degree to infringe upon your wishes, nor to prevent your having as much land as you wanted, and where you wanted it. If we should have ever built there, you may be assured we should not have done it without consulting you as to the location, so as not to impede your prospect. Both Mr. Parker and myself would like to have lived near the Old Homestead— I for the sake of being near you, and he for my sake; but neither of us for one moment would wish to hold land which you would prefer to have yourself.——— We would not speak of these things before we came away; the future seemed to me so uncertain and dark, and my dear husband felt that it was very probable he should never come back again. When in former times we had talked it over together and he felt that I wanted to be

near you, he immediately consented, thinking how happy you and I should be together. Now, feeling in this way and wishing to comply altogether and entirely with your wishes, we request you to do with the whole lot, the four acres, what you think is right and best. The lowest lot would not do for us to build upon — if we ever should build — for it would not be healthy enough for a man with such delicate and sick lungs as Mr Parker has, and as he is my first consideration I should not be willing to. So now dearest Mother, you see the disposition of it is entirely in your own hands; and if you will be so kind as to signify your wishes to Francis Jackson he will accede to your decision whatsoever that may be, and will you let me suggest that your Mind be made up without regard to what I think or to what George thinks, but out of your own individual self: that will be the fairest way and we shall be perfectly happy in any decision you may fix upon. I shall write to George shortly but for the present I thought it best to write directly to you and I hope that soon your mind will be entirely at ease and free from all anxious thoughts about the land."

Jackson. F.

She adds in a Postscript "If you conclude to keep all but the lowest lot [i.e. all but the one set off to G. D. C.] that would be of no use to us, for we should sell it which I suppose you would not like at all, - but we leave the disposal of the whole lot in your hands."

Now, if the thing be already finally settled by George's keeping his own word in good faith, nothing more remains to be done; but if not I suppose Mother Cabot will make known her wishes to you, and we accede to them in advance. I know where the Shoe pinches - it is not Mother Cabot that would object to my wife having a house on the tip top of the hill if she wanted it there. If the Mother and the Daughter were to meet, face to face, alone, it would all be settled in ten minutes - settled justly. But Spite is not a good administrator of Estates. ----Please mail mother's letter to her at Newton -

I fear there must be great suffering among the persons who have been connected with Captain Brown - so please take $50 of my money and apply it for their help as you see fit from time to time. If more be needed, you shall take another $50: I leave all in your discretion. - I got

87

Jackson. F.

Sargent's Anonymous pamphlet—he is a good fellow—but has done wiser things than to print this little tract, and I hope will repeat them in the future. Certainly he did good service in 1845 and much later. Spite of his little weaknesses, he always means right. Let me know from time to time what it is proper for me to know, but no more. I see Howe has gone to Canada & think I may meet him in Rome one day this winter. I hope your Daughter is much better, give her again and again, my heartiest sympathy and best wishes. Remember me to the families of your noble Brothers—also to the Mays and Garrisons, to Mr Nash and Mr Emmons.

thankfully and faithfully.

Theodore Parker.

It does me good to find my Books speak when I am silent.

Jackson. F. To the Same. Boston

Rome 17 Dec 1859.

My very dear Mr Jackson—

Your letter of 22d Ult came to us on the 10th inst with the copy of your correspondence with Mr Cabot. By the last mail (via France) I sent you a line with a copy of his letter to my wife, and of hers also to her Mother. Here is her reply to his. "My dear George. Your letter of Nov. 10th reached us Dec 5th, and as neither Mr Parker nor myself would wish to hold any land which Mother wanted for herself, I wrote her to that effect giving up the land; and now she has the whole disposal of lot No 1. to do with, as she thinks right and best; but I will not trouble you with unnecessary details—only saying that Mr. Jackson has kindly sent us copies of your recent correspondence with him, so that now we know all which has transpired: I also sent him a copy of your letter to me, and at the same time am request that he would do exactly as Mother wished—so much for business."—

——Really I am much chagrined that you should have so much needless trouble on our account. Your advice in your last was sound and welcome—and you see that

we had anticipated it; accordingly it is our wish to have no part of the land set off to us. I suppose Mr Cabot will understand this, and Mother also. Originally I had no great desire to build on the old homestead. For tho' it is associated with some of the pleasantest scenes in my life it is also connected with some of the most bitter and cruel experiences I have ever lived through. But my wife clung to the old place, and besides it seemed but the duty of common humanity for the Only Daughter to be near her aged and feeble Mother. So I readily enough consented. But you see what motives have prompted other persons - and what one of them asks for himself. Well, if he wants the land for himself let him have it, and I wish him only happiness in the enjoyment of his ill-sought possession. You know the root of bitterness which sends forth all these poison shoots: + + + + +

Enclosed is my wife's letter to her Brother - please forward it to him. I have copied all that relates to business. We thought it best that the letter to Mother should go a week before that to him - so that went last Saturday. I now suppose that Lot No 1, will be all set off to Mother at once - certainly under present circumstances we will take none of it - and

Watson. F.

the whole matter will be finished at once and all trouble ended for the present. If I ever come home and live any length of time I can buy a house in the country somewhere with a garden & at much less cost than we could build a house alone at Newton. ___ I don't know what to say about my health. Apthorp writes home that I am better in all particulars. My testimony would be nearly the reverse of this: certainly in the last 40 days and nights I have coughed more and worse than in any 120 consecutive days and nights before. But in this complaint a man has his ups and downs: If I ever ~~come home~~ saw a man to take my place, I would say "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace &", but I think I must go without that consolation. The climate is different from what I looked for. It snows today! But of course the snow melts as fast as it falls. My account of the temperature was all wrong. I trusted to Apthorp's Thermometer which proves as faithless as the Boston Courier. I dont think it has really been below 25°, or 27°. - now in a snow storm it is 31°. by mine. ___ What a noble meeting you had at the Tremont Temple for Captain Brown's Family! Think

of Rev. Manning there, with such a speech! It means that at least a third of the Solid men of the Old South think as he does – for ministers dont like to walk alone. I don't know how Rev Hepworth looks from Hollis Street: but from the top of the Quirinal Hill in Rome he seems ten thousand times smaller than a tobacco seed! what a mean smirking letter! Yesterday we got letters from Caroline Thayer, and Mr Sanborn, with a line from Mr Manley – and newspaper Slips – dated Nov 7th and 14th mailed 16th ult, while yours of 22 ult. came to hand so much sooner. – I suppose I know what took place in Virginia yesterday 16th Dec! well the ten Americans who lay dead at Lexington on the morning of April 19th 1775 were also a ghastly sight. But when the towns people on the 4th of July many years later, put their bones under a monument "Raised to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind" things seemed different – I hope your daughter is getting better – and the granddaughter has "learned to labor and to wait." Remember me kindly to them both, and all of yours. I owe letters to the excellent Deacon May and others which this ugly land-business of Cobb's has kept me from answering. All mine sends love to all yours. Good bye. I hope the Legislature makes a Habeas Corpus bill to protect

Theodore Parker

Jackson. J.

To the Same. Boston.

Boston (I mean Rome. 21 Jy. 1860

My very dear Mr Jackson,

I did not mean to bother you with matters of business again for a long time, but necessity compels. H.E.S. has written to her Brother J. Thomas S. to pay to you $600, on my acct. Now she will have to take that out of her Capital, while I told her before we left home that I would accept only her income — for she should not go to war for me at her own charges. Therefore I wish you to decline receiving from the said J. Thomas. S. any thing more than the mere income of her the said H.E.S.: the income I consent to take: the Capital I refuse to touch. She says she came away not knowing it was so, but I never understood it otherwise.

Perhaps Dr Beck will send you a picture of Washington he had copied for me in Basel, and the Bill for it: if so, please pay him the Money on my acct. — I ordered the work done years ago, when I was not sick: now I should not think of such a thing.

Many thanks for sending my letter of Nov. 24. to the

~~the~~ New York Tribune. I see it goes into all the 2 Editions—
and so in a week is laid before 1000,000— a Million— Readers!
Really I aint quite dead! H— has written to Mr Manley a
pretty correct account of my health; I ought to added that I only
weigh 143 pounds— I once went up to 168 (!) (in 1830); but at
this season commonly stand at 145–8 in the scales; the cough—
the ugliest Symptom, has abated a good deal— indeed it
is now not more than when I left Santa Cruz last May.
It may return— or may not, I am very Careful— have aban-
-doned Cod— liver Oil to the Curriers, and am now taking
Asses' Milk, a tumbler full in bed at VII in the morning—
the Ass comes half-way up the long stairs to be milked. But
it takes all day to digest it, and uses up all my nervous
energy. It has a great reputation in diseases of the respira-
-tory organs, and really seems to help me. Indeed I never
felt less hope than from Dec 1. to 25. nor more than now—
-from Jy. 10 to 20. I will do what I can. But, by the
way, and between you and me, will it be wise for me
to return before the adjournment of Congress? I also might
be subpœnaed if at home. Please think of this and tell me
at your leisure.— I see the Democratic Party is coming to

state the true question at issue before the Country. That great Paddy at New Yorke Mistter O'Connor, let the Democratic Cat out of the party bag when he said at the Union Meeting - "Slavery is just, wise and beneficent". That is the Opinion of the Administration. Everett was too cowardly to say so, but that is what he meant in his sneaking way. I thank O'Connor for saying it plain and square, but it will damage the party greatly - and help Seward next Autumn I think. I am glad to learn that he was so well received on his return at New Yorke &c; he made a great hit in Europe, no American was ever so famously received I think. — Mr Buchanan's Message did not surprize me — how cold, unprincipled and diabolical is all that relates to Slavery and its surroundings! How he talks about the Slave trade — as if his Officials did not encourage it! — Here at Rome our Newspapers are often stopped and kept a few days in the Post-Office; nay, some are burnt up. But the Post-Masters of Virginia quite surpass those of the Pope — indeed his Holiness might well send some of his Creatures to Slave-America to learn new lessons in Despotism.

I hear much talk about the great price of cotton and the great Crop — 4/4 Million Bales. I suppose

that makes a million tons or 2240,000,000 pounds. The average price I see is about 10 Cents a pound, and so the Crop is worth $224,000,000 in New York. That sounds great: but Kentucky this year raises 400,000,000 bushels of Indian Corn, which is worth 35 cents on the spot, or $130,000,000. I have not the Statistics of Northern Industry for 1859 — but think the Cotton Crop would make a small figure in them. When I ciphered the matter out last, I found the earnings of Massachusetts in 1857 were about $350,000,000! Suppose there are only 2000,000 of persons connected with raising Cotton — including women, children and all — then $\frac{224,000,000}{2000,000} = \frac{224}{2}$ there is only $112 per head of earnings both of the Capital and the Labour!

I should like to write you an account of Rome — what I see and hear and arrive at; one day I will write it to some one and you shall see it. I wrote a letter long ago to Mrs L. B. Merriam. I wonder if it ever reached her: I shall try again whether or no. I am so glad to hear Mrs Eddy is better and continuing to mend, give her (& them) a great deal of love from me. Of F. J. M. I only hear through the Newspapers and am not curious to know what it were unwise to write.

But you know how much I feel with you in all your

a 32 should be 140,000,000.

Jackson. F.

sorrows. — Several Bostonians are here. — Dr Appleton, Dr Frothingham with their families, Geo Bemis & de & I take pleasure in their Society and sometimes feel as if in Boston especially when I get the DAILY ADVERTISER and learn that "young (!) Charley" was born the same day with his Father that most ancient Nathan. With many thanks and hearty esteem

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Parker.

Eddy. C. F. To Mrs Eliza. F. Eddy. Boston.

Rome 19 Nov. 1859.

My dear Mrs Eddy,

I learned a day or two ago, of the attempt of my friend Captain Brown to liberate the Slaves in Virginia, and of its melancholy failure. It filled me with pain to calculate the suffering which must fall on many of my friends whose heroic devotion to Liberty had led them to aid in the enterprize. But the Standard of Oct 29. gave me more details than I had learned before, and told me of the heavy burthen laid on your shoulders. I need not say how deeply I sympathize with you. But let me say also that I think your Son lost his life in one of the noblest and most heroic enterprizes of this Age — or of any age. The expedition may not have been wise — we commonly try Counsels by their effects not their causes and count only that wise which is successful; I am sure it was just and righteous, it aimed at the deliverance of the most oppressed men in America, and that too by the simplest means. Your Ancestors fought in the Revolutionary war: Some of them were in the

Eddy. E. F.

Battle of Lexington: now you are proud of this bravery and heroic conduct in helping deliver their Countrymen from foreign misrule and oppression. Your Son has fallen a Martyr in a cause not less holy and much more philanthropic. He sought to deliver his own Countrymen from domestic misrule and oppression incomparably greater than what your fathers fought against. Don't think his young life was wasted and thrown away because the expedition failed of its immediate object; it will help attain its ultimate object- will strike terror into the Hearts of all Slaveholders and so weaken the bonds which now hold the Slave. Every victory we rejoice in has been bought with the blood of them;- such as died had Mothers and Sisters, often wives and Children to mourn the private Cost at which the public benefit was bought. To the emancipation of American Bondmen you have contributed your first born Son: not a drop of his blood is wasted. He himself is immortal and has passed to that higher world we shall all enter on before long. He is a gainer by the change, and though his second birth took place in such terrible scenes, and he was delivered from the mortal flesh with such

dreadful instruments, not the less does he pass into that glorious life "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived". I know what you lose: but I think of no cause in which I should rather one of my friends would lay down his mortal life! Surely the blessing of men ready to perish will rest on him! Here is your consolation on earth. And beyond the earth, it will not be long before there is another meeting of souls widowed and orphaned here below. ——— I know nothing of the details of your Son's departure, only what the Standard briefly told. The last time I saw him he came to consult me about another enterprize which yet looked to the same end - only by means apparently more practical. I could not fail to honor the motives which prompted him then; not less do I honor him now — nay far more. Your family have been always in the first rank of the opponents of Slavery, continually making Sacrifices for the Slave. It is not inappropriate that the Crown of Martyrdom should be set on one of the members of the same family — a Crown of thorns indeed, but also a Crown of glory. I have been with you in other troubles — terrible to bear; I think I know with what

Eddy. E. F.

religious fortitude you will endure this. Oh that I were in Boston to give consolation in private, and in public to warn the young and wicked Nation against the folly which now threatens to ruin us! I would prove that the Slaves have a natural Right to destroy their oppressors, and that it may be the Duty of freemen to help them. This is only the Beginning; — nine experiments will seem to fail; the tenth will succeed and pay for all the previous mistakes. The defeats in the early part of the American Revolution were essential to the great victory at last; part of the Battle in which we were Conquerors — My dear Mrs Eddy, accept again my heartiest sympathy, would I had more to offer! Tell your Father I shall write him soon as I have news of the trial and Date of Captain Brown. God blys you.

Believe me ever faithfully Yours & affectionately.

Theodore Parker.

Parker. I. To Mr. Isaac Parker. Lexington. Mass.

West Roxbury 22. Jan. 1840.

My dear Brother,

I have just received your letter and hasten to reply, though not without deliberation. I am much obliged to the good people of Lexington for their favorable opinions, and wish I deserved it better. It is doubly delightful to learn that any one in my native village should be pleased with any thing that I could do. But in respect to coming to Lexington as a minister, I have several things to say. I think you know that I came here against my own consent. My friends advised this measure of settling at Spring-Street — and I consented with a good deal of unwillingness, for I neither liked the salary of $600, nor the small audience of 80 — or 150 souls. But I gave up my scruples; was settled — not for life, but can at any time leave the place, on condition of giving notice of my intention 6 months beforehand. The parish also can discharge me — by a majority of voters, on the same condition. Thus stands the matter between us, as settled by the contract. The Parish could have no legal or common claim upon me if I wished to leave tomorrow.

But there are other considerations that have and ought

Parker. J.

to have a strong influence. This Parish is small, and the people from their only chance of getting and keeping a minister depends on the advantages arising from their position in the neighbourhood of Boston, Cambridge &c. Now if I were to leave them at this time, I fear they could not secure the services of a minister of respectable talents, who would be really of use to them. It is therefore my duty to stay. I could wish with all my heart for a larger Sphere, — a greater number of hearers - and those, more intelligent and cultivated than the majority at Spring-Street, — but I think they would lose more than I should gain by my leaving them. Again. I intend, in the course of my life, to do more through the Press, than the Pulpit. Here I can find ten hours a day for five days in the week, to devote to works not directly connected with the exercises of the Pulpit, and yet neglect no duty I owe to any man, or to the whole Parish. I could not thus control my time in Lexington, where the people are both more numerous and more scattered. Still farther, I doubt that I could long suit the people at Lexington. My theological opinions differ, very widely from those of the Unitarians in general, and perhaps would not be acceptable

Parker P.

at Lexington, though I fear very little on that ground, since I never knew anew really religious to find any fault with them. But finally there is another and more private* reason

*Here the letter is torn. + + + + + +

And if she should decide to leave here and come with us, that would involve two things, namely a sacrifice of property, for the estate here could not be sold for its actual cost, or real value, especially if the amount of improvements is taken into the estimate, and a sacrifice of comfort on the part of Miss Cabot, for here she is within an ~~easy~~ easy ride of all her relations, and there she would be quite out of their reach. You know my attachment to Lexington, and how much it would delight me to be near your family and all the good old people of the good old town, but taking all these things into consideration and weighing the matter fairly, I think, my dear Isaac, that you would decide as I do.

I am glad to hear you are all well. I hope the Children study as well as you and I used to do at school, and wish they might profit by the same instructions at home for which I shall never cease to thank you all my

Brother. J.

lizer. If you can do for your children, what you did for your little rebellious brother — it will be better than to give them all the houses and farms in the County of Middlesex.

[Perhaps I ought to say to you, that two townsmen of ours called here last week to make the same enquiries which you] [Here the letter is torn and can be copied no further]

Your affectionate Brother

Theodore.

To the Same. Lexington Mass.

West Roxbury, 2. Sept. 1843.

My dear Brother,

I am very sorry that I have not found time to come and see you before I sail, but it has not been possible. I have been wholly occupied with the printers, and so could not steal half a day. I went up to Lowell some weeks ago; H. promised to do better, signed the pledge again, and seemed likely to do well — His family all well — If you see him, say a word of encouragement, I beg you. I shall not see you

again for a year, so good bye; give my fasenth greeting to Martha - and kiss the children for me.

Affectionately your Brother

Isaac Parker. Theodore Parker.

P.S. Emmeline Parker will come to Lexington, and attend the normal Schools, after the 13th inst. I hope you will see her.

To the Same. Lexington.

Naples 12th Feb. 1844.

My dear Brother,

I suppose you have been to meeting today with wife and children in the Sleigh - and now sit in your room with a great fire to keep out the northwester. Tomorrow you will sled wood out of the forest, or the swamps perhaps. But here - we have the verdure of Spring. Flowers are in blossom every where; roses in the gardens, and oranges hang ripe and golden on the trees. It is a fine sight too a tree full of oranges, an apple tree full of Baldwins - or a

peach tree loaded with yellow rare ripest is beautiful - but an orange tree with its green leaves and its gold fruit far surpasses it. Here you see in the fields what we cultivate in hot houses. The Fig ripens its fruit in the open air, the prickly pear grows on the side of all the mountains and dirty boys sell the delicious fig which it bears, in the Streets. Every inch of ground is cultivated - not as we cultivate it, but with the nicety of a garden - I have not seen a plough in Italy. Almost all the cultivation is with the Hoe and the Spade, even where grain is sowed. But their farming tools are a century behind us. They bring hay to market on the backs of Asses - each Ass carrying three bundles, or about 300 pounds. In the same way they carry wood, wine, and even manure. The harnesses are rudely made and galls the cattle unmercifully. They put one single Ox into the shafts of a cart, and a horse, a mule, an Ass or a cow on each side of him. Then the driver mounts the cart - and takes the reins - fastened to a ring in the Ox's nose, and drives off. It is a queer country in its customs - In all the public houses men do the chamberwork (for the women get into other kinds of work, and so can't be trusted) while you find women driving oxen and even sweeping the streets! Some of the customs

Parker. P.

are very strange. The Carnival is a sort of holy time; it begins the 6th of January and lasts till the 22d of Feb. (this year). During the last week of Carnival – on Sunday afternoon – men dress themselves up in Masks – in all sorts of foolish disguises and walk or ride about the Strada di Toledo, one of the principal streets of the city. Today we went to see it. The Street is about a mile and a half long, and quite wide. It was full of people. and the windows and balconies of the tall houses were crowded with men women and children. In the centre of the Street there was room left for the procession of carriages to pass – one end of the procession going up while the other end came down. First came private carriages – hackney coaches &c – some of them containing masked others not. Then came an enormous carriage drawn by four horses, in the shape of a dragon – with head, wings and tail – as you see in the picture books – It was full of people covered with masques; then came the Prince of Salerno – brother to the King – then a carriage full of men dressed up in the shape of horses, Asses, Bears, Rabbits, &c &c. Private carriages followed – Then came the carriage of the King – with the King himself, also in a "fancy dress," then others of the royal family, nobles, gentlemen &c &c: with they all threw sugar plums at one another – and at the

Parker. J.

people in the streets and at the windows. The King and some others throw neat sugar plums – but most of them prefer such as are made of lime or chalk – which hurt a little when they hit. Some one in the King's carriage when it passed out, threw a handful and broke the glass of my spectacles – a waggon followed close behind the King to supply him and his companions with sugar plums when the Stock failed, and a barrel would not last ten minutes.

You will think this very absurd conduct – and so it is. It seemed worse than the sports of boys – they are well for boys – but here the whole population of the city spent the afternoon – with the King at their head – in this foolish frolic. What would they say if the Yankees were half so foolish! – Let me give you some idea of the State of the population. There are no free Schools – and few Schools not free, of course the people are ignorant. Beggars swarm in the Streets, yet a most abundant provision has been made for their support – but it is eaten up by the overseers of the funds; one man – a Nobleman making about £. 18000 a year out of one establishment, in which he half-starves the poor wretches. The taxes are enormous never less than twenty per cent of the income, and often

Parker. J.

fifty per cent! The King however (they say) is a wise man and wishes well for the people. I hope he does. Provisions of all kinds are abundant and cheap. Salt is a monopoly of the government, and could be sold for 18 cents the bushel, but is sold for about $3.00 — The profit from this necessary of life goes into the royal chest. For 4 cents I can buy 10 enormous oranges — or in Sicily I can get 40, for the same money. — I have been up to the top of Vesuvius today — there is no better way of passing the Sunday here — or rather there is no Sunday in Europe — and no day of rest. It is just as the books describe it, but is a most magnificent spectacle after all. I went so near the centre of the crater that it was necessary to run and escape the large masses of melted Stone which fell continually, some of the little fragments fell on my shoulders — but did no harm. The whole mountain — and indeed all the surrounding country is volcanic. Yesterday we went to the ruins of Baiae, and visited the Spot where Cicero had his villa, where Horace wrote his poems, and where Pollio fattened the Lampreys with his refractory Slaves. But my letter must end. It will be a good while before I shall see you again so pray remember me to Jones. Tell Uncle Peter if you see him that I shall write him by the next opportunity — and believe me

Your affectionate brother not at all sparing

T. R.

Parker. J. To the Same. Lexington

Boston 13th October 1849.

My dear Brother

A Mr Henry Bond of Philadelphia has written me to find out something about the family of our worthy Grandfather Benjamin Stearns. He wants to know:—

1. the names and the date of the birth of each of his children.

2. the date of their marriage with the name, age and parentage of the husband and wife; then the name and date of birth of each of the descendants thereof, down to the present time.

3. the residence of such as have left Lexington and settled elsewhere; the occupation of them all, their titles, if they had any.

4. the date of their death.

He has written to Daniel Stearns (Uncle Ami Dexter) and got all he can tell him. He wants to know more about Johnnie, and probably has never heard of Aunt Sal. He would probably be much flattered with the acquaintance of Bije Perry, and Martin and Mose.

Parker. J.

He wants to know about the "Little Deacon" his ances-
-tors, his wife, and his children— not forgetting Aunt Kizzy
and 'Rishy.

Now if you will find out these matters and send the in-
-formation to me— you will do me a deal of service. If you can
find Grandmother Steams' old Bible— that will helps us much;
then the town Records of Lexington will do much service.
Aunt 'Sarl will help you if she is alive. Charles Steams at
Waltham I fancy will tell you something.

Come and see us when you are in town-
-Be sure that Martha goes to the Normal School. Love to all.

Yours affectionately

J.

To the Same. Lexington.

Boston 26th Sept 1853.

Dear Brother,

On the other side you will find a note for Mr
Hammond of Groton, the Head of the School. If you incline

Par Rev. J.

to have Charles go there — send him over. I will give him a letter of introduction. Do as you think best.

I saw Dr Hosmer Saturday — He says if the disease be Rheumatism there is no danger — the matter will be tedious, not dangerous. But if it be something else — then you know what follows. He thinks he had better not be at school this fine autumnal weather but out of doors, and as the cold weather comes on, thought then he had better go to school. In three months Mr Allen's school begins.

Don't let Charles see this

Let me know what you decide about Mr Hammond's School — Lawrence Academy — for I must write him.

J.

To the Same. Lexington.

Newton Corner 28th July 1856.

My dear Brother.

The weather is so intensely hot in these days that I think it doubtful if you catch me out in it on Sunday. For the twelve weeks past I have driven out each Sunday afternoon

Parker. I.

to Watertown to preach, and yesterday it was so hard for the horse that I do not like to put a poor beastie to such trouble. So I shall take some cool day and trot up to Lexington.

Remember me and my wife most kindly to all at home – and when you write, also to the absent ones.

Faithfully
J.

To Mr and Mrs Isaac Parker. Lexington.

Newton Corner. 5 Sept. 1858.

My dear Brother & Sister,

My wife and Miss Stevenson wrote me an account of Emily's passing away – and the peaceful joyous mood in which she took the last step of Progress which separates her from our eyes altogether. I was travelling on the Banks of the Hudson when the letter reached me, and had no time to write you a word of sympathy. Since my return – which took place a few days ago, I have been hoping to come up to Lexington and see you face to face, and so have not written: Something has continually happened to keep me at home.

Letter I.

There is something very sad in this departure of a young maiden for it seems such a Shipwreck of all earthly hope. It is only when we look to the other world that we find any consolation. Then we see that what at first seems only a Shipwreck to us, is to her the entering into that great and serene Heaven where the voyage of Mortal life is finished. I am sure that God allows Death to come to no person as a Misfortune. To each one that dies Death is a Step upward and forward — Your daughter has lost nothing; she carries with her all the excellencies she matured on earth — and the boundless possibility of future growth and blessedness. — For her weep not

It grieved me much that I could not be with you at the final separation — but it was impossible. I am glad my wife and Miss Stevenson were there — to help soothe and heal and bless the aching heart of Father and Mother, Brothers and Sister. I hope to see you soon. Believe me faithfully your Brother

Theodore.

Love to the rest of the Household.

Parker I. To Mr Isaac Parker Lexington.

Montreux. Switzerland 28 June 1839.

My dear Brother,

I have not written you since I left home: partly abstaining because I had no good news to write which would be satisfactory for you to read; and partly because I did not like to tax myself with any sort of needless labor. Now I think I can give you good tidings of myself. I improved somewhat at St Croix, i.e., I gained strength and weight — but when the weather became very hot, as after the middle of April, I lost flesh again; the cough continued about the same. When I got into the temperate latitudes again the cough increased; it was bad at London, where the air was thick and heavy, and I was obliged to see many persons — most of great mind and occupying important positions; of course their conversation was exciting — too much so for a sick man; accordingly I grew worse all the time I was in London. We reached it June 1, and left it June 12, and the same day sat quietly down to our dinner at Paris. — There the same thing was repeated — only the air was better and the excitement less. Sunday June 19th at XI A. M. we left Paris, and reached Dijon at V. P. M.; the next day at II P. M. we started for Geneva and reached it about XI at night; the next day at III P. M. we steamed off for this place and reached the Hotel, or boarding house,

Rev. J. Parker

at VIII. Since I have been here – not quite a week yet, I have improved greatly; the cough has diminished much, and no bad symptom has come in its place. You know as well as I the value of such apparent improvements: they may mean a permanent change for the better, or they may not, I shall hope for the best. At any rate there have been no such good signs before. At Paris I consulted Dr Louis one of the most celebrated doctors in the world; he with a medical friend of mine made a careful examination and reported more favorably than the four Doctors at Boston last January – this shews that there had been an actual change for the better since then. All that is good.

That is enough about myself. Now about things of more interest. You are a farmer and are naturally interested therefore in the cultivation of the soil. At St Croix there are 145 estates on the Island from 100 to 1,000 acres each. About 140 are sugar estates, the rest cattle farms. There are about 23,000 inhabitants – 21,000 coloured more or less, 2,000 pure whites. The energies of the people are directed to raising Sugar canes which they make into Sugar, Molasses and Rum – the great products of the island. They raise no grain; – indian meal, flour, oats, &c are all imported. They take little pains with vegetables and fruits; so all are of the most inferior quality, except the orange which (in winter) are the finest in the world. Apples, peaches, cherries,

Parker. J.

plums, strawberries, currants, gooseberries &c do not grow here. Their melons are miserable tho' I think you or I could raise the most delicious watermelons, cantelopes &c. Plantains and Bananas grow with almost no cultivation and are important articles of food. As fruits they are pretty good, and as vegetables for cooking they are invaluable, as the potatoe is with us. Sweet-Potatoes, yams &c are abundant, and cost little labor. But all the fruits and vegetables are raised by the negroes on the little patches of land adjoining their Cabins. and are their prerequisites over and above their regular wages. The Village (or City!) of West-End contains about 800, or 1000 people, who live closely huddled together and raise nothing. On Wednesdays and Saturdays (especially the latter) there is a Market-day. The Negro women fill a little tray with a few potatoes, (sweet potatoes I mean) oranges, bananas, eggs, chickens &c, put it on their heads, and trudge off to town-a mile - 2 miles or 6 or 7 miles; the market is an open place not paved, without shelter or shade; there the women sit on the ground and spread out their articles for sale. I never saw one who had goods to the amount of £1.50 — There are some 30 or 40 kinds of goods on the Island but none is as

Barker. J.

good as the wild wood-grass which you find at home, and which the Moose would eat but cows (I think) will not. Most of their grasses are tall sedgy plants which do not run and cover the ground, but grow up in bunches - rank and coarse. There is not a spot of green grass to lie down upon. The cattle live chiefly by brow-sing on the bushes and low trees. All the best hay is brought from the United States of America, or from Europe, so is all the cheese, all the butter &c. - I wrote Isaac Clarke about the manner of cultiva-ting the cane, & the drought of the land &c, so I will not now repeat it. The whole island when we left it was brown as Uriah Steams' Hill by the pond in the driest time in August. - It was painful to look at the hills - about the colour of badly burnt coffee.

We reached Southampton June 1. at X A. M. and rode in the afternoon 70 miles to London. You never saw such greenness as exists every where in England; it rains almost every day and as the ground is always moist and the air damp. The crops in the fields were of wheat, rye, clover, beans, (a horse-bean which I never saw cultivated at home) potatoes, cabbages - and all sorts of kitchen vegetables: they were beginning to make their hay. I think the average yield there would be 2 1/2 tons to the acre. New potatoes were in the market tho' not so good

Parker. J.

as the old ones. Cabbages and Cauliflowers were fit for the table and in great abundance, green gooseberries were in all the Shops, oranges were cheaper in the market than at St Thomas — of the finest flavour too, brought from Spain and Portugal. England looks like a garden — all is so nicely cultivated — the asparagus trees were just getting out of blossom, and the horse Chestnuts are in full bloom; — roses abun- -dant. Of course there were pinks, gilly-flowers, marygolds &c &c every where. — Lilacs had passed their bloom, but the privit and the white-thorn were in full feather.

In France we rode about 400 or 500 miles by Rail — through the most delicate cultivation, quite superior to that of England. The crops were clover, — white, red, yellow — various other grasses; wheat, rye (the winter rye was ready for the sickle, and the harvest had begun June 12th); potatoes, beans — and in the east part between Paris and Switzerland — linen and indian corn.

Of course potatoes met us every where; the strawberries were ripe, the largest I ever saw, many were as large as the yellow peaches which used to grow behind the shops; — they were sold from hand-carts all over Paris at about 8 or 10 cents a quart! Apricots were abundant, bigger than ours — about 8 or 9 cents a dozen. I had peas on the 17th of June — about as big as a cent in diameter,

Writer. J.

cherries were large and cheap - 5 or 6 cents a quart - larger than ours but not so sweet. They have a peculiar melon which looks like a rough pumpkin - squash. It is about as big as a 2 quart measure, I did not taste it for the price was from 1.00 to 1.60 cents! But I shall get some of the seeds before I come home. It is a Persian melon brought to France, I think, in the time of the Crusades; the chief crops in Burgundy - the east part of the middle of France - is the vine. Here the stocks are in rows about 2 feet apart one way and a little less the other, they allow 2, 3 or 5, or 6 stems to grow up from one stalk, and support them on sticks about 3 feet high set like our bean poles; they do not grow higher than currant bushes with us. Between the rows of vines you sometimes find rows of Indian Corn - a single stalk in a place. Here in Switzerland the land is very hilly - the hill sides are notched into steps, the edges protected with a stone wall, from 3 to 15 feet high, so that the mountain slopes look like stairs. On the level part of the terraces the people raise their vines and other crops. You may judge of the amount of work necessary to notch and terrace the whole country. But here the cultivation is several thousand years old. Apricots and cherries are ripe here.

Parker. J.

You never saw such economy as prevails here, and in France, not a spot of ground is left to be idle. On the banks of the streams there are poplars and willows - which yield an annual harvest for the basket-maker. All the sunny sides of walks are covered with apricots, peaches, pears, or more delicate grape vines. No little stick of wood is wasted, the ships are pitched up in the forests when the wood is cut off; the small brush is made into Charcoal, put in bags and sent off to Paris. All the manure of the Country roads is carefully gathered up by the abutters & (on main banks often) carried to the vineyards. You can know nothing of agricultural economy till you see with your own eyes! — Mr Lyman joined us at London, went with us to Paris, and has now gone to the seat of war, 100 miles off. He will come back in a few days. Here we are in one of the most beautiful spots in the world - a Mountain 10,000 or 12,000 feet high looks in on us all the time, the handsome lake is just under the window, vineyards are about us on all sides. Some of the best friends I have in the world are also here - the Hunts and Apthorps; you remember. So we are all quite happy - L and H send their love to all, to which add mine. Remember me to Bowers Simonds Thomas Cutler and all the neighbors. Show this to Isaac & Sarah Clarke. Give my love to your children when you write, and believe me affectionately your Brother Theodore.

Parker. I. C

To Isaac Parker Esq. Lexington. Mass.

Lyons. France. 14 Oct. 1859.

My dear Brother

I write you a hasty line just as I am leaving Switzerland for Italy; we are to sail from Marseilles to Civita-Vecchia next Monday (17th) and hope to reach Rome on Wednesday or Thursday. If Rome agrees with me I shall stay there most of the winter — only making a little trip to the South of Italy — Naples — Vesuvius &c: that will take up only twenty or thirty days. My friend Mr. Desor will go with me. I reached Switzerland the 20th of June and left it the 13th Oct. So I was there almost four months. I staid five weeks with Mr Desor — partly at his house in the Mountains 3 000 feet above the sea, and the last week at Neuchâtel where I helped gather the grapes. The vintage is the most interesting part of the year to the Swiss, the most joyous also. The vines were just getting into blossom when I reached Montreux; so I have seen all the vine-process from end to end. I think I told you how the plant is trained up to little Stakes: now let me say a word or two on the gathering of the grapes. When they are fully ripe men and women go

Parker. J.

to that work each having a little tub with two handles. which would hold three half pecks, and a crooked little knife with which he cuts off the clusters. He throws the grapes into his tub, and when that is full empties it into a large tall tub shaped thus and called a brante. a man then takes a long stick with a bunch at the end (thus) and punches them till most of them are crushed to pieces. He then empties them (carrying the brante on his back) into a huge tub in a cellar that will hold thirty or forty hogsheads. There they remain twenty four hours if white grapes, or five or six days if red. Here they ferment a little and become warm: then a barefooted man rolls up his trousers to the knees, gets in and shovels out the contents which are carried in tubs to the press. The press is in the cellar - is a platform of timber 6 or 12 inches thick resting on huge beams. The old fashioned presses have posts at the end, and an enormous beam (30 by 36 inches sometimes) of oak - and a wooden screw 12 inches in diameter.* This is turned

* The new presses have a great iron screw fastened under the press, the Nut is turned with levers. the Saw goes through the Cheese.

Letter 9.

with a long lever, and to give it the last squeeze a rope is fastened to the end of the lever, and put round a Capstan. After the grape Cheese has been pressed about twelve hours they unscrew the screw, and cut the pomice (called Mac) into long Strips 18 inches wide, and 4 feet long (the size of the press) and leave ~~them~~ them a foot apart: then put on the followers and give it another squeeze for twelve hours more: so it becomes pretty dry. Then it is taken off and sent to the distiller who puts it in water, for fourteen or twenty days till it ferments; — and he then makes a poor sort of Brandy out of it. The juice of the grape, as it runs from the press, is caught in a tub and then put into enormous casks that will hold from twenty five to a hundred hogsheads: then it ferments; then, next March, it will be drawn off into other casks, and left a few months or a year, when it is put into hogsheads for sale, or into bottles. There is a great difference in the quality of the wine of different years. This year it is uncommonly excellent and brings 50 per cent more than the common price. The whole process you see is a good deal like an old fashioned way of making cider, — not a

Brother J.

bit Cleaner, only the grapes are not rotten as the apples often were (and still are no doubt): no Straw is needed, and no water is added (!) -- So much for the wine.

The Swiss Kitchen-gardens are much like the one you and I have taken so much pains with, containing cabbages, beets, carrots, parsley, summer savory, thyme, sage, hoarhound, white-turnips and French turnips, celery, lettuce, onions, sives; several kinds of marigold, sunflowers, pinks, roses, creepers, daffodils, moon-flowers and peas. Parsnips I have not seen in Europe. I shall try and get some seeds ~~sorts~~ of vegetables we don't raise at home. I send you an ear of the best Indian Corn - it grew 3 or 4000 feet above the sea and was ripe by the middle of September: also some chestnuts - plant them in some nice place (I think they will ripen at Lexington.) Also some stones of red-fleshed peaches of great size. ------ Love to yourself and your family from all of us. Remember me (and L) to the distant children and grand-children (ren.): also to Bowers Simons and the other neighbors. Wife and Miss I are well. L weighs 146 1/2 pounds! I do well in all but the cough - which continues still. Good bye, affectionately your Brother Theodore. Love to the Clarkes.

Esther I.

a

To the Same. Lexington.

Rome 16 March. 1860.

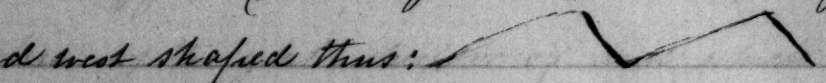
My dear Brother;

I don't know what will interest you most in a city where all things would be equally strange; but as you are a farmer I shall take it for granted that what relates to your own business will also prove most welcome in a letter. Well, Rome is surrounded by an immense desert extending to the Sea on the one side, to the Mountains on the other, and reaching out 40 or 50 miles between the Sea and the Mountains. This desert bears little but wild grass which is fed upon, by great flocks of Sheep (whose wool is better than their mutton), Swine, Cows and Buffaloes. Some part of it is cultivated with wheat — once in three years they get a crop: the land lies fallow the rest of the time. The oxen are small but well made, cream-colored or grey with long horns: they are very docile and serviceable; the yoke rests on the neck just back of the horns: they draw by a broad strap across the forehead, tho' some have the yoke where we put it and use very clumsy bows. All oxen have a sort of ring in the nose which can be removed at pleasure. Milk is poor and thin, the butter white and meagre;

Parker. C.

it is not the climate for butter and cheese. tho' the beef is as good as at home. In the winter the farmer drives his hogs into the forests, where they thrive on the acorns of an evergreen oak one of the fairest trees in this handsome land; by day they go at large; at night the owner blows a Conk-shell and they come home and are shut up in pens. The hogs are black, small (would weigh about 200) but well made. Nobody lives in this desert land save here and there on a little knoll of land, but once the whole broad expanse from the Mountains to the Sea was full of towns and villas, fields and gardens. The chief articles of culture by the farmer are the fruits-grapes, apples, pears, oranges, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, quinces, oranges, filberts, chestnuts and [walnuts - fruits] and many vegetables not known to Americans. Potatoes are never good on the continent of Europe. Lettuce is far better than with us, so are the Cauliflowers which are as easily cultivated here as Cabbages at Lexington, and sold cheap. Apples are poor-very poor, close grained, tough and indigestible; they bring from 2 to 20 cents a pound (!) and are as cheap now as last October. About two thirds of the space within the city walls is uninhabited: a considerable

Parker J.

part of it is occupied with kitchen gardens, which are cultivated with great skill. Take a great one which I visited the other day, as big as Boston Common. It has a ridge of land running through it 20 or 40 feet high: the chief thing cultivated is the grape vines. The vines they are set in rows and trained to stakes like bean poles only not so high. But as the vines occupy the land with their shade only from May till October there is room also for a winter crop, so to facilitate that, the ground on the South side of the ridge is throwon into furrows running east and west shaped thus: 
the sloping side is towards the South and is planted with lettuce which requires all the sun it can get in the winter; that towards the North is set out with a sort of French turnip which grows all winter with less light and heat. That is what I call making a nice use of the winter sun. — All country produce is brought to town in carts. I have never seen a wagon in Rome. The wheels are about as big as those of our Ox Carts, the felloes as deep but the hubs and spokes more slender; the axletree is about a foot shorter than ours: the body of the cart varies according to the load — hay, fagots, bags of charcoal, wine &c. The cart is not painted

Postscript

and is washed about as often as you put water on your chaise and is commonly nearly as dirty – for the country roads here are very poor. It is drawn generally by three horses or mules yoked abreast, tho' sometimes by a single pair of long-horned oxen. The driver sits on the left hand side of the front end of his cart, and as the weather is variable he has a sort of tent over his head attached to a cart-stake which he can remove at pleasure; it is made of untanned cowhide. Indeed in the winter he wears leggins which come up to the hips, made of untanned skin – of the goat, sheep or ox – and which look funny. The horses and mules wear bridles without blinders or bits; instead of the latter they have a rough chain or ragged bit of iron which goes round the creature's nose by which he is guided. Horses, Mules and Asses are shamefully ill treated by the farming people, over-worked, under-fed and beaten with dreadful blows. The little carts which ply about the city have axles about 3 1/2 feet long, while the body is not more than 2 feet wide: the driver always rides. — The daily diet of the Romans is vegetables; they have many about as nutritious as asparagus. Cabbages they make much use of. The people look weak and ill-fed; they

Parker. T.

do not live long: Country people have a warm meal but once a week—on Sunday; then there is a Soup of Vegetables, some boiled beans, and a bit of meat. The rest of the time their food is bread with a raw onion, a bit of salt and dried hogs flesh, and a little wine. The bread is poor stuff, but on the whole better than what one gets in the Country towns of New England, for here it is only sour and indigestible, not also poisoned with Soda and Sal-aeratus. Pumpkin-seeds are a common article of food! Do you know that pumpkins fed to cows, seeds and all, make them dry up but without the seeds they increase the quantity of Milk! The seeds are a powerful diuretic. I have no good news to write about my health. We all send love to all—I not forgetting the neighbors; I see Wm. Simonds has lost his only daughter!

Faithfully your Brother. Theodore Parker.

Parker T. J. & G. C.

To Masters Theodore J. & George E. Parker. Lexington

Boston 28th March 1854.

Dear little Nephews

Here are two more little Books you may like to read. Keep them six weeks if you like. Keep the great Book a year. You had better cover them all before you use them.

Believe me truly

Your affectionate uncle

Theodore.

To Miss Frances M. Parker. Lexington.

Boston 11 August. 56.

Dear Frankie.

I can't go to Chelsea where I should (probably) do little good; for the Committee may be Whigs, Democrats, Know-Nothings or Orthodoxy and so hate me: But I will do what I can — namely send a recommendation. I shall only testify to the best of my knowledge. It is unfortunate that you took no testimonials from Philadelphia and New Jersey.

Parker. F. M.

But I trust you will write to supply that lack.

I trust you may succeed in this plan. I write to a friend to inquire for a Place in the Boston Schools—

Love to all from both,

Yours affectionately

T. P.

Parker J. B.

To Mr. John B. Parker 14 Commercial Wharf. Boston.

West Roxbury 1 April 1843

My dear John

I received a note and a watch for Emmeline from you yesterday and will deliver them today, soon as the storm is over. I owe you, I don't know how many letters and now can't write a very long epistle, but wish to say a word or two. I hope you look after Rebecca, as before. I shall be in town soon and will hand you the little balance mentioned some time ago and pay any debt that may have accrued since. I talked with Emmeline about going to Lexington – to the Normal School – She likes the plan – but her health is poor. I doubt that she will bear the enbirenment and study which the place will demand. She seems very delicate in health – a little expos- -ure gives her a cough. But time will show what is the wisest course. She says, besides, that perhaps she ought to help her mother rather than to go to L. and help herself. I honour her filial affection and love her all the more

Parker J. B.

for this proof of it. But I should be very sorry if her Mother was always to stand between her and any chance of bettering her condition.

Isaac tells me he is going to board with you— I hope your industry, enterprise and economy will teach him the lesson he needs so much. He is a good fellow at bottom— but has many foolish notions, that you must bear with in order to remove them at last.

Give my best wishes to your wife and accept them for yourself—

Yours sincerely

Theo Parker.

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

West Roxbury. 17. Sept. 1844

My dear John

I thank you for your kind note which reached me yesterday— I learned while at Rome

Parker. J. B.

that you had been ill of a fever; but were then better I would have written both you and Emmeline — not one but often — had it not been for the great cost of postage in those countries where I travelled. Trust me that I did not fail to remember you — Miss Cabot told me that you were at Salem — in the Rail-road Office — further she did not know. I saw Emmeline the other day — who told me more about it, but said you had still a trouble in your arm — I hope too that is going away. Write again soon and tell me all about your situation — why you left the old place and what and how you do in this. You live still at Salem, where do you attend church? How do you pass your leisure time? What has Emmeline done at the Normal School? How does your wife like Salem? It will be a good while before I can get down to see you — for much business of various sorts presses upon me — to be done — so give my love to the wife, and believe me truly and faithfully

your uncle

John B. Parker. Theo. Parker.

Parker. J. B.

To the Same. Salem.

West Roxbury 18th Nov 1844

My dear John

I sent you a parcel — some weeks ago containing a copy of my translation of de Wettes Introduction to the O. T. I had not time to write a note then or I should have done so — I beg you to accept the book — as a tribute of my respect and regard for you — I have not time to come to Salem — now or I gladly would — but in January I shall come there to lecture — then I shall see you and yours — and one that I have never seen — I hope you will excuse my long neglect to answer your note — I only take such a liberty with persons who know me well. Give my best wishes to your wife and believe me

truly your friend

Thos: Parker.

145

Parker J. B.

To the Same. Salem.

West Roxbury 21st Aug. 1846.

My dear John

I have no Books on Heraldry – and small acquaintance with the subject. It is a foolish art, designed to feed the vanity of men who have no personal worth. I would not waste time in such a pursuit. The books you want to see I fancy are not books of Heraldry but genealogy. I suppose then you want to see Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, Burke's commoners and landed Gentry of England. But I own no books of the sort. – – – I hope you and Emmeline will both read Shakespeare. It will do her more good than to read forever all the horrid battles Josephus tells of among the Jews. There are some indecent things in it, but not many, and they will hardly contaminate a mind previously pure. Kind regards to all.

Yours truly

T. P.

Parker J. B.

c

To the Same. Salem.

West Roxbury 29th Aug. 1846.

My dear John,

I told you I despised the Study of Heraldry; I have yet wasted some little time over Guillim and other writers on that theme. I am quite up to giving any information about the noble family of Kettles. Here is their coat of arms.

The motto is "We call the Pot black". It is a most ancient family. It is related to the Pots; the Skillets; the Patty-pans; the Porringers and divers other great and noble families in all civilized countries. Lord Copper Kettle, Baron Stew Pan, and His grace the Duke of Brass Kettle are all branches of this family. So is that famous champion Sir Kettledrum, and he is soon to be elevated to the Peerage. The family of Boilers is of the same descent, but arose for a long time in obscurity — devoted mainly to agriculture and domestic economy. But lately

Parker. J. B.

some of the family have entered the marine service — and have done great honor to their family, while others have become famous on land. Lord Steamboat Boiler and Sir Fiz-a-way Locomotive are of this latter class. It is thought this branch of the family will surpass all the others. Indeed some of them have been so elated with success that they have actually burst — and this by the way is the great danger to which this noble family is subject. You will find all about the Stokes &c, in Burke's Peerage or Commoners &c

what you say of Jabez is pretty true — but not wholly. There are as I know very well some noble exceptions to what you state as the general rule. If you want any books from time to time let me know what, and I think I can procure them for you — But Emmeline tells me you sit up late. Now that is quite — nay — almost as bad as living late. Be sure you will repent it. If your eyes are sore go to bed — go to sleep — you must mind me — There is no excuse for violating a Law of Nature. The Laws God wrote on the body are quite as binding

Parker J. B.

as the X commands which Moses wrote on Stone.
Keep the commandments. And believe me

truly yours
Theo Parker.

To the Same. Salem.

Boston April 9th 1849.

My dear John,

I suppose you got the enclosed Check for Emmeline, from the Asiatic Bank. I don't know how they do business in Salem; perhaps a Check not signed, is "good" there, but in Boston we generally like to have somebody sign the papers. If you will take it to the Cashier of the Asiatic, perhaps that Oriental personage will put his hand to the paper. Tell Emmeline she is a wise girl to go off a little while.

Yours T. P.

Parker. J. B.

To the Same. Salem

Boston April 28. 1853.

Dear John,

The house will be a nice thing— It is well to own the house you live in, but not dwelling houses in general. But there are several things to be considered. There is (1.) the insurance, which is not much at the Mutual; (2) the cost of annual repairs; (3) the fact that the house wears out, in perhaps 100 years, so you consume 1 per cent. of the principal a year. All this is to be considered— but you pay for these in the shape of rent to some other man who considers all this when he makes up the rent. I hope you will buy a nice house, such as you like, with sun in the Kitchen, a House on the South side of the Street is worth much more than one on the North. You want the sun in the back part. Love to all

truly yours

J. B. Parker Esq. Theo. Parker.

Parker, J. B.

To the Same. Salem.

c

Boston 25 Feb. 1835.

Dear John

I have had no time to write you before—, I told Emmeline about the "Moon-eyed Herald of Dismay" &c. It seems derived from seeing the full-moon just before sunrise, looking so pale and hollow-eyed and as if afraid of the "Star of Day". The figure is original so far as I know, with Mr. Campbell.

Mt Moriah is not the same as Zion, Moriah was in the East of the city, Zion in the South and West. There were two other hills—2 or 3000 feet high—Akra and Bezetha. The "valley of the cheesemonger" lay between Zion and Moriah. Both Temples were on Moriah, but perhaps not in the same exact spot—for they differed in size—but the new covered a part of the old site.— Tell Emmeline that Homer speaks of a race of Cimmerians (Kimmerians) "enveloped in mist and cloud; the illustrious Sun never looks

Parker. J. B.

on them will his beams." They are a mythical people, who cannot be reached by land or sea. — Other nations who lied in Misty (Cheimmeria) countries were also called Cimmerians. e.g. the inhabitants of the Crimea (North of the Black sea.) The name Cimmerian in Poetry is connected with Darkness. Hence Milton.

"In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell" &c.

There is a Phœnician word חמר Chemar — meaning dark. When applied to the people it seems that some Greek poet referred the darkness to the sky, not the skin — and fable a race of Cimmerians &c.

Love to all, from all.

Here is a cheque for Emmeline £24. — interest for two years — please endorse it on the note.

Yours affectly

L. P.

Miller C.

To Charles Miller Esq. East Cambridge. Mass.

Watertown 1 Nov. 1833.

Dear Brother,

You will perhaps be surprised that I do not fulfil my promise, and come to pass the night with you as I promised, and intended; but I have two good excuses, first it was only a conditional agreement. You were to send me a pair of shoes, which I have not yet had the happiness of seeing — I should have come sooner, had not something else occurred, which renders it really impossible — I will not say, like the man in the Scripture, I have married a wife, and, therefore, I cannot come, but will say — I have a week or two since become engaged to Miss L. D. Cabot + + + +

and instead of visiting you, Dear Charles as I intended, I must employ my time in another manner — + + + +

we have been acquainted nearly two years. She

Miller 6.

is the only Daughter of John Cabot Esq of Newton, has two brothers merchants in Commercial Street — and resides with her Aunt at No 10 Essex Street Boston —

I have consulted her Parents, and have received their consent — I went last Sunday to Lexington, to inform Father &c. He seemed quite pleased. You need not suppose, we intend any immediate matrimonial operations. I have my professional studies to complete first — and a Parish to get, beside a great deal more to perform, which will take from long years at least —

I do not forget to be quite so moderate, as you, who used to visit as you know, once a quarter, but I go at least once a week, beside writing and receiving sundry letters in the same time. This last I speak in confidence —

I am very well, and hope that you enjoy the same blessing — although, you did not look very well when I saw you last. Father sent his respects to you — and you will please accept mine

Your affectionate Brother
Thos. Parker.

P.S. I quite the bad writing of this letter, for my hand is so cold, that I can scarcely hold any pen —

Miller. C.

To the Same. Charlestown. Mass.

West Roxbury 12 July. 1841.

My dear Charles, both friend & brother,

I am very glad to hear from you once in a great while, though it is only by a brief letter. I saw "Solomon" the other day who gave notice that you were very well. I have been getting over to Charlestown these several months, but have not reached it yet. One of these days I shall come and see you, if you will not first come and see me.

Your letter relates to two points, a matter of business and a matter of friendship.

1. Then of the business. I think I cannot "work over the cash" until some time in October. If I can before, you shall have it. In the meantime if you want the money, I will do, as I used to tell you Hiram said you asked him to do, — that is, sign a bond with you at the Bank for ten

Miller C.

dollars!

II. Touching the matter of friendship. You seem to think it possible that my motives were not good in writing and preaching the Sermon which men make such a noise about— Now I never in my life, wrote a Sermon with a deeper conviction of its truth, or of the good it would do in the world. I wrote what I felt to the ends of my fingers. If you can find any thing bad, pernicious, or likely to injure morality and religion— I am very sorry. But I am certain it contains nothing of that character. The noise which men make; the bad names they call me; the threats they utter move me as little as they move Monadnock— I understand your minister Mr Ellis, has lifted up his heel against me, I forgive him; but I think he knows better, some do not. I honour some who raise the cry; Garnett is a noble man. But some of the others— it is not proper I should judge them, nor do I. Do you think I could have any but the best of motives for this work! what could I gain, but a bad reputation! nothing else. No, I felt the difficulties of the

Miller C.

common opinions, I wished to show that Religion was independent of the foolish doctrines men have piled upon it. I wanted to break the yoke of bondage bound on men's necks, and have done what I could to make men better here and hereafter. The opinions in the discourse are nothing new to me; not the random thoughts of a young man, but the sober deliberate conviction, the result of some little thought and study. The end will be good, no doubt of that, but the end is not yet.

I hope you will come over and see us, and in the meantime, believe me ever

Your friend & brother

Theo Parker.

Cobb. F. P.

Boston U S A

5th May 1848

My dear friend,

Your letter of April 2nd gave me great delight. I rejoice exceedingly at being able to smooth the difficulties away which have been thrown in the way of Religion, and so your kind letter warmed my heart anew with the thought that I had actually helped one of Mor mortal one for whom perhaps I shall never see — Your history lends additional interest to it all. I know how you must have suffered under that bewildering orthodox Theology which you were taught to accept instead of Religion — and which you could not receive, still less be satisfied with. We have the same orthodoxy here in America only, as we think, a little more as every thing is a little more intense on our side of the water — You speak of the immortality of the Soul. I am a believer in it, and have no more doubt of my Eternal life — eternally conscious, eternally progressive — than of my present and mortal condition. But I do not pretend to know any thing about the form of that life, or its conditions. Since I believe the entire goodness of God — which you so beautifully speak of — I have no fear, no desire to know more about the form of the next life, or

Cobb. F. P.

matter of the next stage of this life. If I had only Reason, which cares little about persons, and deals more with Ideas, I should not think I suppose, or care about meeting my friends in the next stage of life. But as I have Affections more powerful too than Reason, I cannot doubt that I shall see and know my friends in Heaven. Once I did not think so, but at the grave's mouth, as it closed on a sister, I could not doubt where my logic had failed me. Nature came in and completed her work. When I was a large boy and had felt, more than I had reflected, I heard a Minister preach on the Immortal life. He told the arguments for it, said they were all of no value, guesses but hardly at truth, only after it; the only sufficient proof was the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Boy as I was I saw the folly of that as an argument to prove a universal proposition, but boy as I was, I could not reason the matter out, and in default of the understanding prove my immortality. So I felt constrained to doubt almost to deny it. Some weeks past over; weeks of torment. At last spontaneous nature came to my help and I settled the question, not intellectually and by Philosophy but sentimen-

-tally - in the child's way, not the man's - It was not till years after that I found a Philosophy that satisfied the intellectual demands and helped me to prove it to myself. I have often preached on the theme and once printed a little sermon in which I put down the best thoughts I had about Immortal life. I send you the sermon thro' Mr Chapman the Bookseller (142 Strand London) and will not write more about the arguments here.

I confess to a strong love of that good and true man Blanco White. His memoirs have brought much comfort to many a man's and woman's heart in America. What I love most is the entire truthfulness of the man, and his entire trustfulness. He felt and he knew the goodness of God, and loving Him forgot all fear. You ask me if Jesus believed in eternal punishment, &c, or why I call myself a Christian if he did. I don't believe he did, I see not how he could. I doubt that even Paul believed it. Why, Jesus is teaching that God loves all men, the sinner as much as the saint. I know there are many passages, some parables, which

Cotte. F. P.

plainly teache this odious doctrines. Still I don't believe Jesus taught it, tho' it was easy for a few to misunderstand his words, and long after his death relate such things of him. I cannot ascribe a very high historical value to the Gospels; they rather indicate its faith than teach it. I call myself a christian because I believe Jesus taught absolute Religion, Godness & Piety - free godness, free piety, free thought. He was in some things fettered by the follies of his nation and age, but did men such a service by setting before them the true Method of Religion that I love to call myself a Christian out of gratitude, but I would not think ill of another who disliked the name - nay I doubt if Jesus himself would recommend it. I have written you a longer letter than I thought I should at first. If I can be of service to you in any way it will give me pleasure to do so, and I shall always be glad to hear from you when it is agreeable to you to write. Allow me to subscribe myself

Sincerely your friend

Theo. Parker

Boston 5 June 1855

My dear Miss Cobbe

Your kind letter came to hand in due time, and the book followed it, reaching me a few weeks ago. I did not go to bed till I saw through its whole. The next day I gave it a more careful study — Let me say I admire the work throughout — the plan, the execution — all the details. It is a noble work — in many points reminding me of some of the best things in Leibnitz, in others coming close upon Milton in its tone and language — Your learning also surprises me. I am making efforts to have it re-printed here for it is much needed to counteract the sensationalism of the Locke School who still occupy most of the chairs of Philosophy in New England. It will do good service among our young men and women. If I succeed, you shall have a copy as soon as possible, only the depressed state of the money market makes my success doubtful. — In your note you seem to think you and I might differ as to the use of experiments in morals. This is my notion. Moral experiment furnishes new

Cobbe. F. P.

facts of moral consciousness which else we should not require so soon; perhaps never. Still the ultimate appeal is to the Moral Element within us. By experiment alone we can never learn what is (scientifically) just only what is (empirically) convenient in a special case.

I hope soon to have the other part — the Practice of Morals.

Be pleased to accept a copy of a new book of mine, though made up of old matter — and believe me

respectfully & sincerely yours

Theo. Parker.

Boston 20 Dec^r 1855.

My dear Miss Cobbe.

When your book first reached me I submitted it to my friends Messrs Little & Brown who said they would take it up at once on my recommendation were it not for the deranged condition of the country at that time — they having much capital at risk & getting but slow sales. I tried another

house - and was determined it should be published if I took the risk myself and gave away the edition - for I thought it so valuable - The other House Messrs Phillips & Samson delayed a long time, their Reader not liking to take the responsibility of deciding on a book which lay outside of his lines of knowledge. So he delegated the matter to a Minister of the Unitarian Denomination - a man of nice scholarship & fine character, though quite conservative.

In the mean time I was busy making ready for publication the "Defence" which I send you with this letter. But a few days since the Reader sent me the note from Mr Hale - which I enclose, so the book will appear ere long. To make it as perfect as possible, I will beg you to send me another Copy with such corrections, emendations & additions as you see fit to make.

The mistake of those writers, who copied the strange errors of Mosheim were first pointed out to me by an acute Catholic Lawyer of this City, who wrote a lecture on Robertson's view of the Middle Ages - detecting that and other errors; as I looked into the matter I found the whole passage of St Eligius was given in

Cobbe. F. P.

Schröckh. Kirch Gesch, B XIX. p 438, and in Gieseler K.G. B I # 123. You refer to Schröckh's book υπο θεοιο ηθικη I had never read a word of the man, but in a few days received his De Officiis secundum Jus Naturae (Gothae 1667 1 vol 18mo) bound up with Puffendorf's de Officio. Is it the same book as the υπο θεοιο?

I send you two or three little sermons which you have not yet seen, and my Defence which will tell its own tale. I shall print another volume of Miscellanies and one more of Sermons & Speeches soon as I find time for the work. With many thanks for your noble book believe me

Affectionately yours
Theodore Parker.

[1856]

My dear Miss Cobbe

This is to introduce my friend E E Hale a Unitarian Minister from Boston of the better sort. He took great interest in your book the first volume, and was editor of the Christian Examiner when the review

Cobbe. F. P.

of it was printed. I think you will be mutually pleased our acquaintance.

Yours faithfully

Theodore Parker.

Circa 1856.

Boston 11 Augst 1857.

My very dear Miss Cobbe,

It is more than a year since I wrote you a line, and my last letter I think you never received, for I gave it as an introduction to one of my friends, who took an Irish wife and went to shew her parents the new Baby. It was Mr Brace who has written some clever books and is one of the best young men that I know. He married a Miss Neile of Belfast and lives at New-York, busied in picking forlorn children out of the streets of that Gomorrah of the new world, and placing them in worthy families. So he says "such as be ready to perish".

I had no right to expect a letter from you when the last one came, but as the Telegraph

Cobbe. F. P.

announced the arrival of the Steamer I said – "Now there is a letter from dear Miss Cobbe", and when my Nephew brought up the letters – behold there were many, some from Germany, one from England – but none from her. I felt sure there was some mistake, and the next morning, yours actually came; it had been overlooked the day before, but I did not think of the heaviness of heart with which you had been waiting! I suppose the sad event – sad to the survivors has taken place before this, and the venerable head is laid peacefully to rest while the Soul has gone home to its Father and Mother – I am the youngest of eleven children and of course my parents were old when I was born – my Mother was 49 – my Father more than 50. My Father's mother Lived with us, & passed on at the age of ninety two – She was more than eighty when I was born. My Father died at seventy seven. So you see old age is familiar to me – I love the venerable hairs of old persons, not less than the brown locks which curl so handsomely about youthful brows. But we dont sorrow for the old as for the young – It is right & natural that the ripe apple should fall in Time's Autumn

night. My Grandmother, my Father, grew old but with faculties still bright, were glad to pass further on taking the next step in the continuous process whereof Birth is the first. We shed natural tears, and the place felt cold when the shadow of an empty chair fell on the household fire. But we recognized the fitness of it all. There are two points of certainty: — the Infinite perfection of God, the Immortality of Man; those are fixed, and the consciousness of them is not merely a matter of reflective demonstration for the philosophic few, but rather of spontaneous instinct for the sympathetic many.

Between these two points hangs the great world of human consciousness with its hopes, fears, doubts, uncertainties, disappointments, errors, follies, joys, sins, terrors and unbounded aspirations. But all are supported on these two points of certainty and I think it is the end of Wisdom to know this, as it is the beginning to feel it. Sure of my continuance and sure of God I fear nothing. There is compensation for all sorrow, and recovery for all sickness of the soul.

Your book came most welcome, it is very

Cobb. F. P.

way worthy of its predecessor. I read it with joy - not always without tears. I meant to have it republished here a year ago, and took it to my Bookselling friends. Two wealthy and excellent Houses - Little and Brown, and Tickenor and Co thought well of the work but said, such a book on such a theme would have but a slow sale and they should make no money by it. ——— Young and Yankee promised to publish it ——— is the Presidential publisher but afterwards not quite fairly retracted the promise. Now I am very anxious to have it brought out here, and but for a little trouble in my own finances during one or two years (I have been stereotyping some of my own Books which took all my spare money) I should have taken the risk myself & spread the work before the American public. I think if I am financially prosperous that when the work is finished I will stand as Godfather & secure the publisher from any loss - and so honor the Continent with so valuable a visitor. A Rev^d Mr Buckingham a Unitarian Minister in Hartford Connecticut found a Copy by accident in a Bookstore and was much

delighted with it. He wrote to me to enquire for the Author and has now written a review of it for the Christian Examiner the Unitarian periodical, one of the best journals in America. It will appear about January, I fear not earlier. he says "she is a fine fellow tho' a little old fashioned". He envied your wide and deep learning as well he might.

Now let me say a word or two about myself. I have been ill for nearly six months, a thing quite unusual with me, who have not before passed a day in bed since I was twelve years old, which is now 34 years. I had a fever with typhoidal & splenitic symptoms — for a long time I could not preach, Mr Phillips, R W Emerson and similar men taking my place. Even now I am ill, feebler than usual but likely to recover. My wife & I are passing the summer in a charming little Country place seven miles from Boston, where I do nothing but gather wild flowers, swim in the fresh water, sit under trees and read what takes my fancy. Today I start with a few friends in a yacht for a sail along our coasts

Cobbe. F. P.

to be absent a fortnight. I hope to preach again the 6th Sept. and be as well as ever. You will receive this about Aug. 24 I fancy, which is my forty seventh birthday. I wish you would tell me when you were born that I may keep the day as a festival. So I do with other dear ones. Please grant me this favor and I shall mark with a white Stone one more day in my friendly year.

Believe me ever yours

faithfully

Theodore Parker.

c

Boston 4. Dec 1857.

My dear Miss Cobbe,

I meant to write this letter so that you should receive it on your birthday, but the relation with the day is still the same, tho' the time be different. I send you the last No of the Examiner the chief Unitarian Periodical & one of the best if not the best in America. It is edited by the Revd Dr Hedge, professor of

Ecclesiastical History in the School at Cambridge, and Rev^d Mr Hale whose note touching your book you received some time since. The article on your "Intuitive Morals" pp 370-84 is written by Rev^d Mr Buckingham a man about forty years old, not settled now, but a pleasant preacher and serious earnest man, with a touch of genius about him it is said- You will see the earnest progressive spirit that is in him. I hope you will be pleased with the Article. Mr B saw a copy of your book on a friend's table, was much interested in it, borrowed it, read it, and then wrote me asking what man (!) had written so noble a book!- I put him in the way of the other volume, and he then wrote the Article. The last paragraph is by Mr Hale.

One of these days I will send you the Photograph you speak of, if I can ever get a good one. There is a crayon portrait by my friend Mr Cheney now dead- which my intimates like, and a great Lithograph which they do not like- I judge neither. The London Times says of Lord Brougham- "Nature certainly did not make him a handsome

to the F. P.

man." I fear the Oracle would not be more complimentary to me; but when I get a photograph which is decent, I will certainly send it. My wife does the good looks of the family and the same Mr Cheney made one of his most happy pictures of her. Sometime I will send you a photograph of that, which looks more like her than she like herself. We have been married nearly twenty one years and have never a child; we have a moderate little prosperity, partly her inheritance, partly my earnings, a good house, a large collection of books. Her name was Cabot. The family claim descent from the famous Giovanni Cabotti who discovered these parts of the Continent. Her domestic name is Bear or Bearsie and various symbols of "Beauty and the Beast" appear in the house. As usual she is nearly the opposite of her husband except in the matter of philanthropy. A young man by the name of Cabot, one and twenty years old, lives with us as a sort of Nephew. We have brought him up from infancy, his Mother died when he was five or six: he is now in the Store of a large West India goods Dealer. An unmarried lady a little more than fifty years old,

Cobbe. F. P.

– Miss Stevenson a woman of fine talents and culture, interested in all the literatures and humanities is with us. These are the permanent family, to which visitors make frequent and welcome additions – You are very dear to us all. I ought to say that my wife was born Sept^r 12 1813 – and so is three years younger than I. She is tall with blue eyes & brown hair, a little white beginning to steal in insidiously – My eyes are also blue, my head is bald and my beard grey. I am five feet eight inches high, & weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. All my forbears were great, tall, stout men, six feet without their shoes, weighing two hundred pounds and more. My Mother was a slight delicate woman with a fine organization – – – So much about ourselves. As my letter is dated your Birthday, and your last note was on mine, and you asked for some particulars about us all, it is not so egotistic as it looks – Now to other things.

No VIII in the Examiner is by Dr Hedge – You will be surprized at the freedom with which it criticizes parts of the New Test; it has already

to the F. P.

wakened the wrath of some of the Bigots who have attacked Dr H in the Christian Register – the Unitarian Newspaper of Boston.

Have you seen a quite remarkable book by H. T. Buckle. It is "History of Civilization in England" Vol. I. (8vo pp. XXIV. 854, London, J. W. Parker). It is one of the most remarkable and instructive books I have seen from the English press in this century. I don't always agree with him, but he is a great man – learned too in many departments of thought – I have only read the first part of his book. Can you tell me who he is – what his antecedents were & his surroundings – The work is not less significant in its department than the testing of the Natural History of Creation in another Sphere.

What a terrible time dear old England has in India. Both parties are in the wrong. England has treated India harshly, exploitered her. No doubt her Native Rulers did the same, perhaps in a worse manner and to a greater extent; but it is more inexcusable in Father Bull to do such an evil thing, for he knows better. But I suppose he will conquer; kill ten men and violate twenty women where the Indians did but one or two, and

then celebrate Thanksgivings in all his Churches. I look with great pride on this Anglo Saxon people. It has many faults, but I think it is the best specimen of Mankind which has ever attained great power in the world. One day I fancy Asia will be divided between the Russians and the English, and the English people will have the whole of America, South as well as North. I think it can be done by no violence or Cruelty, but it will not be.

I wonder what the moral effect of your two recent wars will be in England. Will it make you a nobler people as trouble did in the sixteenth & seventeenth centuries?

In America we are to have much trouble from the question of Slavery. You in England I think do not see how Slavery corrupts every thing. Politics, Theology, Literature, Trade, it is the Bête noire which threatens to devour all the flock. Every national Administration frets and cossets it. The Democratic party thinks it is the only American Institution worth spreading. Every Irishman in the United States is in favor of Slavery. So are all the Jews. The Germans go the other way. So strong is National

C & Mc. F. P.

disposition! No property here is held so sacred as property in Men. No laws so important as the laws of Slavery. There is trouble before us! I care little how soon it comes.

Of course you know what a sad commercial panic we are passing through in America as in England. I hope both nations will come out of it wiser than before. I hope your honoured Father continues comfortable, and your own health and spirits are as good as your heart.

We all send you our love.

Yours faithfully

Theodore Parker.

Osgood. L. To Miss Lucy Osgood.

Rome. Dec. 2. 1859.

My dear Miss Osgood,

A few days ago I learned that your much esteemed & noble-minded sister had passed upwards into her glory onward. Yesterday while I was on the point of writing to you, I received your letter of the 6th inst. announcing the same event — so sad to you, to her so joyous & triumphant. I thank you most heartily, my dear Miss Osgood, for writing me so tender & beautiful a letter. Your sister lived as she ought, & died as she had lived. Your account of it shows how characteristic it all was: no complaining, no fearing, no increase of religious action — because all along it had been normal & sufficient. I am glad you "respected her silence," & did no violence to her free spiritual individuality in the last hours more than in the long life which preceded. Your sister was a noble woman; this appeared not only in her intellectual power & its consequent attainments, but also still more in the use she made of all her gifts. Spite of her two & seventy years, she was yet one of the youngest women that I knew, so much was she alive, so

beyond &c.

open minded for new truth, & so open hearted to all forms of Duty — either the stern of reproving, or the tender of embracing & loving. Old things did not lose their hold on her if good, though her eye went forth to "fresh fields & pastures new", & new things if good were still as welcome at three score & ten, as if the earthly life had been before her & not chiefly behind. She sympathized with all the best movements of this generation whose fathers she had seen grow up. I have never known such an example before, & look upon it now with continual delight & gratitude. Spite of bodily feebleness, she seemed to be what the Greeks called αγηραος — a quality they attributed only to the gods. It was in her character that she should have what Socrates prayed for, θανατος ευελπις, a death full of good hope; it was also fortunate it should be a ευθανασια a death without pains. She filled up her season with good deeds, rejoiced in them, & developed her character into beautiful proportions; now she has gone to keep her Thanksgiving day in the Commonwealth of Heaven, whose glory eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived of yet.

Osgood. L.

I am glad you find the enduring consolation which Human Nature craves, in the great Religion which that same Human Nature affords. If we are sure of God, we are not long left in doubt of any other good thing. This world must be so made, that all things shall work together for good, though we know not how. I need not say what sweetness of peace & what depths of joy have come to me from the consciousness of such Religion; but now, when I go stooping & feeble, when my career of usefulness seems ended, & I can serve no more but only stand & wait, I find additional comfort in the testimony of many persons, on both the continents, who tell me that I have helped them to a consciousness of the deep things in their own souls, & so have helped make them nobler men, at least more faithful to their conscience, & more hopeful to Humankind. I do not complain that I cannot now be useful. I thank God that I could; & am content with whatever lies before me — life or death, health or sickness. We are well situated here, on the Quirinal mountain. All Rome lies before us. St Peters is a mile & a half off, but clearly

Osgood. L.

visible from its floor to its cross on the top. What a world of ancient Art & modern Art! & underneath them both what a History! The tale of Rome is a Tragedy — the profoundest, the saddest ever enacted, & that too with the world for its stage. As I sit at my window by day, or lie sleepless on my bed at night it is wonderful the scenes that come up before me, in that great drama of Rome. I have been reading ~~Mommsen's~~ Mommsen's History (to the time only of Cæsar's Dictatorship as yet) & much more on the great theme. It is all the more interesting to me when I daily visit the spots where the deeds were done, & see the monuments of some of the acts themselves. But still spite of all this, my heart turns home, & I consider the American Drama getting acted now. — How young we are! Yet we have a more difficult problem to settle than the oldest European state is now vexed with — a Democracy with 4,000,000 Slaves, mocking at the first Principles of all Human Society, the four great Northern cities all on the side of Despotism! I take it Congress assembles for fresh scenes of violence. Nobody knows whose head will be broken next — Seward's, Wilson's, Sumner's, Hale's!

Osgood. L.

I do not wonder at Captain Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry; it is only the beginning, the end is not yet. But such is my confidence in Democratic Institutions that I do not fear the result. There is a glorious future for America, but the other side of the Red Sea!

All mine send most friendly sympathy.

You know you have that of yours

Faithfully & affectionately

Theodore Parker.

To Frank B. Sanborn Esq. Concord Mass.

St Thomas 13 May 1859.

My dear Frank,

It is a good while that I have been meditating a letter to you, but found not the Strength & Time consilient, now they jump hand in hand. A word touching the School, — County academies are based on the Idea that two opposite goals may be reached by running over the same road & in the same direction — viz nice classic culture & practical culture fitting for the common duties of life. So in all such schools there are pupils who wish to go to the Humanities, & another set who affect the Practicalities; the poor School-master stands between the two; now he drives one set east, then turns round & drives the other west; the poor man is lurging betwixt the two all the time, quantus Sudor in eques, quantus in viris! But the evil can't be avoided till the Population is dense enough to have a division of labor in this matter & to have institutions for grinding Generals, & also for weaving up Traders & Tradesmen.

Your School is necessarily one of the omnium

gatherum class; you cant help it. Besides, you have added lectures from scientific men. I doubt that this latter will succeed with Scholars of so green an age— they want the details of the manual more than the high generalizations of Solger & Rogers. So it seems to me. But I fear I have no counsil to give: men on the spot can judge better than I who have small proclivity to advising. The offer at St Louis looks tempting,— if you could move a considerable piece of New England along with you. But spite of the Bragging of great Mr Everett & little Mr Eliot— who he says is "the greatest man in the west," & "one "of the most eminent in America"— I think you will find pretty poor material in St Louis. But there must be Apostles even to the Gentiles, but woe unto that man on whom this Apostleship falls. It were good for him that he had never been born.——

About the Poems— I would make them all ready for print, & then confer with Mr Fields. I should rejoice to see them in handsome hot-press, but be sorry to have you pay the piper for your friends' dancing. I also went once to "the old corner" anno salutis 1831 mense Aprile,—

with a thin quarto M.S. of "Poems by a Young Man" with the motto "Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo". I thought the Bookseller would count it an ἀστοχημα a thing to be grabbed at, & would call his Brothers to rejoice with him at his good luck – a volume of original Poems! & would "yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors."

But he would not open the M.S. "Poetry is very dull in the "market! especially the original Poems of Young Men!"

I felt as if all the Muses were insulted in my proper person, & the common Sewer was let in to the Helicon.

My own eyes were my Jupiter Pluvius, & (I suppose) I complained of the ingratitude of Republics – especially of the Commonwealth of Booksellers. But, Natura ferat etiam vorat Natura, years afterwards I — I — I burnt the M.S. I don't mean to say your Poetry is no better than mine – for I think you have writ some nice little things. But I should be sorry to have you publish what the Bookseller would not. Quincy's Lydia does not contain a good line, nor a tolerable sense, nor a thought well put, but, such is the Snobbism of Boston, he got more praise

Frank. B. Sanborn.

than R. W. Emerson for any Book— I mean more in the Daily Advertiser, the Xn Examiner & the N.A. Review— all ruled by some "Ancient Nathan." But do as you list— now a word on the Greek Reader. I think Felton's is damnable for its type. Greek Readers are not the most attractive Books, — except to Schoolmasters who "prevent the morning" with reading 'em,— but to put one into such minute characters— it is an outrage upon good letters. I like the Old Jacobs letter than any other; it may be only for its charms in my youth! But I have often thought if I were a Schoolmaster I would take Jacobs' original Work, & make selections from it with perhaps some additions, prepare a perfect Dictionary & give some explanation of all the more difficult parts, with references to the best Greek grammar to help the poor cubs understand difficult constructions. (Crosby's would not be the grammar.) In that way, with less labor you might make an excellent Book, better than any now known. Anthon has great faults— but he has done more for classic learning even than Prof. Bowen & Felton the two Spratts of Cambridge!

How hot do you think it is here! at VIII a.m.

in the shade, — a fresh wind blowing, raining hard also, it was 82 ℃; I should not dare look at it now, at III P. M, & no wind, & no rain! Santa Cruz is a Dutch Oven, average temperature for the last twenty days — day & night, about 80 ℃! I doubt that you could find (even in Concord) such tall specimens of the genus Snob, (Homo Snobissimus!) as in this Island. Besides, you dont know what a great place is St Cruz; it is the largest island in this world — uncommon large; bigger than Borneo, or New-Holland; I think of only one place that is pretty near it — & that is little Pedlington. Its Aristocracy is a sight to behold! — But it will perish from the island — & so from the earth — I mean from the Ocean; — for the young men all absquatulate, & the young women, poor things! — go to Denmark, or Belgium, or Hamburg, or Philadelphia to be educated. (You know what that means "in this connection.") Then they return & cock up their little noses, & play little airs on their grand pianos, & roll their little eyes; nay, they enlarge the borders of their garments (pronounced g y ā r ments)

getting them excessivement elevées at the one extremity, & excessivement decouplées at the other; they multiply flounces, & swim (as languid as the Suckers in Concord river) about in the Saloons of West-End (even Santa Cruz has one actually so called) home of the Aristocracy! But it all ends in vanity, & vexation of Spirit — they neither marry nor are given in marriage, — "pas de quoi!" as the Frenchs said when the Holy Ghost asked them to "take some seats" in the House. So the Aristocracy of St. Cruz like its sugar cane, will perish of drought. But I must finish my poor sermon. I send a letter to the 28th. It makes 104 pp MSS close written by L. & T., the Miss Thachers take it & this too; I suppose it will be printed, I write to Mr Leighton to look diligently at the Proofs. Now accept the loving regards of all here, not least of

Yours ever affectionately

Theodore Parker.

Frank B. Fenton To the Same.

c

Monterey, Tuesday 29 Sept '59

My dear Frank

I wrote this before the 1 Oct.; but you won't see it till after the 7 Nov. for to save a little coin I shall send by Lyman — whom we call Gov^r. He has abdicated his post, & goes home by the 17 Oct — "to run for some higher office" I tell him, as he has now got a taste for governing — I send you a little Epitaph of one of our Friends. He left me Sept. 22^d & I had heard no word from him up to May 16^th when I wrote a line to his Executor at Boston asking for information & sending this Epitaph in (Monumental) Latin, on the supposition that he was Junctus officio. But as the said deceased has twice written me & never alluded to his Death or his Epitaph — so I fear the latter may be lost, & send you a duplicate. as U. J. said of the Atlantic Ocean after he escaped its Sea-Sickness: "Long may he heave!" — What a queer People these Germans are! they get up all sorts of (Papers Smoked Beer & Frame) Revolutions: but there is no Woman's-Rights movement in the whole Land. Of course I could not understand this — supposing that

Frank. B. Sanborn.

"like causes produce" &c & knowing that Woman is Woman every where. So I had to telegraphe to my great counsellor who instantly replied." In Gy there is enough to take up what is left of woman after crinolining, suckling, pianoing gossiping &c &c. She has no special office it is true, or any political or social function beyond what is in her reach, in New England: but she has the title of her husband - not the function (the thing) but the name of it: this contents her. For example the wife of a soda water maker is addressed as Die Gnädige Frau Stickstoffsodawasserkünstlerin. What could be more delightful! such a title is to the common address Mrs — what a crinoline & seventeen flounces is to the dress of Eve just after the fall! No wonder American women are discontented when thus kept from their natural titular wrappages. If the American women thus took the titles of their husbands — would'nt that content them: e.g. Mrs Chairman of the Selectmen of Concord Barrett or Mrs Fourth corporal waiter of Concord Smith!

How well this would sound, Mrs Honorable member of the executive council Spriggins! In America all things are less exclusive than in Europe — diffusion is the order

Frank B. Sanborn

of the day, not concentration. So the Daughters might come in for a share of titular elevation, & you would read in the newspapers of the death of the amiable Miss Leand Speculator in Wisconsin Blodgett. Or that there arrived at Colonel Wesson's Hotel in Concord the honorable Miss Jemima Lincoln justices of the peace and quorum Pattle. One of two things must be done: either there must be a political [& as for ~~A~~ 5 in margin] vestal revolution in titles, & women take the name of all their Husbands etc & enjoy. The Committee thinks if the latter were tried that "the Woman's rights question would slide easily down one of these long titles & be drowned in the depths of the sea," & "Miss Platformstraddles would go home & become Mrs Houseandbarncarpenterandcidermill-wright Tuttle." I only mention this as his Opinion - & as he is on the spot & has not only reached the years of discretion but gone clear through them by this time, his counsel may be thought Conclusive.

I hear Thoreau is to preach at the Music Hall. Does Mr Emerson write new lectures for the People three - six for $300: or does he exploit the 28th Congregational with his old ones - Examine his (ant quatenpice) coats! I hope not the latter: it seems a little too

A / political revolution in things and women go to Congress, have ministers at Concord, rids "the great Horse and hog whom the fiddle," &c. else there must be a

much like "crowding the mourners." You wrote that Horace Mann left $50,000: I think Howe & Downer did not think he had $50,000 to. Do write me what the facts are. I met a western Abolitionist & a Woman's Rights woman at Santa Cruz who charged him with ill-conduct in money matters, & said he had $30, or 40,000 — which I doubted. I trust his money leaves no stain on his memory — for his certainly was a noble life, not without spots or stain — for we are all fearfully & wonderfully made. I hear that Rev Hill is to take his place. Hill is one of the ablest-minded men that I know — perhaps no better man could be found, but I suppose there is no harm in wishing that some one not a Hunker had been found to head the great College of Progressive Thought in Ohio! Hill is an earnest man & no Dawdler, rather a live man. It will do him good I think to go there, and it is so much better than to have one of the Bellows or the Huntington stripe. I suppose of course it will be a Unitarian that is sent there: & it is cheering to find as Harvard goes over to Theological Hunkerism & the great strongholds of religious freedom is delivered

up to the enemy for "an Ass's load of silver" that Antioch is fortified & manned with some sort of Champions of some sort of freedom.

I hear that 100 boys went to Harvard commencement day & got in. I am glad to hear it. Walker is a kind humane man as well as able minded & I think feels a sincere love for the boys, I doubt that the College has had so good a President for many years. But I fear that his bodily weakness must soon compel him to retire. Then who shall take his place! Felton is not the Ideal man but I think will be the actual. Who can be found that will do better!

---Mr Dudley writes me that you came to him for a little money for the same purpose he gave some to, years ago. I wish I had something to drop into the hat for the same end. Tell me how our little Speculation in wool goes on, & what dividend accrues therefrom.

I am pained to hear of G. R. Russell's sickness. Annie Gove will be likely to hear all about it: please write me on that head. What work do the Committee make of the Law-Book of Mass:? I am afraid they will tinker the Jury to its harm. Have an eye on that for it requires

Frank. B. Sanborn.

most ~~patient~~ jealous watching to keep what we have got, & we must get still more. Will any thing be done in Congress this winter beside Log-rolling? Sumner will not be silent — if he can speak. His Spirit is noble: he was never so antislavery as now. I count it one of my great good fortunes to have been able to meet him in Paris — we were together almost all the time for six days, — he talking I hearing as we rode about the city. It is amazing how much he knows of what a Senator should know. You may assume on his head for years to come. — Tell me what Banks is up to now a days. He cant quite control the State! His report of the Amendment of the Constitution knocked a great hole in that Skimmer with which he hoped to ladle out the Presidency & put it on his own plate. In the sickness of Dana & after the death of Choate who gets the Law business! How sick is Dana? He is to recover I hope — tho' the reports give a dangerous look to his Case. Seward I think still runs ahead of the other candidates for the Presidency: if my vote would elect him I would come home next Saturday to put it in the box. It looks to me exceedingly important that we get possession of the Federal powers in 1860 — the Slave-trade is established I suppose. It is curious to see the conduct of the Administration: I they

know the Democratic Party is laid out stiff & cold in 1860 if the Administration is committed to the Slave-trade by their acts; 2 the British informed the American government that we were not keeping the treaty- had not the 80 guns on the Slave coast we agreed to keep there: but the "officers were at Madeira" having a good time generally! So the administration makes a demonstration- & sends off some new officers. We shall see if they send home any Slave-Catchers, & what punishment these gentry get! — You keep well informed on European Politics, I doubt not; here there are not many newspapers in this little place & I am not so well posted up in facts as I should be at home. Did you see the notle paper of Villemain on the Freedom of the Press in France? no it was only three days ago it first appeared- no doubt the Tiger will let you see it by & by. —

I have seen none of the British Periodicals- quarterlys &c- since I left London, and know little of what new Books are getting printed. Here nothing new comes- in Germany or France. Politics take up all the thoughts of men,- there is terrible forecasting of Revolution in the minds of radical men. It must come ere long- But now

theise are no considerable signis of life among the German peoples. Mr. Vogt Dessi's friend — is thought perhaps the ablest writer on publik affairs. He has only the Union of Germany to propose, and I fear has no practical scheme even for that. In 1815 when the present state of things was first established, the wise statters aimed to suppress all the nationalities for the benefit of the great (& little) dynasties. Now the Nationalities are coming up. The great desideratum of European Politics is the construction of one great nation which shall unite all Germany. Then there will be a counterpoise to Russia, to Austria and France. But this can only take place by means of a Revolution. Among all the crowned Heads of Europe I think Louis Napoleon is really the ablest & perhaps he has the welfare of his nation quite as much at heart as any and he is an unmitigated — Scamp. It is amazing that 9,000,000 voters submit to him so quietly. The French do not wish for Freedom of the Press; they care as little about it as the Democrats in America do for the liberation of the Slaves. — Remember me to the Ripleys & Emersons, & the rest of the good people. Tell me good things about Barber

Frank B. Sanborn

whom I hope much from.

Faithfully yours

I. P.

It wont do to show the Epitaph to more than one or two.

Rome 23 March. 1860

My dear Frank—

Yours of the 27 Feb. came this day to hand. I wrote you 27th Jan'y and enclosed a long elaborate letter to a friend in Canada and a short one for Abba May: H.E.S. sent much by the same mail which had not arrived at last advises. So I conclude it is lost— in the Hungarian perhaps. I had much anxiety about you— but I think now you are out of your troubles. I like your Petition to the Senate— it touches the mark with no waste shooting. Hyatt talked like an o—d b—n, and if gone is doubtless in the limbo Matmum. But he kept his temper— which O— B— do not always. I fear

nk. B. Sanborn

not seen Lowell's article of J. B. or on Redpath's life of him, but have little confidence in L. The poetical "article" on the Albany Observatory affair shows the ingeniums of the man. I think he lacks reverence for high men and high principles; is resentful and jealous as a woman— He has a deal of talent and much learning for one of his years. But Cambridge is a bad place for a young man with social and personal vanity and any rottenness in him. It never could hurt Felton, or Bowen, or Torrey or Pierce— it will ruin Godwin & Lane; the Alma Mater takes her Professors, Tutors &c and dips them all over in the Styx, and then puts them to dry in the case of Trophonius whence they come out— we see what! Lowell's wife was the good angel who sat or stood with broad wings behind his study chair when he wrote, and if she furnished no inspiration at least gave direction to his own, while she kept the garish light of the world from dazzling his young moral eye! But Lowell wrote a thoroughly just review of Abbott's Books for children. Discriminating criticism is what we seldom find in America— and perhaps he has done no wrong in this article.—— I suppose you have read the ministers wooing— the drift of the Book is clear enough: She wants to strike a

Frank. B. Sanborn

blow at Hopkinsian Calvinism which her husband is professor of, and which Andover was built to support. She must keep the orthodox antislavery people on her side— so she makes Dr Yo, preach against Slavery; and she must have a wide public of readers, so it is put in the form of a love story. As a story, a novel, it is very poor, poor in its description of nature— She knows no flowers but the Lilac and Asiatic Rose; poor in its description of men and women. Miss Crissy and then Candace the great negress— are the only well drawn characters in the Book. The heroine is one of those impossible persons you meet only in poor novels. The whole work betrays great want of culture, haste in composition and confusion of theological opinions. It is funny to find this woman, who stickles so for Revelation, ——————makes a Heathen negro by the light of nature solve all the great difficulties of religion and the mysteries of life better than all the Christians at Newport including the great Dr Hopkins himself— of so much value is Christianity and Revelation! Mrs Stowe had the (mis) fortune to write Uncle Tom's Cabin which exactly hit the want of the times, and proved a Sensation Book

Mr. B. Trubow.

having such a popularity as Book never had and a circulation which will make men wonder in 1960 – She must write other Books – she did so: they were all inferior to Uncle Tom – such Books as rode into fame on his tails. Had Dred been published before Uncle Tom nobody would have read it. I like the raw, wild mannerless woman – not her Books. – I have just read Seward's Speech – I like it better than I feared I should. But why does he call the Slave States "Capitol States" & the Free "Labor States"? The old definition was better I like not what he says of John Brown, & other matters. But still on the whole it is a grand, thoughtful wide-reaching Speech: it lacks courage however, & its breath smells of the Presidential fever. Still it is the best Speech that this Congress will hear on this or any other matter. Seward stands up half his length above any other Statesman in America. I wish he had not been educated by Dr Nott at Union College. Chase would be President had he done justice to his State in the kidnapping cases – but he bit his own nose off in trying to save it by holding on to it with his teeth! – It does seem funny that that great Boeotian Ez should get into the chair of Harvard College: a President without a spark of magnanimity or power to kindle enthusiasm for any science or department of letters! But really I think just now they could do no better, now F D H has hoisted the 39 Articles – it is difficult to find any one to take even his place. It was funny that a Sophomore should start the first temperance Society in Harvard College – the Professor of the Heart doing nothing in that direction! But the College will drop out of the hands of the Unitarians; they cannot hold the Sceptre of power in Boston they wielded once so well. – What will Barker do? Where will he go? – I do not write you often for sometimes writing is painful, & even reading impossible. I hope soon to be out of this (hateful) old city. But I doubt if it be prudent to go to Naples – the Royal Family has fled to Gaeta it is said, I wonder strangely take a Revolution if it came in my way. but would not look into one. Remember me kindly to all the Elect & believe me –

Yours Sincerely & faithfully
Theodore Parker.

Young. E. J. To Mr E. J. Young Hamburg Germany

Boston 4th May 1854.

Dear Mr Young,

I thank you for your kind and welcome letter which came last night. I reply immediately that you may get the letters of introduction in season. Do not dream that my estimation of a man depends at all upon coincidence of conclusions — theological or political. One thing I prize above all others — Fidelity to a man's own sense of the true, the just, the lovely & the holy; then it is of small consequence to me whether the man be a Jew or a Christian, a Catholic or a Tübingen Rationalist. Of course I must love a with noble nature more than a poor & ignoble one, but Self-fidelity I put first of virtues. I trust you will study impartially and decide after your best ability, — not unduly influenced by the "Progressionists" or the "Reactionaries." — — — I was sorry that I advised you to go to Berlin, when I looked round & enquired who was there to teach. I think you mention all the men worth much notice — for Tweston I fear is too eng to help you much, and Hengstenberg is a man not likely to have a good influence — intel-

ning. E. J.

-lectually more than morally. I thought Tübingen would be a little too strong meat for a Yankee— tho' there, is the ablest Theological faculty in Europe. I look with amaze-ment at the learning and Fleiss of Dr Baur. I was glad to see what Gfrörer said in his last Book— I will look for Rudelbach's account which I have never seen— I saw no men in Germany who gave such decided indications of intellectual power as Baur and Ewald. Ewald was then at Tübingen, the quarrelsome fellow. I hope you will tell me a good deal about him when you return— — — — — —

Your father's death took me as much by surprize as it did you; I had a letter from him but a couple of weeks before his decease— he was ill but no one thought him dan-gerously ill. It was a painful gathering at the funeral— the services seemed to me ghastly and spectral. I used to attend your fathers meeting: had once a class in his Sunday School; he married me—. I had been in his Meeting House but once after the wedding. There was much in your father that I always honored and esteemed. He had no nonsense about him; was "a Scholar— a wise and a good one," with

Young. E. J.

Boston 30 May 57.

Mr Young,

My dear Sir

If you write presently to the excellent Linnekojel please present him my friendly regards — and ask him to get for me from Weigel's recent Catalogue — it has no No on it — this Book

No 937 Foji, J. Resumde, 1 Fol. Thal. 8.

Please ask him what a good copy of Baronius Annales will cost. I mean the Lucca Edition, (1738-57,) in 38 Folios, and Tornielli Annales, (1756) 4. Fol, which helps complete the Set.

Yours truly

Theo Parker,

If he can't get Foji from Weigel will he advertise for it?

ung. E. J.

wide scholarly sympathies, and I cannot bear to think that he is dead. I miss him at the Bookstores, at the Athenaeum. But the immortal man has gone to his better world!

I am glad to see how you feel about America— our conduct is more infamous than that of Russia. You will soon hear that we have seized Cuba, I think.— — There will be work enough for you to do when you return,— whether you come back reactionaire or the opposite. Only be faithful to yourself— then you are faithful to your God.

truly yours

Theo. Parker.

P. S. I enclose these letters to London acquaintances. Perhaps you will stop with Chapman— the Book-seller who keeps an American Boarding House. He will give you the special address of the others. You had better put the notes in envelopes before delivering them—

c

To Miss Patience Ford. Dorchester Mass.

West Roxbury April 18th '41

My dear friend.

I have just received your letter and have read it both with pleasure and with pain; it gives me great pleasure to find that a thought which has burnt in my own bosom, finds a warm resting-place in a pious heart. There is no sweeter joy on Earth than the thought that you have comforted or strengthened one single human Soul: have made truth brighter and Heaven more high. But it gives me pain to find you look to me for light, when I am so ill-qualified to give it. Out of the depth of your own spirit it will spring up. "A man's mind is sometime wont to tell him more than seven watch-men that sit above in a high tower" said the old wise man. The infinite Parent of Truth sheds light,—without let or hindrance,—down into all souls that look reverently and obedient-ly up to him. It seems to me—that if we always obeyed the Law God has written on our hearts—that the decisions of Reason, of Conscience and of Faith

Patience Ford.

would be as infallible in their action as the instinct of the Bee and the Law of Gravitation now are. But no man is in this state; so as the penalty of our disobedience "we grope for the wall like blind men" and "feel after God if haply we may find him". We are not <u>one with God</u> as Christ was; so we are in doubt and fear. The best and wisest men feel this the most deeply. <u>Jesus alone</u> felt <u>none</u> of it. His obedience was perfect, and so God's Truth passed through him as Light through the Celestial Spaces where there is no Atmosphere — and was not bent to either side. You ask an explanation of one passage in the Sermon. After I preached it I felt it might be understood to mean something I never assented to. It belonged originally to a course of several sermons, and the others would perhaps explain what was obscure in this. I meant simply that Jesus was not <u>all that human nature is capable of becoming</u>, that is, He was not a Poet, Astronomer, Architect or Musician. He did not come to be a Milton, a Leibnitz, a Michael Angelo or a Mozart. This does

Patience Ford.

not diminish his greatness. I meant to imply that each Blackbird is all that any Blackbird, or all Blackbirds can be. But no one man has ever developed on Earth, the whole of the Capabilities involved and folded up in his nature. This was doubtless the case with Jesus. If you wish to learn Astronomy or Music you do not go to the Gospels, for Christ did not come to teach these Arts. I take it this Statement would learn no man's feelings. But on the other hand, in his own department of Morality - Religion - a divine life - perfect Goodness - I think he was true, perfect and complete. We can see no limitation to his perfection in this respect. He was all that man can be of Goodness, and Religion; he was all of God there can be in a perfectly good and Religious man. So he could say I am the way: the Light: and the Truth: I and the Father are one, for he thought God's thoughts: felt God's feelings: knew God's will. I never did think that man could outgrow Christianity; never thought it possible. To me Christianity is perfect love to man and God. Can mankind outgrow this! Not even when they become Angels. I think St. Paul had this in mind when

Patience Ford

he says. "we shall judge angels," viz. that Christianity is perfect Truth by which even the higher beings are judged. If future revelations of Truth are made they can never supersede the Christian doctrine, for one truth is congenial to all truths. Therefore even if God should create a man wiser, better and more holy than Jesus - the revelation this new messenger brought, would not destroy the old. Whether such a being ever will be created, no one can tell but he who possesses the wisdom of the world. The counsels of God - no one knows them. I think it becomes Christians to leave the Future to Him whose it is. For my own part I cannot conceive of a being more good and beautiful and holy and true than Jesus of Nazareth. His words judge the world. The higher we think, the holier we live, the more we find in them, the more we admire and love in them. I do not worship Christ, but I love him and would kiss the hem of his Garment. As you say he is still "the Star of Promise", he has not come, oh no. It is not the Christianity of Jesus that most of even pious men assent to. It is still in the world, but not known by the world. The wisest and best have at most only a faint thought what he was. Even

Patience Ford

In Love and Religion and Truth, I think no one has come up to him, and man cannot go beyond the Truth as you so well say. I think we are yet to have a period of real Christianity on the Earth, so we all pray Thy Kingdom come and often say How long oh Lord! What you say of your experience of one of Christ's sayings is true of all of them. To-day one says this is Christianity, tomorrow he lives it out, but then he finds Christianity is still above him, for he has a new meaning with the new eyes his life has given him. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these — you have done it unto me" what a world of meaning it has; it condemns us all. I thank you, my dear Lady, for the confidence you have placed in me, and rest assured that if I can be of service to you in any way, it will give me the greatest pleasure to do so.

I remain yours in the bonds of Christian love.

Theo Parker

P. S. I take the liberty to send you a printed Sermon of mine, which will perhaps help to answer your questions. There is an article on the Divine Presence in the "Dial" for July 1840. which touches the same subject

Patience Ford

To the Same. Dorchester.

West Roxbury 15 June '41

My dear Sister Antoinette.

I thank you most heartily for your kind letter. You felt moved as you said to help me, and your letter did help me and that not a little. There are times when the strongest men need help, and if it is so with the strong, how much more is it the case with me, who am only strong when I am weak. Your letters have given me encouragement and new vigor. It is delightful to find one that sympathizes in what is deepest and highest in your own mind, who is true to what is truest in your own heart. In this world, where Sinners are so much more common than Saints, it is very refreshing to find one, who is pursuing an upward path and asking God, reverently, for more light and brighter truths.

I sent you Fenelon, because I thought it might not have fallen in your way — and I knew it must speak to your heart of hearts. A religious truth is always understood by the religious heart — and only

Patience Ford.

by that. The common people counted John as a Prophet, and seem to have heard Jesus gladly – while the wise men of Earth slew both the Prophet and the Saviour: so it always is. In Fenelon you will find something that you will not like perhaps. We would destroy Self; not merely bring all into subjection to the Law of the Spirit of Life. Did you ever read Dr Channing's remarks on Fenelon? If you never did Mr Hall will be glad to lend them to you – and you will find many good words that came out of a good man's heart, and have already reached other good hearts and made them better.

You must take great delight, I think in Mr Hall's faithful services, and his conversation also. If there are any pious ministers – and I think there are many – he is one, and one of the most expeditently pious. He does not make the Kingdom of Heaven consist in meats and drinks, but in Righteousness and Peace and Joy in believing. He has an unction for the holy One – if any have it now a-days. I rejoice my dear Sister in the strength of your convictions, and the brightness of your inward life.

Patience Ford.

by that. The common people counted John as a Prophet, and seem to have heard Jesus gladly - while the wise men of Earth slew both the Prophet and the Saviour: so it always is. In Fenelon you will find something that you will not like perhaps. We would destroy Self; not merely bring all into subjection to the Law of the Spirit of Life. Did you ever read Dr Channing's remarks on Fenelon? If you never did Mr Hall will be glad to lend them to you - and you will find many good words that came out of a good man's heart, and have already reached other good hearts and made them better.

You must take great delight, I think in Mr Hall's pulpit services, and his conversation also. If there are any pious ministers - and I think there are many - he is one, and one of the most expectantly pious. He does not make the Kingdom of Heaven consist in meats and drinks, but in Righteousness and Peace and Joy in believing. He has an unction for the holy One - if any. I see it now a-days. I rejoice my dear Sister in the strength of your convictions, and the brightness of your inward life.

Patience Ford

How true it is that if we do the will we know of the doctrine, — how beautiful that both Son and Father will abide with the lowly and faithful of heart. You seem resolved to grow in Grace daily. May God bless you in your good resolutions, and give you new clearings and strengths. In the true heart Reason and Religion go on together. Like a Brother and Sister they stand at the same well of Truth and draw eternal life. All attempts to separate them — to have one without the other — is murdering what God has joined. If we get real Religion — Reason also will come too — for this lovely pair cannot well live separate, and afar from each other. The heart sends tides of life into the head.

I will send you a Sermon I shall print in a few days.* You will find some things in it, that, I fear, you will not like; but the Spirit of it all, I know you will not endemn. I only hope it may lead men from theology to Religion, from a creed belief to a beautiful life; then we shall not quarrel though we differ from one another, and one is called after Paul and another for Apollos. But I must bid you farewell

most affectionately your

[illegible]

* The South Boston Ordination Sermon.

Patience Ford

c

To the Same. Dorchester.

July 5th 1841. West Roxbury

My dear Sister Patience

Your last letter gratified me much. That alone was worth all the hard things men say in the newspapers. But as you say, they cannot hurt any one. I thank you most heartily for your kind sympathy. It makes me feel strong. It is delightful to get the fellow-feeling of one good religious heart that is full of faith, and tries doctrines by feeling of them. I do not care much whether a person agrees with me in Opinions or not: that is a very small affair: but if we feel alike about the high-est things - we can walk together for we are agreed. But now I have time only for a few words. I shall not be at home next Sunday: but I shall the Sunday after that, when both my wife and I shall be very glad indeed to give you the right hand of welcome if you will come as you propose.

Very affectionately

Your brother

Theo: Parker.

To Miss Patience Ford. Roxbury Mass.

West Roxbury, 11 Sept. 1844

My dear Sister Patience,

I have not time as yet for a long letter but yet for a few words. I was quite sorry to see you so sad as I thought you on Sunday. I had not then opportunity to speak of it. but you seemed less happy than I was wont to see you. Pray tell me the cause. is there any occasion in the State of the body? any reason in the State of the mind? or has any trouble. you do not outwardly speak of befallen you? I know that you used to welcome angels whether they were dressed in wedding robes, or mourning garments. Then too you say in your note - which, like all yours, came in the night time, and was most heartily welcomed - that a dispensation of Silence is upon you - surely not if you have any thing to say - a misfortune I think it would be - to be silent when you were certain you had somewhat to speak of, and felt certain you had something good and true. Be not faithless but believing. I know God waiteth to be revealed - to all such as lie low in his power and reverently look to him. But he expects them also to reveal

what is granted them, not hiding their wisdom in its own Beauty – but letting their Light shine. Life is one way – Speech is another form of our revealing to men what the Great Father reveals to us: such as can speak the Truth are in duty bound so to do – as well as live it. After I have got over the hurry of business and the no less urgent hurry of friendships – I hope you will come up and pass some days with us – and in the mean time will send me more letters

Yours faithfully
Theo. Parker

To the Same. Roxbury Mass.

West Roxbury 7th Feb. 1845.

My dear Patience

I thank you for your kind and seasonable letter. It came, as your letters always come, at the right time. I have delayed a little while my reply because I have been too much occupied to find time to write any letters but the most urgent: so you will excuse my delay with the same charity you have always extended to me.

What you say of the Love of God is true and

Patience Ford

beautiful. I understand your feelings and your experience, at least I think so. No one can dwell too deeply in the Love of God, for it is the noblest sentiment we are capable of feeling, and it leads out to a love of Truth, Goodness, Usefulness, Loveliness — for these are among the modes in which we conceive of God. It leads, therefore — in a sound and healthy state of mind — to a life full of Truth, Goodness, Usefulness and Loveliness. But there is always a danger that such as dwell in this sentiment should lose themselves in contemplation; become dreamers, not doers, and so should be abundant in the blossoms of Piety and yet bring no fruit to perfection, so that when the Lord comes seeking fruit, he shall find leaves only. Now there is always a strong temptation for a mystical man — and I think still more strongly to a mystical woman — to dwell amid the sentimental flowers of Religion charmed with their loveliness and half bewildered with their perfume — so to say, — a danger lest common sins of the times should not be thought so sinful and injurious as they really are; and lest the mass should sit down patient and con-

-tented- not heeding his brother's condition nor helping him out of the ditch into which he has fallen. At a certain stage of religious progress - we lose sight of the human element - we look perpetually at the Divine; we think God does all, we resign ourselves unconsciously to his will, our own will ceases to be. Many stop there -; and stop in outward inaction; then they become one-sided and at length dwindle. But if a man goes on he catches sight of the Human again, and does not lose the Divine. He serves God consciously -; and knowingly lives in obedience to the Great One. He ceases to be one sided - but loves God with all his Understanding and Reason as well as with all his Heart. Then tho' he loves contemplation none the less, he loves action all the more. One lives like a worm in the heart of an apple, fattens and grows - and then flies off; the other not only grows and fattens but comes out not a Moth - but a Bee and visits all the flowers of the Garden, culling from all its sweets - but carries off Honey for others' bees and builds up the comb - the residence of future bees that are to rejoice in his labors. We must not only fly but as we mount up - we must take

Patience Ford

others on our wings - for God gave one more strength than the rest only that he may these with help the weak! I hope you will one of these days come and see us - and let us talk with you; I had a very pleasant conference with Mr Hall - the other day - I wish there were more such men in pulpits.

Remember me to your Parents and Sisters and believe me as always

truly your friend and Brother

Theo Parker

To the Same. Dover. Mass.

West Roxbury 27. Oct. 1845.

My dear Patience

I did not hear of your affliction until Saturday or I should have come up to see you instantly; now I am obliged to go off for some few days, so I fear I shall not see you till next week. I hope you not only sustain yourself with a Christian fortitude. but are able also to comfort your Father whose afflictions are greater than your own, and

your Sisters who naturally will look to you for consolation in this hour of sorrow. I know you will be calm, resigned - lying low in the hand of God: I know you will know that all is ordered for the greatest good of Her that is gone and those she has left behind. I hope you will be able to cheer hearts which are sadder than your own. They will see more than Patience in you I doubt not, even Resignation, sheer just Acquiescence in the will of the Great One who always is doing us good, not less when he causes us to weep than when he makes us smile. I beg you to assure your Father of my sincere sympathy for him in this loss and my hope that he will find comfort and Peace. Let your Sisters see and feel that you are superior to affliction - and you will gradually take away the grief of this sudden wound and at last heal it. I have time to say no more - for I go presently - so

Good bye

Sincerely

Theo Parker

Patience Ford To the Same. Dover Mass.

West Roxbury July 10th 1847

My dear Patience

I have not had a convenient opportunity to write you before. In your note you do not give me very distinctly to understand why you expect to lose the Love and affection of your Friends. It seems to me that you may "study the Laws of the Spirit," and live the Life of the Spirit without losing the affection or even the sympathy of your friends. The Laws of the Spirit may be as well studied in one place, or one sphere of life as another. Living itself affords the material of that study, and the study consists in reflecting on the material thus given. But perhaps you are looking for some new form of activity in which to work; I am no judge of that. You must determine that for yourself. But I hope you will not mistake any transient impulse, which has its origin in some physical derangement for a serious monition of a lasting duty. I know you will be faithful to your own convictions of duty, my only fear is that you

should decide without due deliberation and without a complete understanding of your own case. Then of course the decision will be incorrect and the result vanity and vexation of Spirit. Would not it be well to state distinctly to yourself what it is that you wish to do – and how you wish to do it, then you will know exactly what you are about and not "fight as one that beateth the air."

I know you will be true to yourself – but only fear lest you should not always consult your permanent self – but only a fleeting emotion of the day or the night. If I can ever be of any help to you – you know it will give me great pleasure to be so. So dear Patience

Farewell

L. P.

Patience Ford. To the Same. C

Boston 24th Oct. 1856.

My dear Patience

It is a great while since I have had time to converse with you, and I know not what new deeps in your own nature you have gone down into rejoicing. I doubt not each year finds new joys for you. I think there is one thing in which all the religious parties in the world, the Christians as well as the Heathens, have made a mistake. They all start with an idea that God is imperfect. Now-a-days, they do not say so; nay, they say the opposite, that God is perfect — perfectly wise, just, loving and holy. But soon you find they do not really think so. For they believe there is something devilish in God; as they talk of his wrath, that he is jealous and they put a Devil along side of Him. The Devil is really a part of the Godhead in the common Theology and a quite substantial part too; they say that God made the Devil; then of course He made him out of Himself, out of something devilish in Himself. For a Devil cannot be made out of what is perfectly good.

Next they say there is Absolute Evil in the world; in man, total depravity and the like. That also must have come from God, for He made the world, made man, and could not make Absolute Evil out of Absolute Good.

Finally there is Hell – an Absolute Evil to such as are in it: a monstrous Slut-Hole into which God sweeps and shovels the major part of Creation – the majority of men. Thus the Devilish part is the chief part of God in the common Theology – for here the Evil is thought to outweigh the Good, and in the next world nine tenths of mankind go down to ruin. Hence Fear appears in our Religion instead of love.

Now if one attains to the Idea of God as Perfect, as absolutely Perfect, then all this will vanish away. There is no Absolute Evil, no Devil, no Hell. Love takes the place of Fear, and Religion is natural and joyful. I think this is the doctrine which we now need to have proclaimed every where. There will be no great reformation of the Christian world without an improvement in our Idea of God; with that all others will follow.

Many persons have a feeling of the infinity of God, not yet flowering forth into an Idea. They have

Patience Ford.

the joy of the pure worships of the pure God, tho' they do not always know in what they differ from other men.

Believe me dear Patience

truly yours

Theo. Parker.

God.

Thou viewless spirit! where is thy secret home!
Or on the morning-gilded mount, or where
The deep gathers the angels of his might
In some dark cave, the sun hath never seen!
The morning comes — I ask, where doth he dwell!
And morning's dewey fragrance sweetly speaks,
And whispers here. And the wild sporting winds
Say in their voice of thunder from the deep,
Here dwells Almighty Majesty — And here
Is his calm home, sings out the summer breeze,
As she sails laughing on her unseen course.
My God! Oh let a mortal humbly ask
Where dost thou dwell! 'Tis nature's voice replies,

Ask where he dwelleth not. — I ask, and straight
The ocean's pearl-strown cave an angel sends —
A many voiced, and party-colored shell,
Which whispers forth its message from God's Home,
Showing its curious form — credential sure
That God's own hand has made the wondrous work.
From the far regions of the trackless stars
There comes a ray; — the delegate of Heaven
Sings all the way its silent song of God.
The lightning comes in awful pomp, and speaks
In those mysterious thunder-tones, so well
Beloved by all the flowers. How marvellous
The frailest should the terrible admire!
The lightning tells us of Almighty power.
O God! I feel thy presence, when my heart
Unbidden, kindles, burning into thought:
When mounts the soul to thine ideal height,
I find thee in my soul — in every thought
That seeks the boundless and the absolute;
In every aspiration of the burning heart;
In every yearning for the unseen God.

Unseen! none but the faithless and the blind
Behold thee not. My spirit ever sees.
Nature with voice that only souls can hear,
With signs the spirit can alone behold
Makes thy almighty presence ever known.
Within the wakened heart continual rise
Feelings too big for speech — ineffable.
I hear - see - feel — but voice can ever portray
Thine image mirrored on my soul. O God!
Give thou thy spirit utterance with a tongue!
Ah no. The spirit-world alone can feel thy might,
And its inhabitants can need no voice.

To Sarah and Caroline Whitney. West-Roxbury. Mass.

Geneva 21. June 1859.

My dear Sarah & Caroline.

Let me embrace you both in one letter for I am your debtor- owing each of you a letter and perhaps more than one. It is now twenty two years since I was first ordained as minister at West- Roxbury: this longest day in the year is the anniversary of that event. It is one of the epochs in my life, which I always cherish with fond regard, tho' the Special Ceremony I thought no more of then than now. Do you remember the Council! A great many of them are now dead. John Quincy Adams and Mr Lunt, both of the Dr Wares, Tommy Gray, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Harris and Mr Greenwood- It was able men whom I had invited to perform the Services- Francis, Ripley, Stetson, Henry Ware, and faithfully they did their duty- One thing happened a little characteristic of what was afterwards to befall me: after the services were over they all went down to Tafts for the entertainment. I walked, by some accident in the management; and when I reached the hall every thing was eaten up but the sandwiches. I have often thought of it as an omen of much that was

to come: so I regarded it then.

I shall never forget the kindness and affection I met with at West-Roxbury! When I went to Europe in 1843-4, no day ever passed but I in imagination, looked into every house in the parish and fancied what was going on. In the wakeful hours of the night now-a-days I do the same with the present congregation at Boston— but it takes a little longer to visit all the parish now.— I often wonder that the people at Spring Street bore with my opinions as gently as they did, for all were not able to take so philosoph-ical a view of it as "Dea Fu nton." (Farrington) He said, "Mr. Parker makes a distinction between Religion and Theology: it is a sound distinction. We like his Religion: it is exactly what we want, we understand it: and this Religion is the principal thing. About the Theol-ogy we are not quite so clear, much of it is diffe-rent from what we used to learn. But we were taught many foolish things. Some of his Theology we are sure is right; all of it seems like good com-mon sense, and if some of it does sound a little strange we are contented to have him preach

just what he thinks. For if he begins by not preaching what he believed, I am afraid he would end by preaching at last what he did not believe at all"! Wise old Deacon – I learned a great many things from him. But I must stop now, and finish elsewhere.

Montreux (29 June 1859) Switzerland.

What a sweet kind letter you wrote me dear Sarah the day I went off from Boston! It has dwelt in my memory ever since, like some fragment of a pleasing tune that will keep coming back again and again. How often I think of you all, and of the happy times I have had in your house – both the old one and the new. I also remember well my first visit to your family, and took much delight in the society of Sarah and Caroline all the time I was at Spring Street – I think I shall not forget the past, nor cease to profit by the present and future. There were some very thoughtful persons at West Roxbury tho' not one who was what is technically called "an educated man". How we abuse the term educated!

I suppose you will like to hear a word or two about me. I am now (at this place) decidedly better than I have been since I left home. In the West Indies

Sarah & Caroline Whitney.

the cough continued but was not very troublesome: it increased when I came into cool latitudes. at London it was painful and annoying the air was bad, and I was obliged to see many people and to talk a good deal. At Paris I mended a little, but not much. I came here June 21st at VIII P. M. and found the Hunts and Apthorps with their arms wide open. I have mended ever since. The cough is less much less, tho' I feel lan-guid and not disposed to do any thing. Indeed I am much like the Oyster that Dr. Cabot wished me to imitate and resemble. I have already written home the good news to some of the parish. But it will be as funny as any of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. "the "transformation of a man to an Oyster; the Story of "Theodore Parker."

We are living in one of the handsomest little places in the world. By nature the Scenery is grand and sublime; art has added the delicate Beauty of fine Culture. Summer and Winter have clasped hands- the Dent du midi, (pronounced Dong du Meedee) 10,000 or 12,000 feet high and covered with snow,

looks in at the window, while the Apricots are hanging ripe on the garden walls, and the figs are almost fully grown. Strawberries and cherries abound. — Perhaps you will not find the place on the map — but it is at the east end of the Lake of Geneva, between Levay and the castle of Chillon. We are not more than a hundred miles in a strait line from the seat of war where a most ghastly battle was fought last Friday. We have not yet learned the details. I think it will not continue long. The Austrian Emperor went back to Vienna day before yesterday. If he had waited much longer he would have needed a French Passport. I expect every day to hear the French have taken Venice, and that Padua has risen against the Austrians. — Tell the Ladies of West Roxbury that I have looked through their eyes for the last four or five months, and no wonder if the world looks fair. We all send love to you all — give my special regards and thanks to Sally (Henshaw) Whittemore, — think of the Deacon's daughters! "well I never!" I hope Capt John's Short Horn is well! Give our kind Regards to mother and believe me

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker.

Bancroft. G. To Hon. Mr. Bancroft.

C

Boston 19th Dec 1853

My dear Sir,

I often see accounts in the newspapers of the meetings of the New York Geographical and Statistical Society and hear of remarks made thereat by yourself. I wish to know where and how the Transactions of the Society can be procured, for I wish to purchase them. I have never seen a single number of them. Captain Gibson's account of the Orang Kabooze has great Ethnological interest if reliable. If you will inform me how and where I can procure the Transactions you will much oblige

Truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Bancroft G. To Hon. Mr Bancroft.

Boston 1 March, 1852

Dear Sir,

I am waiting impatiently for your new book: if it is not the finest piece of historical composition in the English language I shall never quite forgive you; for then it will not fulfill the prophecy I have often made. But I write now about other matters. There is a noble German Gelehrte Dr. Günther, from Leipsic, about to establish a School for Boys at Newport, and I wish you to send him your little fellers. Dr. G. is a very accomplished man — a great Historiker and Philolog, and a true Gentleman. He was one of the Frankfort Parliament men; is now in Exile, and has been teaching Danish, Swedish, Icelandish and old-Gothic in Boston this winter. Please remember him and not forget

truly yours

Theo. Parker

Bancroft. G.

To the Same

C

Boston 16 March, 1858.

My dear Bancroft,

If I dont like your VII th volume it must be not only your fault for I doubt any man in the United States more carefully reads or more thoroughly admires true history but a very rare fault besides. For the six goodly volumes only give promise of good to come. Let me thank you heartily for the part you have taken against the Decompton wickedness. I only wish it had been a little earlier. A more wicked Administration where can you find it in your Modern historical researches!

Here is what I get about the Africans at the Battle of Bunker Hill fighting in it, I mean. my friend Wm C. Nell, a colored man of this City, helps me to the facts. He has written a quite valuable Book on "the Colored Patriots of the Revolution", Boston, 1855. 1 vol: 12 mo pp/ps. 396. or pp. 21. he mentions the fact that [Peter] Salem a colored man shot Major Pitcairne. His authority for it is Col. Swett's "History of Bunker Hill Battle." (3.d Ed. Boston 1827.) I suppose you have Col. S's pamphlet, but lest it be not at hand

Hon Mr Bancroft.

I make this extract. "Among the foremost of the leaders was the gallant Maj. Pitcairn who exultingly cried "the day is ours," when Salem a black soldier, and a number of others, shot him through and he fell"; & p. 43. again. [Many northern blacks were excellent soldiers, but Southern troops could not brook an equality with negroes. Nov. 15. 1775, Washington prohibited their enlistment. Besides Salem, Cuffee Whittemore fought bravely in the redoubt. He had a ball through his hat on Bunker Hill, fought to the last, and when compelled to retreat, though wounded, the splendid arms of the British officers were prizes too tempting for him to come off empty handed, he seized the sword of one of them slain in the redoubt, and came off with the trophy, which in a few days he unromantically sold. He served faithfully through the war, with many hair breadth 'escapes from sword and pestilence" pp. 25. 26 of Appending note M.]

[For continuation of this letter see post p 319]

To Rev. Edmund John Lenkler. Brockville, Upper Canada

Boston 6th March 1858

My dear Friend,

What a sweet and beautiful letter you wrote me not long ago. I have waited for an opportunity to answer its loving words. It comes now— It is Saturday night, I have finished my Sermon— I commonly write it at the beginning of the week and leave a page or two for Saturday night: then when it is all done, and the last tears shed over it— for I seldom get through without moistening my ink a little in that way— I put all the signs of my week's toil aside and gird up my soul for the other duties of Sunday which are also great joys. How can I do it better than by thanking you for the letter you sent me! so kind, so tender; it need not be said so welcome. I read it with great emotion, with devout gratitude. I have just ended a Sermon "Of the Soul's normal Delight in the Infinite God," and wish I could read it to you before I preach it, or send it afterwards. But I can do neither— so only a letter will get forward.—

First of all let me thank you heartily for pointing out some errors in my Books. In the Discourse of Religion p. 65-66. I did take ישרון for ישרא the Sonic (though per-

Sandys. E.J.

- haps rase) plural of ἱστίον, and thought the Sails were taken by metaphor for the Ships. I was misled by the authority of a friend whom I once heard quote the familiar passage and translate it "Ships". I think too that I have found the thing in some scholion where νῆες was put for ἱστία, but I can't recall the passage. I have no doubt you are right in making it mean House or Family. I shall alter the Stereotype plate. The other blunder of putting Cittie on for Faÿ qeties I corrected in the Stereotyped Edition. It furnished an Englishman with a paragraph to this effect. "Mr. Panker is no classical Scholar &c &c. It was Cranmer and not Ridley. (X Sermons p. 233) and I have been burnt in an orthodoxy fire for making the slip - and that long after it was corrected in an erratum. It is all right in the last edition - stereo-typed. I made the best reparation I could to the Archbishop by preaching his funeral sermon on the 300th anni-versary of his last trial on earth. The other error p. 67. stands uncorrected in the new edition. How I made it I know not. But a few days ago, or a few nights when I could not sleep I was busy with some

Parker. E. J.

mathematical matters, and recalled the well-known formula of falling bodies, and then remembered that I had in a Sermon once stated it wrong, and meant on the first leisure moment to find the passage and see if it was still left as at first. — You are right in both the corrections in de Wette Vol. I. The δεσπὸς θεῖρα for θεοπὸς θεῖρα is so in three Editions of de Wette. I have not Philo's Vita Contemplat. to see if it be so there. In Vol. II. p. 32. 4th line from bottom there is a greater mistake than you think it; the whole sentence should read: "the name of God in these cases is often a superfluous expletive, and no sign that God has ever interrupted the course of things." The reference should be to Eichhorn # 422.

I thank you heartily for calling my attention to these things. The translation of de Wette cost me a deal of labor. I began it when a Student of Theology at Cambridge 1836 and published it in 1843. Nobody knows how much toil it cost me. I lived in a little country village, and had a plenty of time, health, and vigor. It must contain many errors, and I am sometimes astonished that I did the work so well as it is. It cost me $2,000. to stereotype it; I have received

Lenthall E.J. Letter

about $775. Luck again! So adding my interest to my principal – and that to my outlay for Books on that speciality, it makes a pretty little sum, not to speak of my toil. But if I were to live my life over again I would do the same. I meant it for a Labor of Love. It has had no recognition nor welcome in America – it served the purpose of no sect. But I must now bid you good night. It is Tuesday morning now (March 9th) and the newly fallen snow lies six or eight inches deep all around, at least it looks so from my window. Let me write you a word or two more touching your letter so full of kindness. I take great delight in the Greek Classics which you are probably yet more familiar with – so your nice criticisms seem to show. I read Homer – in Pope – before I was eight, and the greater part of Plutarch's Lives at the same time. Latin and Greek I learned early, and for many years lived in the noble classic Authors, (of course the Bible was made familiar to me in my earliest youth). Of late years my favorite pursuits; but I still keep my love of the Classics fresh, and all the best new literature relating to them finds

Political diatribe condemning a gained Slavery have kept me away from many

Fuhler. C. J.

its way to my table.

It gives me great pleasure to find some of my works meet with your approbation, and touch and soothe your feelings when so tenderly tried. Your mourning card, which I found at my house the day after you left it there told me of some bereavement: weeks later a friend from Canada related the special form of the affliction. I wish I could have seen you. But I was ill all the Spring and Summer, and fled into the country to nurse myself up to vigorous health again. Last Winter 56-7 I had two parishes—one at Watertown where I preached in an afternoon, and lectured Eighty times in thirteen Northern States! Just a year ago this week I broke down, and am not quite well-repaired yet. So I do little this Winter.

I send you by my friend Mr Phillips a little parcel containing a Sermon of old age, which I think you never saw. It is the last copy I had. The little pamphlet on False and True Theology is only a newspaper report of a long Sermon I preached—I have not read it and dont know how well it is done. The newspapers printed it without asking me. But it seems to have provoked the wrath (or zeal) of some

Newhler. E. J. Parker

of my ecclesiastical brethren, who held a prayer-meeting last Saturday Afternoon; about forty men were present. Here is one of the prayers. "O Lord, if this man is a subject of grace "convert him, and bring him into the Kingdom of thy dear Son: "but if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the gospel, "remove him out of the way, and let his influence die with him" &c. &c. The prayer-meeting was called on purpose to labor with the Lord "for the conversion of that notorious infidel "Theodore Parker." So you see the tyranny of the old Theology is about as strong in New England as in Old....

[I was "the boy who sobbed himself to sleep" that is mentioned where you refer.]

I never saw the Book of Faenius you speak of. I only know his work on Geography as Dugdale has translated it. (Lond. 1724. 2. 4to) The Extracts you so kindly made are very significant, and wholly new to me. I have several Books on Japan, but had only known this one by repute. How easy it would be to teach the Japanese and similar nations both natural piety and natural morality. How absurd to attempt to impose such unnatural and hideous Theology upon

the poor creatures who had nonsense enough of their own before we sent them either Catholic or Protestant Jesuits. Mr Browning in his instructive Book on Siam says the people there think God can't be so wicked as to damn men forever! I was glad to learn that our American Missionaries made almost no converts to their Theology (the Siamese had quite as much religion as the Missionaries we sent there to save their souls.) Did you ever read Mr. Halkett's "Historical Notes respecting the Indians of North America" &c. (London 1825. 1. 8vo)! He treats of the attempts to convert the Savages of your and my neighbourhood — you can't read the story without tears. I am amazed that men think they serve God by such evil treatment of his creatures. Many of his anecdotes resemble those which you copied out from Tavernier. I am now studying the Indians of this Continent intending to write on their religion &c. — part of a larger work on the Development of Religion in Mankind. Have you seen a remarkable Book by Mr Buckle "Hist. of Civilization in England." London. 1857. I have hardly space to say how much I am

your obliged & hearty friend

Sunkler. E. J.

P.S. Some ministers refused to ordain a young man because he did not believe in the eternal damnation of Babies. The fact led to discussion and ilexical lying in the newspapers. One of the Sermons relates to the pleasing doctrine— Infant Damnation.

To the Same.

Boston 6 May 1838.

My very dear Sir,

Your kind letter came quite welcome and instructive; the account of your training in Cambridge makes many things clear to me in the character of educated Englishmen. I love the Greek and Roman Classics especially the first: and in early life read the most admired authors pretty literally. I wish I would have had the careful training in the Languages which you both had and conferred on others. But I learned them almost wholly alone, without helps, and though I began Latin at 9, and Greek at 10, I think I

Lukker. E. J.

never had in both so much help from a teacher as you would bestow on a boy in a quarter, perhaps in a month. Still I learned to read and master them. Teaching these tongues forced me to a more exact study of them. They have always been a great delight to me, and I try to keep posted up in the recent literature relating to them. But of late years have fallen a little behind. I see Mr. Gladstone has got out a large work on Homer and his times (3 vols 8vo): what nice classic culture some of your men have! Had I been born in England or Germany my predilections for literature and science would have made more difficulties for me to overcome than I have yet found in the rude culture of America. By the way have you seen Rawlinson's Translation of Herodotus with huge annotations? There are to be 4 volumes large 8vo. very thick. We omit indelicate passages (!) I suppose he would in a Translation of Hippocrates or Galen. The work seems to me highly valuable. But Bähr's Bähr's edition I have found of great service. The new reprint of it (1856, 1858) Vol I & II (III & IV are to follow) contains the latest literature and discoveries.

You ask also of Cudworth. We Americans printed 1500 copies in 1836 or 7 and sold them all in five or six

Sentkler E.J.

years! The American Edition is difficult to find and not worth buying now. The mistakes are not rare. Mr. Harrison has made an Edition which leaves nothing to be desired. This is in 3 Volumes. 8vo. published in London 1845. I think it cost 45 Shillings. but I got my copy in Boston for $4.50. I think it may be had at Brunham's in Boston for that price now. Mr. C. published the original in one Vol. It abounds with extracts from Greek and Latin Authors— but he did not tell where the passages might be found in his author. Dr. Mosheim, that most Laborious man of the most Laborious nation, read through all the authors C. had quoted— and made reference to every passage in Cudworths Book. He translated the original into Latin. added notes, dissertations, prolegomena, Indices &c. and published it in 2 Volumes. 4to. He first introduced Cudworth to the Continent in his courtly and generous way, and then Mosheim taught him the manner and language of the learned and he acquired a distinction in Germany, Holland and France, he did not leave in England itself. The next English Edition had Mosheim's references. When I was a youth

Tuckler. E. J.

at College I wanted to get out an American Edition of C with all of his apparatus: a Bookseller had it under favorable consideration, when lo! the other publishers announced theirs as in press. My scheme fell to the ground. But Harrison has done like a man what I fear I might have done like a Boy. You ask about Strauss on the New Testament. I think you will admire his masterly scholarship. He handles his text with the cute learning and admirable tact you admire in the English Classicists but I think has more soul than they. Strauss's Idea of God is quite unsatisfactory to me, so is his notion of a future state. He is a destructive Critic, but quite fair, and exceedingly able. He has left Theology for Literature.

What you say of your ecclesiastical position in England is painfully interesting. We are bred very much so in the United States in all our Theological Seminaries. The rawest professor is taken for "Learned" by the rawer laymen who appoint him, and by the youth, not less raw, who sit and listen, and say "Ipse dixit: qui contra dixerit anathema sit!" I remember with horror that I used to sit and see and hear the professor at Cambridge turn his mill for

Semler. C. J.

grinding the toughest or the most driest Hebrew or Hellenistic grain into homogeneous Unitarian meal, which we were to knead, leaven, bake, and distribute as the bread of life to all who came for food! He was very conscientious; we also: he thought he was teaching; we that we were learning. It was neither one nor the other. He milked the Bible and we held a sieve — to use an old figure of Ramus. The first three months of trial showed me the folly of all this method, and that if I wished to find the bottom of the sea, I must sound with a plummet and a strong line, not with a cork and a hair. I took Eichhorn's Introduction to the New Testament and prayed (kneeling) that I might not be led astray by one whom "some called an Infidel, while I sought after Truth."

I think most ministers begin honest: but I fear few of them continue so in a long life. Surely they are not more so than Lawyers, Innkeepers, Peddlers and Shoemakers.

I studied Butler once with much care. But his Analogy puzzled me with the same inconsistency you name — yet he still means honest — His stout affirmation of the rule of Right in Human Nature itself was a great step at that time. Yet the admis-

Tuckerman E. J.

now vitiates the purpose of his "Analogy". If man by the light of Nature can find out Justice and all the rules of conduct necessary for the noblest life, it certainly is rather a low function which is left for Revelation to come and teach us circumcision, baptism &c. &c. &c.

But I have purposely abstained from writing on the main subject of your letter. Let us talk it over when we meet. "But" "qui enim tam cito vanas ut eruditum erudire ipse minimé eruditus praesumam?" You will find good accommodation at No. 34 Chauncey Street with Rev. David Reed formerly a Unitarian Minister, now keeper of a genteel boarding house. The best Hotels are Revere House & Tremont House. Please let me know when you will come and I will secure the rooms for you.

With gratitude and esteem yrs

Theo. Parker.

I sent you a sermon with the "Prayers" of my Brethren on its back. Rev. Mr. Burnham, one of the pray-ers, last Sunday afternoon in his sermon said. "Hell never vomited forth a more blasphemous monster than Theodore

Semler. E. J.

"Pastor - and it is only the merits of Jesus Christ which "now preserve him from eternal damnation."

The common editions of the LXX have Theodotion's Translation of Daniel, which in III. 1. reads as you find and quote. But in the true LXX - of which the Cod. Chis-ianus is the witness - the reading is as I say in pr. 510. but I have it not at hand. See vol I. pr. 148. 157. and II pr. 508. I have no copy of the genuine LXX version of Daniel, but will look at it the first opportunity and see if I represent it fairly.

That word Rahat occurs several times in the Hebrew text of the Bible where neither the English Version nor the LXX show any direct trace of it. The word itself has giv-en rise to no little discussion among the learned. Some think it an Egyptian word imported into Hebrew. But I think no body has yet found it in the Egyptian monuments. There is a verb רעב rab hab which means to be fierce, to rage - to make fierce &c: then the noun adjective רעב rabb means insolent or proud, perhaps fierce. The noun רעבה rabbah is a little difficult to make

Kuhler. E. J.

out. Sometimes it means only violence, fierceness &c. then it is the mythological name for Egypt, then the name of a sea-monster, we don't know exactly what. It occurs in Isa. XXX where our translation reads "their strength is to sit still," where rahab is rendered strength. The literal translation is "Insolence they sit still." I fancy it was a proverb — but as the writer was speaking of Egypt which bore the same name mythologically (rahab) I take it he made a pun which is now buried up and not seen often. The LXX don't try to preserve it but read ματαια ἡ παρακλησις υμων αυτη The Vulgate misses the sense: Superbia tantum est, quiesce. — In Isa. II. 9. Rahab appears in the English Version which represents the Hebrew text reasonably well. But the Vulgate translated: numquid non tu percussisti Superbum, vulnerasti draconem? while the LXX like a naughty boy who has not got the difficult lesson, passes over it as Moses went through the Red Sea, dry shod, siccis simis pedibus, and skips it altogether. It is clear Rahab is Egypt in this place, the dragon is only a synonym in the Hebrew parallelism. — In Ps. LXXXVII. 4. we have Rahab again in English Translation, where it clearly means Egypt. But the LXX give the

Senkler. E. J.

word Ρααβ and attempt no version. Ewald In LXXXIX. 10 we have Rahab in the English which seems to mean Æggpt. But the LXX has Σὺ ἐτακείνωσας ὡς τραῦμα τὸν ὑπερήφανον.

In Jot Rahab appears in IX. 13. Our translation calls it the proud helpers, the Vulgate renders it qui portant idem, the LXX has κήτη τὰ ὑπ ουρανον This variety of meanings shows how uncertain the tradition was which guided the authors of the Greek and the Latin Version. Ewald one of the profoundest Hebrew Scholars in the world says on this passage in which he renders "Rahab", "Helpers" — that as Rahab is the mythological name for a Sea-Monster even when it means Æggpt, so this verse alludes to a legend which relates that once in a great battle God conquered a Monster, and for an example of punishment nailed him up as a constellation in the Heavens where it should always give light to the world and tell how vain it was to resist God. If this be so then the LXX are not far out of the way with their κητη υπ ουρανον for (as he quotes Lachi's Dissertation on the Oriental names of the Constellations to show)

κητος τριστις, Balena, Bellua and Pistary are also constellations. — I don't know how far this use of the word would justify the remark you refer to in the West-minster Review for I fear we are not well informed as to the date of these names. I have long been satisfied that Job was one of the most recent books of the Old Testa-ment. Bating the spurious parts — Introduction &c. &c. it is wholly un-Hebrew. God is not called Jehovah in the genuine parts I think, and there is nothing narrow or Jewish in it. The character of Job is one of the finest pic-tures of a Gentleman in the whole compass of ancient literature. Certainly few moderns come up to him.

How the harlot Rahab came by her name I don't know. By the way she was not a very respectable char-acter to put into the ancestry of Jesus, though she is so abundantly commended by biblical and other writers. —

I think you will wish you had not touched on this unlucky subject. But I promise I will never worry you with the matter again: but I don't think she was justified by the general or special words she is related to have done.

Mr. Sembler To the Same

Boston 9 Dec. 58.

My dear kind Friend

Your warm hearted letter came a little while ago full of indications of a tender regard and esteem which touch me deeply. I think no man has more generous friends; I wish I deserved them. But I will try.

I have not perhaps been so sick as the Newspapers represented, and am now a good deal better. I did preach the 14th November and on the text named. It was against the advice of all my friends, and the Doctor also; but it did me good and not harm. I treated of needless sickness, of premature death and their causes. I meant it for myself as much as others. Since then I have preached twice, once on the progress of the Anglo Saxon People in 300 years; it was close to the 300th anniversary of Elizabeth's coming to the throne. And once on the Elements of Progress in the American People, and the Duty they have to do.

This is the short story of my health. I have been singularly able to do all my life, and free

Winkler. E. J.

from sickness. But in February 1857 after excessive labors I was exposed in a terrible manner all night and found myself with a pleuritic fever in the morning. I fought against it for a month bustling as before. But in March I was obliged to yield and give up all work. The case was not understood by the Doctor nor treated well. An effusion of water in the chest followed, which it took nearly eight months to subdue, though it did not much interfere with my work. In the meantime a fistula in ano developed itself, and last summer produced painful and alarming consequences. I lost twenty pounds of flesh had a cough, night-sweats &c. &c. &c. It looked like the conclusion of all things here below. I bought no books, and did not look over catalogues. But I had a surgical operation performed in the beginning of October last, and am now gradually recovering from all the evils which tormented me before. But I had a sad relapse a fortnight ago. I attended a funeral of a little boy drowned by accident, and in getting into the Rail Road cars, strained and wrenched both my legs which is lame from the fistula and the abdomen. The worst pains are from walking and will trouble

Semler. E. J.

me for some weeks perhaps: but if an abscess does not follow, there is nothing serious in it all. I think I shall live to be 70 or 80, but I shall be more moderate for the future. — Pray excuse all this talk about myself.

I was much grieved that your visit was so short last summer, and it only tantalized me to see you but a minute.

It was Miss Stevenson who saw your son. She is one of the noblest and most intellectual women I have ever known. She lives with me and has for ten years.

I am glad you found Tindal. He was a great man shooting so far before his age. Over one hundred replies were made to his Book! I read many of them when a Student at College, but they amounted to nothing. Abuse was lavished on him by men not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. I thank you for calling my attention to it again. I have not read him for twenty years or more. Toland wrote "Christianity not mysterious" which drew a storm about his ears and made him flee his country (Ireland)! I have Mosheim's Endworth (2 vol. 4to) and will gladly lend it to you.

Ambler. E. J.

Did you ever read Daillé on the right use of the Fathers? that is at your service too. Middleton's Inquiry into the miraculous Powers of the early Christians is another book of great note, once making an epoch in ecclesiastical doctrine. Both Daillé and Middleton are a little unfair now and then, but right in the main. Mr Blount of Oxford I think wrote against them both in 1656 or 57, a great thick learned but uncritical book on the Fathers which would amuse you — it contains really some good things. — There is a curious passage in Photius' Bibliotheca (No 237 Hoeschel's Ed) in which he gives an extract from Hegesippus, the earliest Church Historian. He was a Jewish-Christian and hated Paul. He speaks of Paul's 1 Cor. II. 9 — "Eye hath not seen &c" then says Ἡγησίππος μεντοι ὁ ἀρχαῖος τε ανηρ και ἀποστολικος . . . ουκ οἶδα ὁτι και παδὼν μάρτην μεν εἰρησθαι ταῦτα λέγει και [illegible] καταψευδεσθαι τους ταῦτα φαμένους τον δε θειον γραφων και του Κυριου λεγοντος "μακάριοι οι ὀφθαλμοι ὑμων οι βλεποντες" &c This shows what some of the early Christians thought of Paul! It would astonish the ministers a little if they could understand what the

Sentler E. J.

Apostles thought (and said) of one another. I hope some time to have an opportunity to talk some matters over with you at length. I know you will be pleased with dear old Ralph Cudworth — with his wide comprehensive learning (tho' he had no Criticism and often was wrong in his Exegesis, as all men then were), his deep fervent religiousness and genial freedom. His sermon before the House of Commons I used to think one of the best in the Language. Certainly it would astonish the Commons now! I wonder who wrote that Article on Newman in the Westminster. It seemed to me cold and not open and manly.

With kindest Regards to you and Yours

Faithfully

Theodore Parker.

Sinkler E. J.

To the Same

c

Roma 22 Janᵛ 1860

Rev. Mr. Sinkler

My dear Sir,

I have long intended to write you, and shall perhaps find no fitter place than this to address a Scholar from, and it may be, no easier time to write in — for a consumptive man's days are too uncertain to count on. To a man who looks for the Progress of Mankind Rome is one of the most hopeless places in the World — for it is the head quarters of Sloth and Reaction — its Religion is Despotism — the Subordination of man to an authority outside of his Nature and even alien to its noblest instincts, and reflections: nobody knows how bad the Principle of the Roman religion is, and how fatal to Humanity are its logical measures until he comes here and studies, and sees how it works the ruin of the People. But to a Scholar who loves letters and a generous culture of the Arts, and a Philosopher who seeks to learn the great Laws that control the welfare of the Nation and the Individual, perhaps there is not a more interesting

Mr. Tenkler.

spot on earth. The general aspect of all things is sad, the face of the people (thoughtless as they look) is more melancholy than I have elsewhere met with. All seems to respond to the popular chant

"Roma! Roma! Roma!

Roma non è più come era prima!"

I have four pretty spacious and comfortable rooms at No. 16. Via delle quattro Fontane, on the Viminal Hill, 140 or 150 feet above the river, which is about 20 feet more above the Sea. I live 120 steps from the ground floor! and yet I am not one of those poor poets that Juvenal speaks of—

_____ "quam tegula sola tuetur

"A pluvia, molli ubi reddunt ova columba."

There is an English family 150 steps up, directly over my head, where he has the advantage enjoyed by that poet.

_____ nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis

Ultimus ardebit!"

But I have the sun all day from rise till set, and the whole city lies spread out before me, and the Viminian Hills over on the Etruscan side of the Tiber, and I sleep secure on my lofty perch.

Winkler. E. J.

"Circendum est et hic ubi multa incendia, multi
"Norte metus."

This part of the City used to belong to the 6th Regio, Alta
Semita and indeed it is the highest part of the town: the
Pope's Palace of the Quirinal is close beside me with its unpro-
-fijic gardens which look as celibate as the Pope himself
has vowed to be. The temple of SEMO SANCTUS (Deus
Fidius) seems to have been in this neighbourhood. The Cam-
-pus Sceleratus was not far off where they buried the Vestals
who had more fealty to Nature than respect for a conven-
-tional vow. The τὶς ἐντὸς τῆς πολεως αφρυς
γεωδης παρατεἰνουσα πορρω must have been the brow
of this hill that I live on. Ἐν ταὐθα κατασκενάζεται
οἰκας καταγειος οἱ μεγας εκων ανωθεν κατα βασιν. But pleas-
-anter memories cluster about it. There was a temple to
SALVS and I have come here to obtain the blessing if haply
I may find it. The temple of VENVS ERYCINA
was near by — Extra Portam Collinam, Livy says, but
within the present walls I fancy, not far from the Via
della Porta Pia — the favorite walk of the priests perhaps
not uninsensible of the old Votaries of Venus who did not

Mr. Senkler

wear corked hats and black stockings and buckles in their shoes when they visited the same place. It seems readers of poetry lived here in old time, for Martial tells, in his book

Vicini pete porticum Emilii
Tristem non habet otiosiorem
Pompeius, vel Agenoris puellae.

That vicini I suppose refers to the fact that he lived not far off (on the Esquiline as my landlord says, I have forgotten the passage that proves it, and have not the author at hand just now, and I never liked him much, the dirty fellow!) But enough of this — I don't spend much time in identifying the old localities — which is indeed a most difficult and uncertain work so soon as you come to small details, and I think that a "live Dog is better than a dead Lion". It is curious to see how Polytheism clings to this old heathen place! There is not a church in Rome dedicated to God, only one to Jesus of Nazareth: all the rest are consecrated to the Mother of God — the Virgin (conceived without original sin!) or to some of the Saints whose name is legion. The new Christian mythology drove out the Heathen one: but

Parker E. J.

the Heathen is much the most interesting. The Deities of the Roman Heathen, and the Roman Christian Mythology, I take it are alike mythological, — representative of beings who are purely non-existent, or at least never had the qualities assigned them. Surely Jupiter is a more interesting Character than the Deus Pater of the actual Roman mythology of to-day. Jupiter had vices of Passion and acted like the Evil One sometimes, but the Deus Pater is going to damn the greater part of mankind, and shows a disposition that would have made even the old Titan Giants shrink with horror only to hear of. Besides he does little, in these times nothing at all: he created the world and intends one of these days to knock it all to pieces, but in the pictures he is represented as looking down on the conception, or the birth, or the circumcision, or the crucifixion of his only-begotten Son, or as reckoning him in heaven. So the Son, Deus Filius is a most uninteresting person, adoring the Father, or blessing his Mother, or (in his human character) hanging his head, whining and canting. The actual Jesus of Nazareth was none of your dilettanti men, but one who took hold of things with a man's grip: but the mytho-

=logical Christ is a Miss-Nancyish sort of a nobody that I hate to meet in marble or mosaic or oil colors. The Holy Ghost does but two things: he broods over the immaculately-conceived Virgin, at the conception and over the only-begotten Son at his baptism: else he is commonly as idle as the crowd that Martial found round Pompey's house,

"Tot primus dominus locis cavisse" to follow his verse.

The Roman Christian mythology (and theology) discourages the vice of licentiousness, and in so this is better than the Heathen, but it encourages bigotry, Hypocrisy, cant and many another vice which the older mother of abominations kept clear from. Yet on the whole I dont deny that the banished Gods of Old Rome were worse in many particulars than the new adventurers who have taken their place. But God send us the good time when Pope and Pagan in fact, as in Bunyan's grand fabling, shall sit down in the same Cage and only make mouths at the Pilgrims who pass by on the Great Highway of Mankind! Ah for a Religion which suits the conscious needs of men, and a Theology which explains the phenomena of the world, with a God that is adequate to the needs of Science and of Instinct too!

Butler E.J. In due time it will all come: but how long, O Lord! we ask say continually. If you could but see the mere externals of this city you would feel like Paul at Athens — when he saw the whole city given to idolatry. He that comes to fulfil must also destroy; and there is no considerable human development possible for Italy but by the destruction of the Papacy: 1. the temporal power, the ability to cut men's throats and scourge women's backs — must cease: & 2. the Spiritual power — the ability to shut up the Truths of Nature & Science from the eyes of men and to tie a millstone on the neck of the child and drown him in the depths of the Dead Sea of Theology. To this complexion the Pontifex Christianus must come and there be whelmed in the same stream which righteously drowned the Pontifex Paganus. Then what a relief will this be for the more advanced Catholic Nations! Even Austria and Spain would warm with new life. and the Protestant Nations also would draw a longer breath — and begin to cast their idols to the Moles and the Bats, and to worship the Actual God of nature instead of that hideous spectre which now glowers out of the Athanasian and other Creeds, intending to damn them and their babies if not wet by the fingers of a priest. — I said just now that I lived near

Mr Senkler

the Esquiline. Ow that hill of old time was a place for throwing down the dead bodies of Slaves and poor people — which I take it were neither burned nor yet even buried; but as Horace says (Epod V. ad fin.)

Post insepulta membra different lupi
Et Esquilinae alites." (see too I Sat VIII 8-12)

It was something better in Horace's own time for he says

"Nunc licet Esquilii habitare salubribus atque
*Aggere in Apricо spatiari, qua modo tristes
Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum"

[* A part of the Agger of Tullus Hostilius is still extant]

The old Scholiasts on Horace (Cruquices & Acron) give the true geographical explanation. — Well, now just out of the gate in this neighborhood is a modern Campo Santo which has 500 pits — one of them is opened every day and the dead — the poor dead I mean — are pitched into the hole at the top, and tumbled to the bottom "without a grave unknelled, uncoffined and unknown"! Dead bodies are carried to certain Churches and left there: at night the dead-cart takes them to this place where they are thrown in naked: lime is next thrown on them, and at night the pit is closed till the time comes to open

Rev. E. J.

it anew. In the great church of Santa Maria Maggiore, not far off, are two tombs - which with the chapels that are but their adjuncts must have cost 3/4 of a million ℔! there is an epitome of Christian Rome! — You once wrote me about the account of Nebuchadnazzar's Statue in the Greek Bible. Here is the passage Daniel III. 1. from the actual LXX. as contained in the Chigi M. S. in the Vatican Ἔτους ὀκτωκαιδεκάτου δὲ Ναβουχοδονόσορ βασιλεὺς δυσικῶν πόλεις καὶ χώρας καὶ πάντας τοὺς κατοικοῦντας ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς ἀπὸ Ἰνδικῆς ἕως Αἰθιοπίας ἐποίησεν χρυσῆν τὸ ὕψος αὐτῆς πηχῶν ἑξ καὶ ἔστησεν κ.τ.λ. You see how much this differs from the Hebrew text as represented by our version and Theodotion's Greek. — I believe I am really getting letter here at Rome where the mercury has not fallen below 25°. I hope this will find you in good health and spirits and that you will believe me

Yours faithfully

Theodore Parker.

To Hon Mr Bancroft

continued from page 287. ante

1 ["Gen. Winslow stated a contribution was made in the army for Salem, and he was presented to Washington as having slain Pitcairn, who was killed on the British left, according to all authorities"! Ibid. p. 25. note 16.]

I requested Mr. Nell to hunt up all the additional information he could get for me touching this matter. He has just reported (III P. M.) as follows.

Cornelius Haskell was killed and buried on Bunker Hill. His daughter Mrs Harriett Brown, now lives in Revere Street, Boston.

Titus Coburn was in the Battle. His widow now lives in Andover, (Map) and draws a pension.

Prince Ames was also in the Battle. He was from Andover. His widow Eunice A. Æt XCII. now lives at Jamaica Plains and draws a pension.

Barzillai Lew was also in the Battle, — likewise from Andover. He was a fifer. He has a son of the same name Barzillai L. now living in Boston and two daughters, Mrs Farmer and Mrs Dalton in South Russell Street. Mrs D. lives in Charlestown in the

Bancroft. G.

Summer, on the edge of Bunker Hill.

Cato Howe was in the Battle, He was from Plymouth Mass. His widow died in Belknap Street in 1856.

In the engravings of the Battle when I was a boy the Black man Peter Salem appears in the act of shooting Major P; but now-a-days a white man is put in his place.

Richd. Frothingham in his account of Bunker Hill Battle does makes no mention of Peter. He appears however on some of the Bills of the Monument, Freemans, and Charlestown Banks.

Last 17th of June when Senator Mason fulfilled Senator Toombs' prophecy, Mr. Everett said "It is the monument of the day, of the event, of the Battle of Bunker Hill, of all the brave men who shared its perils, alike of Prescott, and Putnam and Warren, the Chiefs of the day, and the colored man Salem who is reported to have shot the gallant Pitcairn as he mounted the parapet."

If ever you come to Boston, I will show you the musket which my grandfather captured at Lexington Apr. 19. 1775. He formed the first line against the British in that war, first ordered his soldiers

Hon. Mr. Bancroft.

to charge their pieces with powder and ball; and took the first prisoner and stand of arms. He fought in the French war in Canada. I have the gun he used in that war also. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, but died in August. When you publish your volume, I wish you would send Nell a copy. Negroes get few honors.

Yours faithfully

Theodore Parker.

To the Same.

Boston 10 Sept. 1858. C

My dear Bancroft,

Last May came your beautiful volume on the Revolution. I was ill and got obliged to work. I read it with enthusiasm in the pauses of my toil. It ran into the night and was soon in my head. I rejoice in it greatly. You confirm my suspicions that George III. Miserable old wooden head was the real cause of the mischief. But you shed a deal of light. I had no suspicion of so many

Bancroft, G.

matters; of course you do. It is thoroughly democratic in the best sense of the word; this volume has more of the Life of the People in it than any of the last three. It seems to me History has been hitherto the life of Kings, Priests, Nobles, Soldiers and the like — not the life of the Million as it should be. "Les Gens des Salons se ressemblent partout" but the People are every where different. I am glad to find a Historian who cares for "the rest of mankind".

One fact or two let me give. At the Battle of Lexington — when Capt. Parker drew up his men as the British were nearing — he ordered "every man to load" his piece with "powder and ball. "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if "they mean to have a war, let it begin here". I think these significant words ought to be preserved. They were kept as the Family traditions of the day; and when the Battle was reenacted in 1820 (or thereabout,) his orderly Sergeant took the Captain's place — and repeated the words — adding "For them is the very words Capt. P. said"! Besides — some of the Soldiers when they saw the flash of the British guns — turned to run; he drew his sword, and said "I will "order the first man shot that offers to run"! Nobody

Hon. Mr Bancroft.

ran till he told them – "disperse and take care of yourselves".

Prince* Castabuke, who was killed at the 2d. fire,

was a Negro.

thankfully yours

Theodore Parker.

* Estabrook

* The name was Jain. I never certainly made it

To Rev. Mr Martineau.

Boston Nov 11th 1850

Dear Friend,

I take this opportunity to write you a brief note to interest you in a couple of my Parishioners who are about to visit England under quite remarkable circumstances. They are two Fugitive Slaves - William Craft and his wife Ellen Craft. Perhaps you have heard their Story; if you have not, you will before long learn of their wonderful flight from Macon in Georgia, to Philadelphia - a distance of more than 900 miles, through the enemy's Country! The Fugitive Slave Law was passed last September. It is one of the most atrocious acts ever passed since the first persecution of the Christians by Nero. It allows the Owner to come to Boston, or send his agent, apply to a commissioner of the United States, - who may be a miserable tool of Govern-ment, and probably will be, (certainly he often is, and we have one loathsome commissioner in Boston if no more,) - and decide that a certain man is his Slave - the com-missioner gives the Slave-hunter a warrant to seize the Slave and transport him back to bondage. The

Rev. Mr. Martineau

Slave-Hunter takes it to the Marshal, the Marshal makes the seizure and the poor victim is hurried off to Slavery as hopeless as the Grave! All this may be done, without allowing the fugitive to defend himself; with no inquest by a Jury: without the Fugitive ever seeing his Hunter till he comes with the marshal to put hand-cuffs on his wrists!

The Crafts have been in Boston nearly two years; are sober and industrious people. She is a Seamstress; he is a Cabinet-maker. They are members of my parish. But a few weeks ago, there came a Ruffian from Macon in Georgia, by the name of Hughes, — he is a jailer at home, — with authority to seize and carry off the two fugitives. He applied to the proper officer, got his warrant, and secured the services of the Marshal. All was ready for the seizure, but William armed himself with two revolvers, and a substantial dirk, and was ready to kill any one who should attempt to kidnap him. His wife was concealed by some friends who kept her safe and sound. I will tell you more of her concealment at some future time, but it is not safe now!

Continued. J.

The Slave-Hunters remained in Boston more than a week. There was a "Vigilance Committee" appointed by a meeting of Citizens, and they kept the Slave-Hunters in a state of disturbance all the time they remained here, and finally frightened them so, that they were glad to sneak out of the city. After the danger was over Craft's friends thought it was wiser for them to go to England — that you may see what sort of men and women we make Slaves of, in "the Model Republic." They need no pecuniary aid, but if you will tell their Story to your friends and draw public attention to the fact that such persons are not safe in Boston — you may help the great cause of Humanity in a new mode. ----

I keep in my Study two trophies of the American Revolution, one is a musket which my Grandfather fought with at the Battle of Lexington (April 19th. 1775,) against "the British;" the other is a great gun which he captured in that battle. He was the Captain of the Lexington Soldiers, and took the first prisoner, and the first musket taken in war for Independence and the Rights of man. But now I am obliged to look to "the British" for protection for the liberty of two of my own Parishioners who have

Rev. Mr. Martineau.

committed no wrong against any one! Well, so it is, and I thank God that Old England, with all her sins and shames, allows no Slave-Hunter to set foot on her soil.

I have written you a long letter, when I intended to write only a short note. I was glad to learn from my friend Sargent what a pleasant time he had with you in North Wales and elsewhere. I wish I had been of the party. Remember me kindly to Mrs Martineau and the children, I know not how many there are now, but there was a house full of them once. Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Thom. I wish you would show him this letter for I think his great heart will be interested in the case of these poor fugitives. — with many and affectionate regards, believe me

truly your friend

Theo. Parker.

Martineau J.

To the Same.

Boston 15th Dec. '51

My dear Sir.

I send you with this a couple of volumes of Speeches & addresses & occasional Sermons, just collected. I don't know what you will think of them when you see them all together. They look a little pale to me, when gathered into one company. You will not think the occasional are samples of my constant Sermons, far from it. I am now thinking of publishing a little volume of other Sermons – which may appear in the Spring, perhaps, – my "Endeavors" after a Christian Theology.

I a Sermon of the Infinity of God.

II – – – – – – – – – – Nature of Man

III – – – – – – – – – – Relation of God to the Universe of Matter & Man

IV – Sermon of the Relation of Man to God.

V of the "Devil"

VI of the reserved power in Matter & Man

329

Rev. Mr. Martineau.

VII a Sermon of Absolute Religion.

I have long been at work on a big and serious theme, viz the historical development of Religion in the Caucasian Race. It will make III vols. and six Books, viz.

Book I. of the Nature and most important Ideas of Religion, with the Evidence thereof.

— II the Development of Religion anterior to Jesus of Nazarette.

III. State of the Caucasian Race from 100 b.c. to 100 a.c.

IV. Generic agreement of Christianity and other Forms of Religion and its Specific difference.

V. Historical Development of Religion since Jesus.

VI. State of the Caucasian Race at this day.

Martineau J.

The first volume is not yet complete. The developments of an (apparently) a-theistic Philosophy in Germany and France (Feuerbach. Comte &c &c) — not to speak of England — has led me to spend much labor on the 1st Book — and especially on the Idea of God, and of Immortality.

What a long letter I am writing you — Please show this to Mr Thom who will show you his letter. Present my kind Regards to Mrs M. — in which Mrs P joins with me, — and believe me

truly your Friend

Theo Parker.

Andrews. S.P. To Rev. Saml. P. Andrews. Billerica Mass.

Cambridge 26th July, 1836

My Dear Samuel,

I intended to write you yesterday, but I was somewhat wearied when I attempted, and "it would na clink," and so I left the pen to drow in the Ink-horn, and my thoughts to sleep off their Lethargy. Now this is the first letter, my Dear Sam, I have ever written you but since it is not to be the last by thousands I hope — as lovers say of their first kisses — I will say a word as to the manner I mean to write, trusting that you will, in like manner consult your "own sweet will" in all your letters, which I trust will be numerous.

I wish to let the pen talk, just as rudely, as incoherently, and as gossipingly, as if it were the "inmost member" itself which was active. Of course, you will sometimes see the page strangely chequered: now gloomy, now gay: now devout, and anon jocosely boisterous. Indeed the letter will be a little compound of one's whole life, and of course will look like "a packet of villainous dis." I hate — that is the right word — I hate this arti-

spirial letter writing, in which compliments are wrested-awn, natural thoughts spun out into French wire, and the King's English murdered: do not you!

I need not tell you how blue I was the day after you went away, nor how lazily, and slothe like the hours crept along, for you know the blueness of such days, and have felt all the chill damps of dullness and absence come over the soul. I saw "the Dean," and he alone looked bright and cheerful, like a Schoolmaster in an Inn, of a holiday. The poor man is going down to Nahant to see the Sea Serpent, I suppose, so that he may give us a description of Leviathan and Behemoth in the "academical Lectures." I wish him joy of his new acquaintance. Perhaps he will scrape acquaintance also with the "Dragon" "that old Serpent": only imagine the Dean, cheek by jole with that worthy, bowing and simpering, and playing the agreeable!

But to run away from the Deans, and to come to the Sabbath, pray how did you feel! Did not the knees of thy body — like Belshazzar's of old — knock against one another, when the Deacons, the

Squires, the Colonels, the Majors, the Captains, and other "men of Belial" with their wives, and their sisters, and still worse — their Daughters, stared full upon thy countenance!

Alas Samuel, how often have I thought of thee! and of thy maiden preaching. But, to be sober, I really felt very badly at entering a seat pulpit for the first time to speak to living Souls; I felt more alarmed and agitated than I had anticipated, though I have been dreading it for a whole month. There were two notes brought me, — one while I was in the Pulpit. However I lived through the day, and trust I shall soon get used to this sacred duty, and shall perform it with more and more satisfaction.

Brother Livermore says he did not feel at all abashed, indeed "Master George Herbert" has a wonderful coolness and self-possession at all times.

Now when you reply — which I trust will be soon — I wish you to write not so much about the Deacons and Squires, as about yourself. Yourself first, Sam, and then the Deacons &c. Pray tell me every thing

sights, sounds, thoughts feelings hopes.

Moses wishes to know if you heard the people grumbling, as they stood upon the steps! and how much they concluded to charge you for the Sermon! That rogue sends you a great deal of Love, and I would add as much more to it, were it not that the letter might burst open with its burden, and so the Love would be lost. Moses is going to take Bartol's Room down at Mrs Sawyer's.

You can imagine how desolate Divinity College looks,— every body gone, but Abbott, and the rock, and one or two more! Oh that you were here to day to cheer us up, and make the old places vocal once more.

My Dear Samuel. If you write this week or next you had better direct to Brookline — then I shall be sure to get it.

With all love and respect

Truly yours

T.

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Billerica. Mass. c

Barnstable Friday P. M. Aug 12.

Well Samuel, as I used to say when I burst into your room a dozen times a day, after you had ejaculated the well-known "come". well Samuel there pray how do you find yourself? as cleverly and as comfortably settled as you were when you last wrote? By the way, I received your favour in due season, and felt no little joy in reading it and in reflecting thereupon. You have indeed faced "dangers dire," and stood it, and "still bore up" right manfully I trow. — and have actually written a new Sermon and preached it! Prodigious—!—!—! I have not seen Williams since I received your Letter, but I told him of your feats by way of a long letter, which I inflicted upon him the other day. You among the Shy-borns! "Is Saul also among the Prophets" Thew is no end to wonders. "Each minute teems a new one, that of an hour's age doth hiss the Speaker"

But think of William and his Blunnine! Ye went there a little while ago, Moses doing the "escort duty" and carrying the pitiful pipe I

suppose. I met the "Codey" — who seems to be as ubiqui-tous as time and space — and he gave a doleful account of that event, — doleful as it seemed to him. To give his own words: "So William went up to see the Sky-tavern (!) last night"! Ah who told you? "Moses told me all about it, ain't it queer! Baugh"! queer indeed: But how was he pleased! "Oh he says he had a glorious time! Baugh"! I gave him your errand and he promised to write, and "to put Moses up to it." This will be a new elevation of Moses! Now I am really down at Barnstable, they call it "up"! I had a delightful sail in the Packet. There were sundry Sky-terns on board — though all of us, — men, women and children had to sleep in one little cabin. In the birth over me was a Lady, — at my head another, a third at my feet! They put their necks out of their nests and we talked and laughed! That is the Cape fashion! Barnstable looked very queer at first, a great collection of little unpainted houses, built on both sides at irregular intervals of a crook-ed road, but now I like the place very well, and

Andrews. I. P.

the people much better! They are hardy, kind, open-hearted noble people, Labour hardens their hands, and crooks their fingers, but it neither blunts their feelings, nor perverts their minds. They attended Church well last Sunday, and are models of attentiveness. But they need a minister: there is too much small talk among them! Dr Tuck is one of their great men, — he is a great owl in my humble opinion — This you know is "inter nos." The Deacon — a fine, sensible and prious man — called upon me twice, besides the "most considerable" young men. I attended a debating Society, and made a Speech against Capital Punishments — at the request of several of the members — that subject being upon the carpet. I have made a good many calls upon various worthies. Among others, I went to see Mr Reed, the "Hon John". He is the "member," that is, of congress. The good people of this place speak of him as the French of "le grand monarque", or as a Swiss does of Mount Blanc! He is a fine man, and has a fine family — Sons and Daughters. I have seen your old Chum Mr Mead — but alas! he is going away. Here are majors, colonels and captains in abundance, heaps as weeds in the Sibe

Andrews. S. P.

of Damascus". There are Captains by Land, and Captains by Sea. I always call a man Captain So & So until they shout out Major, Colonel, or Squire – but in most cases I hit the mark. It is really very difficult to recollect names in a town full of Strangers, but this difficulty is quite smoothed over in this place. I asked whose house is that! "Mr Crockers" is the answer. Whose Store is that! Mr. Crockers. Whose children are those! Mr Crockers! and so on to the end of the chapter. All Mr. Crockers! Lords said I, are you all Crockers! "No but there are 123 taxable men who answer to that name, "besides women and children a great multitude"! Call a Barnstable man Crocker and ten chances to one you hit him! I am boarding in a very pleasant family, 3 other boarders, a Schoolmaster – a fine man too – a "Merchant" of groceries &c and a Lawyer, a grave gentleman of 45–55, who always speaks as if he were making "a plea in Bar," and never goes out without his umbrella in any weather. He tells long stories, and old anecdotes, states premises and draws conclusions, till one is sick. Yet I really love him, for he is kind, gentle, respectful in his way. The

air of the place – ten below 0 one would think sometimes – braces up one's whole soul, and I have such an intellectual appetite that I should make no bones of the Alexandrian Library, were it at hand! I took a pretty close supply of books for a month's voyage I thought, but they are almost all devoured, and I have written two new Sermons this week, besides letters ad libitum, and not a little in the journal. I have begun to translate De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament – but that is between you and me.

I have strolled over all the hills, walking 6 or 8 miles a day, and have found three new Species of flowers. Yesterday I went a fishing, and got wet, through and through! This is my first, and I trust last ministerial fishing! St Peter did fishing enough for us all. I shall stay here positively till the 29th of the month, so I expect another letter from you before I go away. Shall I not see you at commencement? you will then be at Cambridge, I trust. Does not the recollection of old time make you burn sometimes? mine does, for the times of delight you are passed – but still brighter days we trust will come. I have but one inch of paper left, but my affection and my Prayers are not the less. So good bye Samuel

ever yours. J.

drews S.P.

d Frost

tter of J.

d 6th /36

page 348

To the Same. Milford New Hampshire.

C

Northfield 20 Oct. 1836

My Dear Samuel,

I am not so prompt as you in my reply to your letter which came just in the "nick o' time." five minutes after had been too late. I went down to "old Cambridge" and met its great Eulogizer in the Door of the Post Office, waited till the mail was opened, and to my great joy got a letter from Sam. then got ready in a few moments to come up here. Do you know that Brother Frost has received a call from the good folks of Northfield! Yes, he has, and I suppose has accepted: the Bell rang a few minutes ago to call the Parish together to consult about the ordination and such matters as may appertain thereunto. They give him a salary of $ 700, which is very well for the place. We will be finely settled, the people are of the noblest stock in the world: they are Farmers besides; men "well to do" in the world, upright before God, downright before men, industrious, intelligent, and remarkably religious, which is worth all the rest; the good Seed has not been scattered

among them in vain. So I think Frost is quite happy in coming here: all the influences of nature around, are on his side, for the features of the county are noble and beautiful: the Connecticut flows a few rods from the village, and mountains all around, at a little distance look upwards and adore: what is wanting in such a field but one to sow the Seed! I am delighted with the natural situation of this town. It is on the east side of the Connecticut about half a mile from the Bank; the village is built on one straight street, about a mile and a half long, and 150 feet wide with rows of trees on each side. Tall hills or mountains shut in the village on every side like natural guardians to defend it from all evil.

The deep hue of the pine contrasts beautifully with the thousand colours of the chestnut and oak, and maple and Birch. I was never so fully sensible of the beauty of the lines of the Poet.

"When Summer's sunny hues adorn,
"Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
"The foliage of the evergreens

Andrews. S. P.

"In contrast seems a Shadow.

"But when the tints of autumn have

"Their sovereign assented,

"The landscape that cold shadow shows

"Into a light converted." as when I gazed upon these delightful hills crowned with their native woods.

I do not know that I have any outward matters of moment to speak of, but yet I would say that I shall go down to Barnstable the first Sabbath in next month, after preaching here the two last Sundays in this. When do you intend to come to Cambridge? I have many things to say unto your face, and one which touches my heart nearly, and which has filled me with no little anxiety and fear since I received your last. You speak of your reasons of self-doubt, and of holy-formed resolutions to cast away the fear of the Lord well instructed &c. This struck me with surprise, for you were the last man that I should have expected to find in self-doubt, you whose whole heart I know to be in the cause, where you are

willing to spend and be spent; I should have been much less surprised at finding self-doubt in my own bosom - for I have still much "unreclaimed blood", and though I love the ministry of Christianity, with all my heart and mind &c, yet I have an affection for silent vigils - and there is a pulse in my heart, that sometimes beats wildly for the stir and noise and tumult and dust of the Literary course. But to find you in doubt was too much. Yet it is not to be wondered at. We both know the perils of candidating, I shudder at them, and yet have some alleviations now, and hope to end 'em soon, but did one look forwards — as you do, my Dear Sam — to several years of such a crucifixion of the affections, there is no wonder if his heart sinks within and he says, wo is me, good were it had I never been born. The remedy for doubt is action, which is the mirror in which one sees himself. But you will say, "dont I act"? Some indeed, but act differently. Get settled soon as you can, find a good wife — before, if possible! Then where are all your doubts! They are driven where the Elements cannot catch them! I believe this to be the only healing

dress. I. P.

What wonder that one doubts himself, after having lived 7 years in "old Cambridge", without a sweet "gelivbt" to whisper one word of peace to his heart! What marvel if he despairs when he goes out into the world, and sees all share their mates, but that there is no help-meet for him! If I may be allowed to speak of my own feelings on this matter,— and why should I keep them back from you — I would not snap my fingers for this world and life, take away one from my arms. No the everlasting No would be before me, and around me, and above me, and worst of all, within me, then. Now why may not your case be similar! If Love cures one why may it not cure others under like circumstances of like disorders! I hope we understand one another upon this. I hope too that I can sympathize with you, for oftener than once the "madness of unreclaimed blood" has whispered any thing but peace to my heart, not since I have been in the world but before! Pray let us see one another and talk over all these matters, before long: when can it be! I shall be at Boston a week from next Tuesday,— three or four days. How long do you stay at Milford! But let us leave this

subject; you have had a letter from William. He has not written me, though he owes me more than two letters - and I shall never trouble so cool a correspondent to remember his old friends; when one cannot write in reply to letters, it is plain he cares not for them, so he shall have no further trouble from mine.

I suppose those young Jewesses will convert him; and we shall soon hear of his circumcision, then he will be a Levite "indeed" and we shall have a "vindication of the Jews" in the Interpreter. Only think of the Interpreter, I have had to write the whole of two numbers, and expect to have the same duty to do to the third! The readers (?) are certainly to be pitied. Charles. B. is better, indeed I suspect he is quite well by this time. The Codys is at Newport, Moses - is at New York, and of the rest I know little or nothing. I suppose you will attend Brother Livermore's ordination, and I hope to attend yours before "many moons are old"; give my respects to all your friends and believe me

ever yours

Wes.

Endorsed. S. P. To the Same Milford, N. H. c

Cambridge 6 Oct — 36.

My Dear Samuel,

I write you for many reasons — which need not now be enumerated — and lament that I have not taken that pleasure before, as I confess that I am far behind you in a punctual "diligence of letter writing". I should however have written long ere now but have been tossed about with many uncertainties as to my whereabout at any given time — nor even yet am I more settled in that regard. How I almost envy you your quiet and secure retreat among the mountains, you not only know where you are, (I scarcely know that), but can calculate where you shall be at a future day. I went to Keene (Paul Dabney has just been in here and hindered me I do not know how long. He wants to see Silsbee, — Poor William! how he will complain when I tell him (for what!). I went to Keene as I told you, and had a fine time. I almost envy brother Livermore his situation. They are a religious people, sober, staid men and women, surrounded by the most holy influ-

= eneus of nature, for the town is built in a beautiful little plain surrounded by tall well-wooded hills at a distance. The houses are all large and fine. Seen from a distance as you approach it, all surrounded and begirt with mountains it looks like Beauty in the lap of Strength. The people are delighted with him well they may be, for the true blood bubbles up in his bosom, and he is a down-right good man. (You know these are the grand divisions of men, the upright and the down-right, down-rightness is as necessary as upright-ness to make one complete in Righteous-ness.) How many of them asked me, "Do you know Mr Livermore"? certainly! "what sort of a man is he" So I had only to lift Brothers Abiel up, and put him on the shelf labelled "Good men and true" to answer their question. He is to be settled the 2d of November. I saw him at his Uncle's — Dr Abbotts, at Peterborough. A villanous place that Peterborough — I suppose it was something that somebody borrowed from Peter to pay Paul.) but it produced the Morisons! several of whom are now upon the table, and there

Andover. S.P.

are more in the pot - all of the same flavour. But to proceed in my journey, for my gray-goose quite is so erratic that I fear I shall never get home. Well I stopped and dined at Milford but I could not find thee, who wouldst have much delighted mine eyes! Pray tell me of your whereabouts that I may find you if I "gang that gate again." Since then I have been to Concord. I was about to go to Billerica but they wish to retain Mr Abbott, if I had no objections, and though I shall be without preaching a Sabbath or so, no doubt - still I am glad I did not go, for I like they will settle him, though he told me how much they liked you. I know not where I shall go next Sunday, but trust to find some place, if not, why I can sit and listen, and it is better to be an "improfitable hearer of the word" than an improfitable Speaker thereof.

Do you know that poor Charley Brooks is sick! He could only preach one out of the expected three Sabbaths at Newport! He is afflicted with a pulmonary disease, which Mrs Gannet who has seen him thinks is quite alarming! He is now

at his Father, poor man, how I pity him! What can we do to comfort him!

I am writing in your Room. I sometimes come over to the old place, but oh how changed it is! The old familiar faces are here no more: every thing looks cold, foreign, repulsive, even the Students seem to say "you are with us, not of us." Here is no classmate, none to converse with. I am driven about, uncertain when I shall be a week before hand; studies are interrupted, sleep broken up, and cheerfulness quite cast out of the balance. I laugh sometimes but it is only a spasmodic action of the risibles, not a natural play of the kind muscles.

I think the perils of candidating are as great for the Spiritual part of us, as for the intellectual, or the social. We have all peculiar associations with certain places, or at least with certain times, or at any rate with certain States, such as silence and quiet, and when these are put away, there is a great gulf to be filled up, or overleaped! — To do either requires a stout will, yet to do neither is to be spiritually dead. Thus, my dear Samuel, are we

Andrews. S. P.

least with Dangers behind and before. Let us pray that the Lord will deliver us out of them all!

The result of a few years spent in this predatory life of a minister must be hideous! I look upon Peal Dabney as the beau-ideal of the result of candidating! All nature is symbolical, and it is the duty of Genius to explain symbols, but it requires no genius to tell what "he" is the symbol of. "Yes may read that yourself." I trust none of us will ever be like him however, if we candidate it a thousand years.

Livermore is to supply at Dr Channing's this month, then Mr Miles during the whole of November. Mr Greenwood is quite sick, you know, and so James Clarke is preaching for him. There are these two Boston Pulpits to be supplied this winter. I suggested to Mr Ware that they should get Mr Sullivan at one place and Mr Sargeant at the other. You know Wm Ware has left New-York. Ellis is cruising in those latitudes and will probably put in there. I do not know that I have any more new things to write, but I have many old things to say, which the pen can only coldly express.

Andrews. S. P.

See letter of Oct 20. /36 page 342.

You know how vast is the difference between the paper and the tongue. Bellows had a letter from W. S. a few days ago, he was doing finely! was full of hope as a bird of promise should be when the sky is bright. I hope you find an attentive and religious people, if so how delightful your task! well we are all in a great and glorious work, and may the Lord give us all strength in the inner man. Believe me your Brother in Christ Jesus

S. P.

To the Same. Barnstable Mass.

C

Boston 13 Dec. 1836

You see my Dear Samuel how large a sheet I have taken so you may make up your mind to puzzle over a long letter. Even now, I look down to Barnstable, the very citadel of Cape Cod, and there I espy thee my old friend. "Come let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still." But you will elude my bodily grasp; I am

Andrews. S.P.

resolved that you shall not escape from the clutches of my Letters! The Mail is a great monster whose thousand arms extend all over the Land, and he who dwelleth in Dan, can send Letters missive to him that sojourneth in Beersheba, and can catch the man who has gone to the Ends of the Earth. Now I intend to open my flood gate of words, and let out a deluge of questions upon you, if you are not suffocated thereby. I shall expect ere long to see a Dove leaving up the Olive which you will send me as the Sign that all is well.

How do you like the good people of the "house you Lie in"! The grave Timothy, and the pungent Mr Drew! Methinks I see them now - they sit around the glowing Stove! the Smoke of Baccy curls above their heads; dim, in the blue vapour their noses shine, like the watch fire of Dalgarno, or the Lighthouse of Sandy neck! The tales of other times are told, the hallowed recollections of distant days appear. The Spectacles of Timothy bestride his nose astrew! slowly and reverably speaks the sage, at each thought he pauses thrice, then slowly fall his words

Andrews. S. P.

I almost envy you a session of smoking, and exclaim, How, How Foes fumeus! (fumeus!) but now I suppose you are "a bottle in the smoke." But my Deluge of questions has carried me away "as "enwrapt in its foam", and I forget my questions. So to return.— Whom have you become "acquent with"? Who has called to see you? Where have you been? How do you like to preach in the Court-house? Are not the good folk very attentive? Do you not find that they need a minister? Aye that they deserve one too? Are they not a frank noble hearted, generous and primitive people? (I hope the substance will not be lost in the attributes I fasten upon them.) Do you find any whom you can converse with religiously, or is all the "talk, ever of Bullocks," as the Pseudo wise man says? How do you spend the time of the day, admitting that the day begins at IX A. M.(!) what do you read? what do you write (besides long letters to me which I command you to do) what are the Subjects of your Sermons? Do you change your style of writing &c, since you have

Andrews. S. P.

left the School!

Now let me stop asking questions about yourself that I may say some little about myself, supposing that you love to hear of my whereabouts, and my what-abouts. I have had a most delightful time at Salem, as you may suppose, when you consider what a pleasant family was all around me, and that William was there also, and there were books, and leisure and friends, for outward matters; and for inward comforters, there was a conscience not unusually clamorous about omissions, or commissions, a good many desires satisfying themselves, and others that were only contented, which will never be satisfied. (I trust that our loftiest Powers never explain with the Poet, Eheu! jam satis!) Upon the whole I was as happy at Salem as Adam was, before he was turned out of Paradise, nay I ween that I was much happier, for the mad wight knew nothing about virtue, the man was never in a higher state than mere innocence, which lieth many leagues below the high table-land of duty and self denial! Soon as he was met by Eve who introduced him to Evil, he shook hands as if right

glad to see an old friend, which an innocent man may do, but a virtuous man never will. Virtue alone can keep innocence sweet.

But whither am I wandering! only to the garden of Eden but one word more, and I will return to Salem. (I hope there never was any antithesis between these two places!) woman is often abused by modern writings, because good Mother Eve did not throw the apple in the Serpent's face, instead of being wheedled into eating it; but if it had been offered to her precious spouse, he would not have stood there shall-I-shall-I ing, but would merely have said, "Apples indeed, so early,! thanks ye Mister Snake"! and would have eaten it without thinking of conscience! Now the sons of this biped prigue themselves upon being Men, not women! I wish the Codex were here to cap that latter sentence, it would then be perfect; only I envy it!

Kings say they reign by divine right, and impiously stamp Rex, Dei gratia upon innocent copper, but woman is the only Monarch that can justly use these words, and she may, "I am a

Anderson. S. P.

woman, by the grace of God". She alone rules by divine right.

Now let me pull on my seven-league boots, step over to the Codey &c; he is to preach at Bridgewater, as a candidate, I wish he might soon find a place for the Soul of his foot. for now he is marvellously like that worthy who goes "seeking rest and finding none". I hope he will finish the verse. William preached at Lexington last Sunday; they think of settling "Barzillai" at Concord, though some dislike him. I hope they will fix him there! Everett has gone to Northfield, for a time. I expect a letter from Salem setting forth what I am to do, so shall leave the letter open and tell you by & by. Give my respects to Mrs Whitman, Mrs R, B, & D, and to all others generally. I have found no letter so I must get you to direct to Boston, care of J. L. & G. D. Cabot, and then I shall receive your favour wherever I am. Bartol is to preach for Dr L. a month longer. I hope you are labouring as pleasantly as I doubt not you are prosperously. Believe me ever your affect. Christian Brother. Geo.

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Barnstable. Mass.

Boston 3d Jan 1837.

My dear Sam,

This is the first letter I have written in 1837. (I am sorry to have made such an Irishism, as to call a letter written, when it is just begun, so I will make another, by adding that the first clause of this letter is the latter end.) I should have answered your kind and interesting letter before, but various causes prevented, such as my own laziness; some would say the infirmity of the flesh, it was rather the firmness of the Material for it resisted the Spiritual, and that most stoutly. First a few words about you, and the good people at Barnstable, then more about various matters in this region, and finally about Self.

I I am glad you are associated with that happy fraternity of Smokers, and can sympathise with them. But touching the "treatise of smoking" you advise me of, I fear it will be behind the times, for Tobacco is getting out of favour in the world! The Orthodox write tracts against it, Agriculturalists call it a vile weed, Physicians blast it,

dress. S. P.

Divines blow it up, and the Germans,— the Ultima Thule of smoking are giving it up as a vile Monster, worse than all the "Shapes of Coil" that gather "all round about" the Brethren! Still if ever your contemplated "Morality of Tobacco" sees the light, I will write a critique upon it, in the North American and puff it Sky-high! Sky-high!! I will prove that all the ancients used it, to "smoke, snuff and chew", and that it was known to the Egyptians, the Brahmins and the Jews, nay that Moses led his nation out of Egypt by walking before them with a long pipe in his mouth, "a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night"! This is not half, but enough.—

I wish I could have been at the dedication of your new Church, pray write me all about it. What did you preach about the next day! How do the Jews sell! How do you like the new house! Do you not like the good people of Barnstable, and are they not just what I told you they were! I trust that you will stay with them some time. I feel as if I could stretch out my hand to you, now, as you are sitting in the Room which I used to occupy, and pouring over the very table!

II Frost has had a call at Concord, not unanimous, though he does not kindle much enthusiasm amongst the people. Of course he will accept, so down go my ancient hopes, you know, but let them go. There are other places for you and me. The Codey is at Bridgewater, Brooks went to Newport, last Sunday. Austin is sick; that vile Scrofula troubles him, Sibley suspects his desk. Silsbee preached at Salem last Sunday next, he will perhaps supply Mr Putnam's desk for the rest of the month, Mr P's eyes are weak. Bowen! Tutor Bowen!! has written a Piece in the Examiner upon —— what think you!, why upon —— Emerson's Nature! T-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s. Pelion upon Ossa is bad; Jew upon Bacon, but Bowen upon Nature! caps the climax! He has given Transcendentalism "sick a lick"; that it is almost dead. Kant, Fichte and Schelling appeared to me in a vision of the night and deplored their sad estate. Transcendentalism is "clean gone" said Kant. "verdammt" said Fichte. "what shall we do"! exclaimed Schelling! They could not be appeased until I promised to get the old Praises, and Paddy Canon, and Mr Norton,

Endorsed. L. P.

to write a counter ~~counter~~ critique in the daily Polyglott. They will portably say some mild sayings about this poor afflicted Philosophy, or else, — it is all up. "Actum de te." may be written upon it! The Dean has an Article in the North American in which he attempts to prove that the "Yankees never made wooden Nutmegs". 1. he says they could not be made in a Lathe, and to make them with a penknife would be expensive. 2. No wood, or bark looks like the Nut meg and 3, the spice has a flavour which wood has not!

The Dean made quite a portable case of it! The whole argument however reminds me of the remark of a Scotch critic who, when his nation were called "Yorgs" declared it was impossible, for Yorgs had four legs, and Scotchmen only two!

Ellis preaches at Dr Channing's all this month, he is very — and justly — popular: Dwight says his sermons are very good! III. I am to preach at Mr Greenwood's a few Sundays. I know not how long. I dreaded it hugely, for all the Jacksons and Cabots were there! But it's all over now. I have time for study, writing, and quiet thought.

I trust you will excuse all the very queer things in this Letter. Give my respects to all who inquire for me, and

to Mess. Whitman, Messrs R., B. & D even if they do not.
Accept my best Love and affection, and believe me ever
Your Christian Brother. ———

P.S. I scolded Wm S. as per order; tell Mr D. I am
obliged for his favour and shall reply soon.

To the Same. Cambridge Mass.

Greenfield 15 Feb. 37.

If I were to see you my dear Samuel, I should expect a
serious scolding which I am conscious of meriting most richly,
but I must cast myself upon your forbearance as William
does upon all his correspondents, so I throw myself entirely at
your mercy willing to endure any sentence you see fit to
impose upon me. Yet am I not without excuse (and that
of the soundest) for my not writing, for know you, that
I have had a most serious cold, and violent headache
binding me to my room — if not to my bed — under which
circumstances scarcely could I have written my name,
(legibly that is.) much less a letter to Sam. But I

Andrews. L. P.

will have done with expenses, knowing that they—(like unsavoury salt) are absolutely fit for nothing.

This is a beautiful place (speaking of the Village), its natural situation delightful, the Connecticut on one side, a beautiful little Stream called "Green River", on the other, high hills, romantic prospects, and beautiful forests on all sides. The village is somewhat scrambling in its appearance, and yet there is order in the arrangement of the houses. We meet in a vile old Court-House, which is certainly the worst place I ever spoke in: that bad eminence "the Chapel", not excepted. I should as lief preach in a Mumming-pit, and then the people are hawking and spitting most obstreperously; in prayer, Hymn and sermon, it is all the same. But all this apart, they are a noble people; they make sacrifices for existence, and their hearts are warmed by the flame of their sacrifice and they are not only made more happy, but in some degree blessed thereby. I am almost sorry they let Mr. go away, he can live without their salary, and would be willing even so to do, and they cannot pay above £500, or 600. This is the only reason which could justify their keeping such a wild man, and they who are the

most concerned can best decide upon this point, so I will leave it.

Who shall come here after I go away! Between you and me, I do not believe they like me very well: I do not know why I think so, but one has a sort of instinct which leads to such conclusions. I have preached what I call my least bad sermons — poor enough no doubt they were — I feel it to be so — yet others have sometimes condescended to like them, and even have been moved thereby, so why they should fail most notably at Greenfield I cannot readily conceive. Sometimes Samuel, I fear lest I have missed it capitally in becoming a Minister, that as a Lawyer or in other departments of thought and action, I might have been more useful, and at the same time free from a certain restraining bond — (invisible, but strong as Fate) which convention has tied up every minister withal. I do not even think of deserting a ministry which would dignify angels and has been honoured by the Son of God himself, no I never think of that, for I deem it writ down in my duty to preach the Gospel come of it what will, and although some of my dearest expectations have already been disappointed, still I shall "bear up and steer, with upright wing, "right onward, nor bate one jot of heart, nor hope."

Endorsed. I. P.

Yet sometimes the thought comes mightily upon me "Thou hast mistaken thy calling"! Yet think I still there is no employment so noble on the Earth, as the faithful attempt to give a loftier action to humanity, to make men unfold the natures God has given them, and to lead them to be whole men, with no part wanting, and not merely miserable halves and quarters of men, as they mostly are, cultivating only a part, and that the meanest part of their natures. It sometimes makes my heart bleed, to think of the men whom the world calls "happy" & "great" but whom I call miserable and little, so much so as never to have suspected their misery and littleness. Now if I could remove this frightful state of things and show men wherein true Strength lies, and divert them from bubble-hunting all their days, then gladly would I labour, spending and being spent. But when I consider how vast are the obstacles to be removed, how deeply rooted is the evil, how strongly supported by men's most active principles, and how hotly it is encouraged by the force of the senses, and the wild intoxication of Gold and Ambition, and that to all this I can only oppose the foolishness of

preaching" rendered still more "foolish" by the fool-ishness of the preacher himself- by his consciousness of ignorance, of sinfulness and of weakness, I think the attempt almost a mad one. It is attempting to beat down Gibraltar by throwing figs at it. Now it is mathematically demonstrable, that the Rock might be beat down by throwing figs - for a force infinitely small, when put forth for an infinite time, will overturn any finite obstacle be it never so big.— But who would attempt such a work! One sole thing encourages me, to wit, I know that One who keeps God's "Law of the Spirit of Life" and puts forth his might, manfully, in obedience thereto, be his might never so little - be it less than mine even - he has for his friend and ally and Co-worker, the entire Almightiness and perfect Divine of God - as much as he who obeys the Laws of matter brings the whole weight of the Earth to bear upon his wheel or his lever — and in such a cause, with Such a coadjutor it is nother to be conquered, dragged at the wheels of the enemy - yea trodden to dust by his followers who shout

Andrews. S. P.

aloud Great is Mammon of the Yankees! — than to engage in any other warfare. Therefore shall I go on, consequences I have nothing to do with: they belong to God, he will take care of all consequences: to me belongs only duty; come what will come, I shall do it. My oracle says preach — and be it eloquently and with power, it is what I have desired: be it slenderly and meanly, it is what I could attain unto. All that I have, give I to the one cause; be it little or much. A man's success is indeed to be proportioned to the strength of the forces he brings into the field — but his merit, and therefore his reward is only in the degree of his use thereof. I have only time to say, write soon, & Good bye, my friend & Brother.

Theo.

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Hubbardston. Mass.

Salem, Thursday March 16. 1837.

My dear Samuel,

I received your kind and most welcome epistle today, and since I have plenty of time, and you are in "the solitary place," I will reply now. Some people love inns, I prefer them to outs, but let me not spend my days therein. Consider Sam, you are pretty well off, to find a carpeted and curtained apartment, away there at the end of the world. I know how the people feel in such a place, they always wish to see the Minis-ter, still they will not come to see him, I do not know why; now the best way to do in such a case, is to get some one, the Deacon perhaps to go with you and show you all the men and women, and little ones, without this they will say you are proud, and "feel above "country folks", or that you are an hireling and not the Shepherd. I know how it is and have sometimes suffered thereby. I am glad you have a large con-gregation; how inspiring it is to preach to such. Is it not noble to think that you are speaking to

Andrews. S. P.

immortal Men, upon the most interesting and important subjects! what more proper to stir up one's heart, to kindle the noblest enthusiasm, and excite to eloquence! Touching the preaching at Salem the 2d Sunday of April, I will do all my possible, and doubt not an arrangement can be made to the desired effect. I will speak to the sublime functionary, the next time I see him. Do you know that one of your Salem men has written a Book! Mr Hawthorne has sent forth one with the title of "twice told tales," you have already some of them in the Salem Gazette I trust. Don't you remember the "Rill from the Town-Pump"! With regard to your suggestion upon my figurative language, I have no doubt the remark is just and will attempt to mend. I never thought before that my sermons had any figures; they come unlooked for, if they come at all: I cannot help writing in them, they are natural to me as breath. Very likely some one would think it was all get-up-ism, and so accuse me of coldness and vanity. I should be tempted to hit a man that thought I was c-o-l-d. I know some

men do not like figures; I recollect a curious instance of dislike to them: I once preached a Sermon in the morning somewhat figurative, and noticed one man who seemed to have taken some little dislike at the matter, or the manner, or the man, or all: he paid devout attention, though sometimes he seemed to attempt to avoid it but I noticed at every figure — or elaborate sentence he turned up his nose almost to his forehead!

In the afternoon the old fellow was still there, and as the Sermon was argumentative, and not figurative he listened with earnest attention, and I did not see his nose curl once. I never shall forget him! With respect to your preaching, you thin-skinned man, I could not tell you a fault. I do not know of any, only I suspect you are not quite so animated as "country-folks" would wish you to be. I hate that out-sideness of manner, that false earnestness of Seiders, but — there is a medium, as Mr Ware says. The only fault I know in your character — now take up the Poker to knock me down — is a too great modesty, a shrinking sensibility, a terrible fault, truly I am!!

Endorsed. L. P.

I have no doubt you will be hanged for it, on a gallows high as Haman's!!!

With regard to my marriage and the "happy day" thereof, I can only say that probably matters will be brought to a crisis about the 20th of next month; with regard to my feelings upon approaching that moment, you may imagine them. They are not homogeneous, but of a widely different and various character. Sometimes the Fear predominates, but Hope usually rules the Balance. I look to matrimony as the completion of man; one cannot be a whole man until married, but a pitiful fraction thereof, merely, a manikin. I look forward to Marriage with Reverence, and with something of the feeling of the Sailor who after many a keen encounter with the Storm and Deep, sees the light-house and the harbour before him.

I promise myself much happiness; How soon all my hopes will be destroyed, no one can say. From the character, (both of mind and heart,) of Miss C, I have every thing to hope and nothing to fear; still a thousand afflictions may befall, but we both know that

no evil ever comes upon us except for our advantage, so we hope and "bear up". I hope it will not be long before I shall congratulate you upon an achievement of this sort; what think you! would it not be the one thing needful for you! I hope you have recovered from your dejection.

ever yours S.

To the Same. Barnstable.

C

Boston 23 April — 37.

My dear Sam,

Perhaps you have already been apprised of the fact which I intend to place at the head of this Sheet to wit, that on last Thursday Lydia and I were duly wedded, the ceremony taking place in the Church as intended before-hand. We took a little journey for pleasure's sake and are now cleverly settled down in Boston, where we shall stay until settled positively and permanently, I trust. We are both as happy as we expected; nay more, our Real outgoes

Andrews. I. P.

our Ideal. (an event not often occurring.) Though we are but Bride and Bridegroom of 2 days standing, I trust we know some little – by means of prophetic hearts (for Love is the Prophecy "of young hearts," no less than their "Religion") – of the ways of wedlock which we are to tread our life-time long. Well we found the anticipation thereof sufficiently delightful to keep us in a tranquilly-ecstatic existence for well-nigh 4 years, and now when the Ideal – fair as it hath ever been – is made the actual, losing none of its loveliness thereby, but gaining the rather a divine effulgence in the transformation shall we not have a fair prospect of blessedness within us? Well, to leave speaking of these matters, what are you doing among those pleasant good-folks at Barnstable! I know you too well not to know that you are doing them good, much good: not only on Sundays, but upon all the days of the week. Do you ever look in upon the Sunday School to edify the little ones, and to please the Deacon? I saw that worthy today at Boston by the merest chance in the world, and he will hand you this note. He has not yet forgotten his catch-word, "exactly"! You write

me that you go to the Hill! I fear me, it will prove the Mountain of Temptation to you, and may it be the "delectable Mountain" none the less. Stark I have to write another Ballad about the "Ritter" Sam. and the "Ladye" Helen! They will chime well in a ballad, and the Ladye Helen is really a fine creature. She has a large heart — you will find swimming-room in it. Unless I misjudge her most grossly she has a great quantity of Being. I suppose you can measure Being by "the "guage": if not take my formula therefor, viz the capacity multiplied by the activity = quantity of Being. Therein is a great mystery, for if either be small, and the other large, the quantity may still be respectable, one factor atoning for the smallness of the other. But if either be wanting (i e if one of the factors be 0-) the result is nothing. So capacity never so great, without activity is "null and void", and a man of activity and no capacity, is all action and no go, always beating the bush but never starting the Bird. How many busy-bodies of this denomination do we find!

I have been so full of Matrimony (my fen

Andrews. S. P.

is a goose—quill so you will excuse it for wandering—reminding yourself of the song. "Goosey, Goosey-Gander"; and that Mrs Drew has been clean banished from my mind ever since I saw you. Have you heard any thing farther of the wight! I will call today to make amends for past neglect. I wrote William yesterday tho' I have received no new letter from the rogue, and he is largely indebted in my books, but he is always in arrear, never paying, at least, above 50 per cent, and hardly that, yet "his paper" is still "good," and his "custom" sought.——— because he pays the 50 per cent in Sterling Metal. I hope your presentiment may be a real fore-splendor of a coming event. How clever it would be if we three were to be settled all in a bunch, at least within hail! what an association we would make by ourselves, how often would we meet, to gird one another's souls, re-call the olds, and create the new! How much Life, could our Spirit pour into one another, for our Spirits, similar in unlikeness, and would be Sun, Earth and Dew to the true heaven-set plant of Divinity. But this is too good for Hope. And yet the Best is the most common, the most permanent, if it be not infinite, and so an im-

Andrews. S. P.

-mortal Emanation from the Supreme. We not ask good things permanent, fixed as Fate, while only the Bad is transitory and evanescent. The Tree of Life still stands in Paradise though Adam and Eve be cast out, and Cain murders Abel. So sometimes I console my Spirit, when I deem that all my present felicity may in a moment turn into Dust, bitter Dust, or at least vanish like the momentary Rainbow. So indeed it may be. Sad presentiments sometimes spread their shadows over my path, but I know that two Souls made One by Love, and Realizing that union can laugh at Time and Space and live united on forever. Besides, Death is only a kind angel with severe countenance who comes to Us, though with sighs and tears.

I wish you all felicity in your Labours, and your delec-tations, on the Mount of Temptation, or any other Mount. Give my regards to all, you know whom in especial.

I have no news for you but only the Old which is better, and since it has been proved needeth no excuse.

Believe me your true friend and Brother.

Theodore.

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Barnstable Mass. Ms

May 2d Boston. 1837.

My dear Sam,

Or letter shall I not say dear Benedict! as you addressed me, after I really deserved the name, for am not I Bene-dictus when married! I take it that Bachelors are so called by irony,—and that of the intensest—for is not the Bach—especially when old & confirmed in his iniquity—Male dict, and not the reverse! St Paul, says, a deacon should be "the husband of one wife", and if this of a Deacon, how much more of a Bishop! Really my dear Sam, I was very much delighted with your letter, and when I say I, my better-half-(alas how much the better!) is of course included, for there is to be no two-ness any longer, and "they are no longer twain". But of this I need say nothing, as she herself will better express it. I confess my sin in permitting another to tell you of my felicity instead of saying it myself, but we did not fix determinately upon the moment,—nor even the week,—until you had gone to Barnstable and then there was no time to think much less to write

even to you, who are written in capitals at the head of my correspondents. You cannot suspect that I am not grateful — age very, very very grateful for all the exuberance of happiness which is poured out upon me, for you know me too well.

You need not suppose that you have lost an old friend by this change, but have gained a new one rather. But enough of this, — I wish that you and all my good friends were as happy in seeing and feeling themselves enshrined in a fellow-heart, as I am!

What is there new at Barnstable? Nothing I suppose, bating the daily rising and setting of the Sun, and the changes of the tide. What do they talk about there? The hard times? Here they speak of little besides. Men gather together by twos and threes in the Streets. (grouping as they say at Cam.) all talking of the hard times, telling who has failed, who will fail, who not. All business is at a stand, but the Barber's. The poor Soul has a double duty to perform — for the old compensation alone, for men's faces are twice as

Andrews. S. P.

long as formerly, and therefore need twice as much shaving while only a four-pence is paid therefor. I wonder they do not "strike" for higher wages; I dare not submit my neck unto the worthies lest they should strike me, albeit my face is one of the shortest at all times, and not at all elongated now. But all laughing let alone, this distress among the merchants is something real, and sad too. Men of 60, who were ready to retire on a handsome independence last Autumn are now penny-less: they must begin life anew at that age!

It is training day— Men are marching this way and that ——————— "all the while"

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds":

drums a beating—colours flying—and no little stamping and shouting (that of the boys, mainly) to say nothing of the words of command so awfully uttered by men

"Dress'd in a little brief authority;"
x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x
"Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,"
"As make the angels weep:" ———————

Only think of it! they warned me! to appear "armed

Andrews. S. P.

"and equipped as Law directs". forgetting that we fight "not with carnal weapons". We made light of the "warrant" in spite of the Law, "in such cases made and provided", - for we made it into Lamp lighters! + + I went out to Waltham and preached one Sunday, and last Sunday went to Spring Street, as requested. There were about 100 present.! We like the appearance of things very well. I shall go next Sunday also, and I trust shall settle there, small as it is. If I cannot preach to many, I can study at home, and accomplish many schemes which lie near my heart. It will not be far from Cambridge, nor from Boston. I wish that you and William could be near me: then we could meet together once a week or so, for it our hearts and souls and bodies, by pleasant talk; I hope this is not too good to be true. You have a presentiment, to that effect. Heaven send it may be a true one. Then how much we could assist one another in catching the "old enemy", chaining the Monster, "putting him to an open shame", and then chaining him in darkness forever!

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Salem. Mass.

c

West Roxbury 23. Aug. 1837.

My dear Sam.

I have just received yours of the 15th, which I should have enjoyed some days ago but it was sent to Jamaica Plains, and there went on "its winding way" till it reached me at last. Please send for the future to West Roxbury. Do you know how long it is since I heard a word of you, whereabouts or whatabouts! not a single word; I called at your new room at "Old Cam. "bridge", but there was no sound. I saw Ellis. He knew nothing about you, so I concluded you must be defunct – if Ellis could not trace you as he knows all things living on the Earth, though I sometimes opine that the sage's wisdom never extends "above the sublunary". Why have you not written before? I am so used to saying this to that unsurpassed knight of a Silsbee, that it comes natural.

Apropos of Silsbee, I had a letter yesterday from that blazing star. For he is literally a comet, at this present. It was dated at Cincinnati

Andrews. S. P.

– in the house of his beloved – adored I should say – and began in the night Curles vain I assure you. Then in comes the Lady fair – and the Pen drops. It was continued – with a pencil – in the steam – boat, inspired one would suppose by the Sound of the machinery. For the poor fellow had left all his Spirits in Cincinnati. It was ended in Louisville! He has not got rid of his old habit of procrastination – for the letter was 8 days in the writing! His Luciferian Spirit is by no means extinct, but blazes away like a volcano. I do not know how the poor creature will ever get home – unless he walks all the way – for they do not take Inflammable matter in the steamboats or cars. I greatly fear the rogue will undergo spontaneous combustion! If I should see him I should counsel dipping in ice – water at least twice a day. I suppose he preaches as he gets, taking texts out of the Canticles – probably from the Chap I Verse 2. and beginning of 8th. He does not intend returning till the middle of September! He had to "get out" the last

Andrews. S. P.

monster of the Messenger, which I suppose he treated as he used to the Interpreter! How I should like to see him in contact with the Broadness of the west. He enquired for you and called for more copy in the shape of a letter. Now let us lease him. As to going to Barnstable, I will go in the beginning of any week you will name, what say you to a walk thither? I should like to return by Sunday. I meant to have gone this week but there was no Sam. to go with me. Next week is commencement, when we shall wish to hear Mr Emerson's oration. Write me if you will go then, or at what time. I shall not be at Cambridge on commencement day, but the day after. I want you to come and stay with us a good long time, say a week, making yourself free and easy as if at home, that you may see how we live, and what it is to be married and settled - as you must be soon! Cant you come before commencement? If not then come after.

I shall not preach at home next Sunday but shall the Sabbath after. I have a great many things to say to you - but now I am in great haste, and can only

Andrews. S. P.

tells you that I had a very queer letter from Choate relating to Miss Emma Bacon — which I want to show you.

Ever yours — T.

To the Same. Cambridge. Mass —

West Roxbury, 30 Oct. 1837.

My dear Sam,

You do not know how much we were all provoked with you, because you wrote a letter so enigmatical, setting forth that you were engaged — but only in the eyes of others — not at all in those of the parties concerned. I looked into the letter so as to see the paragraph announcing the engagement, then summoned (most joggally) brilliana etc. to my Studium to listen to the reading thereof, when behold the glad tidings was contradicted.

Still were we in doubt as to the real fact, yet I hope if not now, you soon will be engaged.

Andrews. S. P.

It is the only thing that can save you. I doubt not if Paul were alive, and you should ask him what shall I do, to be saved? He would say "take a wife." Do not the Bells (not merely the Belles) whenever they ring – say, "take a wife"; "take a wife"? Dr Jackson prescribes a wife to Brother Bartol – so he would to you if he knew your case. But to leave this.

Pray tell me where you are? – where you intend to be this winter! Why don't you go to the west with William? That rogue is going, all my injunctions to the contrary notwithstanding – Were you to go with him – perhaps you would return with two hearts beating in your bosom. This is all that keeps a man from being one sided. Pray try it. Do you know you have not been to see me, this many a day? Prithee give me a visit once in a while, that too a long one. There is a stage passing our house about VIII every morning, which returns at V. leaving a tavern in Washington Street Boston – opposite the Boylston Market, at 1/2 past four perhaps. Come over and see us.

I was at Cambridge the other day, at your room.

Andrews. S. P.

found no Sam. Took two of W's books, one Cuschins, the other Syriack Chrestomathy. Pray take out all his oriental Books for me. Do not let him take them to Salem for I want them this winter, and he will not. Have you seen the life of Charles Lamb, and his letters? Pr'thee read them. I wish to do so, and also the French Revolution by Carlyle.

Pray write me soon. all things which interest you, but come over and see me, which is far better.

I have no more time, to spare even for you just now — so good bye.

Your old friend & Brother

S.

To the Same. Salem. May c

West Roxbury Nov 29. 1837.

My dear Sam,

I received your letter in which you scold me for not writing to you when you are in

Andover. L. P.

my debt: of not writing you when I do not know where to find you, and when in a word I have been to your room in Cambridge 3 times since I have seen you. But of all this you were ignorant else you would not scold for not doing my part. I might perhaps retaliate and charge you with remissness, but I never scold, so you shall escape this time. You do not know how much I wish to see you. You have kept yourself dark this great while. Why is it? You say you find little or nothing to do. I am sorry, but I think you and the "Codey" will be obliged to go off to the far West, in quest of preaching — seeking whom you may devour. If you do "Step westward". I hope you will be as successful in all regards as William who seems to have stumbled upon very good fortune. I say stumbled — for he never looked for such good fortune, which bids fair to be the best fortune for him. I think the "great west" must be a capital place to catch wives in. If a common Turkey weighs 50 pounds in Ohio, and costs 25 cents, what must not be the attractions, and dressings of a wife!

Andrews. S. P.

They must be really cheaper as weeds in the ditch of Damascus, — had for the gathering. Pray go thither and get an angel to help you out of the Slough of despond. Bartol has "done the thing." Dr. Jackson said, "All B. wants is a wife." I told B. of it. He said he should not like to take a wife as a Dog. But he has and doubtless it will "work both ways," and cure him now what is "sauce for the goose" — you know the rest. If a wife cures B. what will it not do for Sam. whose case is so much less desperate.

I have a letter for you of 4 Sheets, which I will leave at Cambridge. I will gladly make the exchange of Books you speak of —

Yours truly

—

Andrews. S. P.

Mr Saml P Andrews
To the Same. Cambridge. Mass.

West Roxbury 12 Dec. /37.

My dear Sam.

I suppose you are at the old place, so I direct thither, and since it is so near at hand, I dare not draw a long bow, lest I should be prostrated by the recoil. In other words you are too near at hand for a long letter, and too far off for a long talk. Why do you keep yourself in just such a place! Stay in Cambridge! why the den of the seven sleepers was a lively place in comparison therewith: and the closest corner in Limbo free in the comparison. Come over to Roxbury and see me—why do you not! Here I am Solus.

"A Spirit who dwelt alone,
In the land of mist and snow."

alone—for who is here—wife always an exception—to speak to, or think with. In the land of mist, for my thoughts (few and far between) are of this complexion, nay not like a mist exactly—as like perhaps as a weasel to a whale, for which see Polonius—but rather like a Newfoundland fog.

in which loads of Hay get stuck — so thick withal; and snow; the clouds have been pouring down this long time, and now the trees in generous rivalry are doing the same. "Jam satis terris nivis," etc. say I. Get by means of this very "white water", I intend — volente equo, (do not read volante, for my Pegasus is dead, and my horse creps.) to transfer myself to Boston this very afternoon, to attend a meeting of Ministers at Dr Channing's.

How scurvily those vile Boobies — (I love to give the right name awhile, albeit Charity holds up the long finger.) have used the Dr not granting the use of the Hall, old Faneuil. The "cradle of liberty" they call it, I suppose. But at last the Dr hath his way.

How the old ones talk whenever "any new thing" is proclaimed, they think the world is to be pulled about their ears. So they cry out upon the man, "a setter forth of strange things." "Art thou" say they "greater than our father Jacob, who gave us this well"? Thus goes it with man, now, as of old time. Get some of the wise (in their own conceit hopefully wise says Solomon) say "the Dr & Party," have no new truths to offer — all

Andrews. S. P.

the world knows them from its childhood. So every body sins "to slay and kill" a man for saying what this same "every body" believes, and wishes to have said. Strange things these. New things too.

You stated old fellow in that little bit of paper which you call a letter (so called because <u>without</u> letters - as <u>Students</u> a non studendo) that you detected something in my bearing which argued that there was unhappiness - at least discontent of some sort in the wind. Your peepers must be acutes — as doubtless they are, but as to the cause of that discontent - for I admit its existence in a greater extent than you (possibly,) imagine, but of the cause, <u>not a word</u>. I Let me now tell you, I <u>shall not</u> - not even to you. You may think I talk lightly - so I do now, but these are times when I feel heavily. But such matters troublous as they are, are doubtless meant for my good. I always knew I had trouble enough in store, but never thought it would come in the present shape. But enough of this.

My best regards you always have; pray write me a long, long, letter, and that soon. Wife sends best regards. Love about.

Rev^d Sam^l P. Andrews.

Andrews. S. P. To the Same. Boston

West Roxbury. Dec. 23. 1837.

My dear Sam,

This is the third letter which I have begun to write, or finished to say that I think you had better not come to preach for me Sunday P. M. These are the reasons for a request so strange — and opposite to my yesterday's entreaty. My wife's brother will come here from New York, perhaps tonight and will pass Sunday with us. They have not seen one another since their brother's death — which was attended with some peculiar circumstances which will render the meeting painful, and doubly so if a third person is present. Therefore I wish you would get Warland or some other to come and preach in the afternoon; our Services begin at 1/4 past II. If had better come and dine with us, we shall dine about XII. You know how much pleasure it would give me to have you preach for me, and stay a long time with me, under other circumstances, and will believe me none the less

Endorsed. L. P.

your Brother for this strange request.

L.

To the Same. Cambridge. Mass.

West Roxbury 3d April. 1838.

My dear Sam,

Where do you keep yourself I wonder, in these times, for I have not heard from you this age almost; Monday I called at your room, but no Sam even there. Heard you gone to vote for the Temperance or the Anti-temperance ticket. For ~~them~~ neither I presume for the former I hope. Where are you, what are you doing? where have you been all this winter? why have you not been over to see me? were I to see you I should ask questions of this nature, by the dozen at least.

Of course you have heard of the monstrous achievement of William! Think of it, the slow and cautious man engaged in 4 weeks acquaintance

married after this fashion giving us no notice of his malignant design, leaving us in ignorance until the newspapers brought the tidings! Oh it is monstrous. His course at the west has been a queer one. He went away in love with Miss B. Then I threw him into a most sad lament by stating certain facts not yet made public. (He was so far gone with Miss B. that I went with him once to see her, when he intended to "put the question". She was not at home, so he goes away somewhere and then writes asking if I will convey a very important letter to Miss H.) How soon he recovers from this shock, makes love to an "Elbrew Jew", a very jezebel no doubt, is only hindered from marrying her by his faith, (?) which could not remove mountains it seems. Then while we think he is going over to the Jews perhaps already a proselyte having taken the "burden" which Paul could not bear (I suppose she would have insisted upon his keeping the "fleshly ordinance.") we learn that the rogue is engaged to this creature. Next he comes here, in terrible trepidation, because there is a new obstacle in the way, what it was I

Andrews. L. P.

know not. Had the press been concerned I could have guessed. Then he goes back to the west to speak at Dayton, or Night-town, or some other outlandish place. But what follows! why he lays his head in the lap of this Delilah—and there it lies—lies, lies, lies—fast———the Newspaper tells us he is———married. Verily these are strange things under the Sun if no new ones.

I am glad he is tied. He is so shifting, that nothing short of the Matrimonial halter will hold him. How happy the wight must be. I never expect to see him again nor to hear from him. He will lose his place among real objects—henceforth his existence will be only phenomenal—if so good as that. I have no doubt that Charlotte and William will mutually absorb each other—as the Kilkenny cats did—so that nothing will be left. They will disappear from Time and Space. He had become so ethereal last autumn that the Sun took no notice of him. He cast no Shadow! He was always disembodied, but then he was the phenomenal

part of a Shade— a disembodied Shadow, a ghosts ghost. If he now walkes the Earth, I hope he will avoid high winds, for he might be blown against the walls of a new painted house, and stick there forever.

Pray write me soon, for you are almost as bad as he— perhaps you also are married, or on the way thither. I wish you would come over and see me and it.

Yours most truly

S.P.

P.S. Can you lend me, or sell me your copy of Horne, or Williams copy? I want one very much. If you could leave it at Munroe's I could get it any day.

Endorsed. S. P. To the Same. Salem. Mass.

West Roxbury 26 Jan. 39.

My dear Friend Samuel,

I doubt not you have complained many times of late, and of old that I have not written to you. You have perhaps accused me of coldness, forgetfulness of my friends, lover of books better than men, lover of self better than all things else beneath the moon or above it. I have made the same complaints of you and with a little reasonableness or truth. Not to file this letter with excuses that do not excuse I will only say that I have felt a general indifference to letter writing this whole winter, and had a particular reason for not writing to you — viz that I expected to come to Salem where I could see you, and speak those words of comfort, I hope, which the pen with so poorly expresses, even when the heart is fullest of sympathy. But now seeing no prospect of a speedy visit to Salem, I must use that awkward instrument a letter which has yet served us well, on other occasions.

Andrews. L. P.

The intelligence of your brother's decease came to me through the Register. I did not know he was sick - for you told me he was recovering, and this tidings struck me with the more surprize. "Whom the Gods love, die early," was a heathen remark, but I think it is true to a Christian. How few of us are there that are bound to the mortal by ties so strong we would not willingly see them severed at almost any time. Even those who relent a little at the thought of death are usually unwilling on their friends account - not on their own. Death is always a blessing to him who dies. The man ceases to be mortal. I cannot look on this change which takes place in the animal system - with that terror, wherewith some view it. To me it is a change which is always made for the better, an important change it is true. But it is no more to a man than the change from the infants "long-clothes" to the "frock and trowsers" of the boy. I understand there are why Sweden

Endeavt. L. P.

long found men in the other world who had forgotten all about their deaths, — in a word, did not remember they had ever died. Perhaps most men do not remember any thing about their change from "baby-clothes," to the boy's dress. Why need they think any more about death, or fear it any more? I have not forgotten all about my change of dress. I remember that I cried, and struggled most lustily, against the new dress, and when my legs were squeezed into their new envelopes, I was so ashamed that I went into the fields to hide myself. I doubt that I should complain half so much if Death were to come with the new suit, and tell me to lay aside my old rags, and put on the new clothes.

Are we not foolish in talking about preparing to die! our business is to live. He that is prepared to live, and fit to live is fittest to die, is he not! Wear well the one suit is to prepare well for the next. I am sometimes disturbed by the canting talk one hears about preparing to die.

I want to live, for the Soul never tells you or

me that we shall die. The senses die, and so death is an affair of the senses. Too sensual a matter for wise men to concern themselves much about.

I want to see you very much my dear old friend to feel the grasp of your warm hand, and to see your honest heart once more. You are often at Boston I doubt not, why cant you come out and see us? or at least be in Boston some Wednesday and let me know of it, and then I will call and see you. Write me right off, telling what you mean to do, and all about your affairs.

Do you hear from Silsbee, I have had no letter this great while.

Your old forgotten friend.

Andrews S.P. To Samuel P Andrews Esq. Salem M.S.

C

West Roxbury April 10 1839.

My dear Sam,

I wonder why you never let me see the light of your countenance. It would do good to my heart. But next to yourself your letters are agreeable. You write like a Lamb. I mean like one Charley who bore that innocent cognomen — But you differ from him in one essential, to wit he wrote many letters you few — Now if you had written me some time ago, about the result of my contemplated exchange with the "Seraphic Doctor" [Brazer]. I should have enjoyed all the luxury of a visit to Salem. But now Dyman Green has "caught me up" to exchange with him, next Sunday, and a death in our Parish disturbed my arrangements for the two preceding Sabbaths — so that I must be at home on the day I contemplated an exchange with Dr B. Therefore if you will have the goodness to assure him of that fact you will much oblige me. Furthermore, I should like

of all things, [nothing occurring to prevent] to exchange with that worthy on the last Sunday in May. Now if you will take the management of this mighty affair upon your two shoulders, and will proceed discreetly, and terminate the matter wisely, and report proceedings suddenly, I shall be your much obliged friend.

I had a letter, and package of newspapers from Ellis, the other day. We found Gantt with my hand-writing! if you will believe it. This shows how men are spoiled by going abroad. I advise you to stick at home, for E. is "clean gone"

Yours truly

T.

Andrews. J. P. To the Same. Salem. Mss.

West Roxbury April 18. 1839.

My dear Sam,

Excuse my taking half a sheet of paper to write to you upon. I dont take such liberties except with my friends, of whom Silsbee says "what is the use of having 'em if you cant do as you like with 'em!" I received yours, and am truly sorry that I cannot exchange with Dr B. next Sunday— I would do it, but have been absent two already, and am engaged the two first in May— the last in April is our communion. If it pleases Dr. B. we will exchange on the 4th Sunday in May. If he will name any place in Boston or Cambridge, where he will be on the Saturday night, (or the Sunday morning) previous to his preaching here— I will send for him, and convey him back on Sunday night, or the next morning. It is too bad to ask a man to hire a steed in the city, and ride out to preach to our "little flock". Please to communicate this to the Doctor.

Andrews. S. P.

You are a great scoundrel for showing him my letters. I shall hereafter write so that not even You can guess it's me. Then I shall be safe. But really I meant no harm; we often speak of Dr Channing as the "Seraphic Dr." in the best sense. I shall tell Dr B this, for I hate to hurt the feelings of a fly, much more a man.

Wife says you must come up and see us and stay till you get tired. There is an omnibus passes in the morning and evening, so you can come and go as you like. I shall not ask you, having wasted so much good speech on you already.

Truly yours

J.

I had a letter from Ellis a day or two ago. He is coming home in May: starts 20th April, full of spirits: wants to settle, and wed right off. Where will you put him! The Dean, (they say) has asked leave of absence from Cambridge for nine months in the year, "designing to spend the vacation in C I suppose.

Revd Saml P. Andrews. Salem Mass.

Andrews. S.P. To the Heir at Law or the next of kin of the late Reverend Samuel Putnam Andrews.

[West Roxbury 18th Nov. 1844.]

Sir—

It is with great grief that I learn—by circumstances—that my former correspondent and friend is no more in the body—I have never yet been informed of the time or the mode of his departure, but as I have neither seen nor heard from him in many months—I am compelled to conclude that he is no more—Please inform me of all the circumstances of the afflicting event—If he has left any memorials—of himself—any ends of cigars—or Shreds for Sermons—or good resolutions written down on scraps—I pray you would send me some memento—that I may keep it forever as a testimonial of his character. I had the greatest regard for him living—but I can't weep for him duly till I know the circumstances of his Fate—

I am Sir

Your Obt. Servt.

Theo. Parker.

West Roxbury 18th Nov. 1844.

Andrews S.P. To Saml. P. Andrews Esq.

Boston 4th Feb. 1851. C

My dear Sam,

I have been chewing upon your letter, for several days, keeping it in mouth before writing to you. I am so glad to hear from you— Do you know that once you were a capital correspondent, and the Philistine Wm Libbee was always jawing off his writings till the Mail had closed. Well, so you are not so "diligent to give the kine fodder" but you can write to an old friend— God bless you— Your letter came right welcome, bringing back the old times, at Cambridge and elsewhere— and the Codey, and the Dean and Cyrus and all the old folks and the old things— not forgetting the folks at Barnstable, "Tim," and Drew, and the Ladye Ellen.

We are getting along a little in life, I am as bald as old Dr Ware— may perhaps as bald as Elias who sent the Bears. You I fancy time touches more lightly, so he would me if I had only stuck to the plough— I am more than

Andrews. S. P.

half farmer now, only a farmer in the city and without land. Still I have my pear-trees, and my grape-vine-and my roses and other what-nots. Sometime when the "leaves be green" I will come out and sit under your ash trees and play with your babies; alas me Samuel I have none, nor shall not ever have. It is the one great sorrow of my life, all other disappointments I count as small compared to this affectional grief, still I try and piece out my joys with the little ones of other persons. My neighbor Mrs Russell of Roxbury had some little bits o' wee things which I made half my own by coaxing the little maidens, and feeding them with dates and prunes and figs etc. Still there is an aching void. I have got no boy to go to college, no young maiden to be courted one of these days - no little one to climb up into my lap and sweeten life all day and all night too - and beautify the prospect of old age. But I don't grumble - not even sigh - It is all right, and I submit - not stoically but (I hope) like a man. ~~~ What Boobies we used to be.

Andrews. S. P.

How wrong we set out at Cambridge – with such false ideas of Man, and God, and the Relation between man and God. How much they told us depended on believing that the Book of Revelations was not written by a man with an infallible inspiration; how much in believing that the fourth gospel was so written! what a great thing we were told the Unitarian association was, and Dr Gannett, and Sam Barret, and Edmond Green – how large they loomed in the fogs that still surround Divinity Hall! I went out there the other day and saw the old clock and the old hand-bell, and looked at a Copy of "Sykes" on the shelf in Dr Ware's room, and heard some drowsy voice droning out drowsy words on drowsy themes to drowsy men – Oh dear – there they were – the Professor was milking the Ram, and the Students were holding the sieve – and all thinking they were to feed the world, but there was nothing to catch and nothing to catch it in. To me real Religion seems our

Endorsed. T. P.

more and more a great Reality – Nay the one great Reality of Life. I know God is Infinite – with no imperfection in Him, so I do not fear – I cannot fail to love Him – yea with all my soul. But the popular notions of Religion – they seem to have a deal of Humbug about them, and the Ministers – poor souls – I think they are – not likely to give any thing that is better; when you are thrashing your oats – or playing with your children – I don't believe it seems of much consequence to you to know that Jesus of Nazareth had no human father and to be told you can never have the joys of Religion unless you believe that – How long it takes men to learn that Religion is Piety and Godness – the loving of God, and the loving of Men!

But they will see it by and by, not for a great while in Theological Seminaries – but on farms and in kitchens with the daystar shine to Hes Mankind. – Do you ever come to Boston? Know then that I have a Spare room and a bed for an old friend, and a welcome always. Give

Andrews. S. P.

my Regards to your wife, and a kiss to the
twee ones and take my good wishes to yourself;
wife sends love to all—

Y,

To the Same.

18 June 1854.

Dear Sam—

Haven't had a minute to write to you
till now, and thank you for your kind noble letter,
stirring my heart as it always does. It did me
good to see your hand, and feel your heart in it
as I always do. Frothingham is a noble fellow,
and like all such becomes ever nobler. It was a brave word of his that you sent me in the Sermon
=mer for which I thank both you and him.

What times we live in! — men kidnapped
in Boston, and sent off to irremediable bondage!
But how much nobler Boston appears than

Andrews. T. P.

New York, or Cincinnati! at Cincinnati last week nine were remanded to Slavery with no Opposition. they were betrayed by a Negro who got $1000 for his treachery! at New York men are carried off with no stir or tumult. In Boston it takes all the Bullies in the city, all the Soldiers, and all the United States troops in New-England and New York to do it. After all Boston is far ahead of all the other great towns in America; a few years hence it will be as impossible to execute the fugitive Slave bill as the old alien and sedition Laws! or the stamp act of 1765. We do as our fathers — 1. hang men in effigy, — secretly and by night, 2 — by day, openly, 3 tar and feather them, — and then — we shall see what we shall see

Love to all, Good bye

Theodore.

Andrews. S.P. To the Same Salem. Mass

c

No Date.

Dear Sam,

I'm to stay one night with Dr Hanson—"in the Family" you know, and the next with John L Russell. When I come to the Anti-Slavery Lecture you will welcome me with full warm heart and warm ~~hands~~ hand.

Theodore.

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

Boston 17 Sept. 58—

c

My dear Sam,

How often have you asked me to come and dine with you! will you let me come some day next week! any day will please me;—unless some one shall need my services at home—an accident a minister is always liable to.

Last winter I could not do as you asked me—and your (wicked) wife said

Andrews. S. P.

she should believe I was coming when she saw me—
I wont keep you too much away from your Court
Business— but will see John L. Russell and talk
Natural History with him.

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker.

To the Same Salem Mass.

Boston Oct 18th 1858—

My very dear Sam,

Here I am a lyin' on my back, and the Bear a writin' for me at my side ("well I should think he would be amused"!) I'am not the Doctors that have done it, only the Surgeons. I have taken no Doctor's stuff for many years save Homœopathic, which is next to nothing, (nay, perhaps the other side of it.) So fear nothing. I mean to live, and accept the other alternative only when I must. I have a deal of grass down which I wish to make into hay, rake it up.

Andrews. S. P.

cart it off, and *mow it away against winter. I can't spare myself yet, nor don't mean to. Many thanks for the fine pears; you gave them an inverted deacon, that is a redeacon, at the foot at the bottom. Two of them are whoppers; could such pears come out of Salem! Oh Shade of Joe Cabot the Jesuitical! They are all in a great mahogany desk up in my study, where's I shall crawl up and see them by and by. Higginson preached for me yesterday. I asked Johnson for next Sunday and the next I take my own turn. (I doubt) I guess Channing will come to convert the Hottentots of the North Church. He seems to have hit both Congregation and Convention. It is not bad to hit two (Crows) with one Stone.

Love to your wife and little ones and yourself, hoping you will all live till you are as old and gray and bald as

Yours horizontally

Theodore.

* To store it away in a mow.

Endorsed. S.P

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

Boston 27th Jan.y 59.

My dear Sam,

I am not well enough to see you — it will make my heart beat too fast. I sail — Bear, and Miss S. & Dr Howe also — in about ten days for the W. I. thence to Europe perhaps, in May. Who knows what the result will be! For complete recovery the chances in my favour are one out of ten! So the Drs say, I dont rate it higher, I am ready for either alternative. But am still full of hope that the human mortal life will hold out long enough for me to hammer over again some if not all of the many irons I have laid in the fire and got ready for the Anvil. — It does seem to me I shall have time left to finish certain pieces of work. But I will not complain of the dear Mother (who long ago admonished me that I must not cherish long hopes in a short world,) if the kind Hand that brought me here shall also soon take me away to that world "which eye hath not seen" &c.

Andrews. S. P.

You and I have had many a good time together, and I hoped we should enjoy many more. Indeed I laid out my life to work faithfully and hard till IX and then have a quiet afternoon till LXXX, for getting in my hay. But if my hour strikes at XLVIII let not you nor me complain.

My wife sends love to your wife whom to add mine, and believe me

Faithfully & affectionately Yours

Theodore

Andrews. J. P. To the Same. Salem. Mass.

c

Santa Cruz April 20th 1859.

My dear Sam— Let me add a line to my wife's letter. I am really much better than when I was at your house in September last. all Symptoms are favorable save a miserable cough which pursues me continually. But I hope better things;— perhaps Europe will do something and Egypt a little more. Here I am cut off from all Spiritual Hygiene— Santa contains only Rum and Sugar,— that is all the people think of. It is the dullest place I was ever in— Spite of the beauty of its flora and its skies: my only amusement is to ride on a pony— talk is out of the question. I have seen only one American Newspaper since March 31. So we may have reannexed all the Russias to the Universal Yankee nation for aught I know. Love to the wife.

Yours ever. J.

421

Silsbee W.

n. b. on 3d page about young precedent.

To Rev. William Silsbee. Cambridge Mass.

c

Barnstable Monday August 21, 1826.

My dear William,

You see I have taken a whole sheet of foolscap for a long letter to you – and if with the quill of a goose in my hand, and a sheet of foolscap in prospect I should commit matter that is both foolish and goose like why I trust you will forgive the infirmity and take the pains to recollect that "nemo semper sapiens" which an Irishman would render no more, but a fool, it always rise. I beg pardon of our friends at Dublin! and fall upon the subject of the letter, albeit this may be as capricious as the matter of the "Allgemeine Leitung."

Your letter came safe to hand, after I had been long looking out for it, with pretty much the same feelings, I take it, that Robinson Crusoe felt when he looked out after "a sail a head" which was gradually sinking into distance. You have not seen my latter Epistle, – written in what (!) Latin – it would have made Quintillian frown. – but I had received no return from you, and knowing that the Latin language

Letter IV.

alone was fit to address Ghosts and Lovers in, for this reason, to wit Latin is a dead language, and Ghosts are dead as to the body, and Lovers as to the soul, to all practical intents and purposes, so that then more fit than a dead language to address a dead man in that! Besides did not your very silence, cry out that "we be all dead men"! I have been seized with a rage for writing ever since I have been at Barnstable a very Kakoethes Epistolandi for it has broken out in letters, thoughts little scraps of Poetry, and three whole finished sermons, and a Zounth in prose are among the results of this diseased mental action. — But to the point again, "I got your letter in some Willis," and great was my surprise, and tremendous my horror, at reading with uplift hands that you were going to Richmond!

Prodigious- "Black Devils and white, Blue Devils and gray" will be there I suppose, and only 4 Sermons? I commend thy resolution- That not I give you a letter of introduction to one of the greatest men of our nation who may peradventure be met with in that quarter! Your expectation is on tiptoe,— I mean "his Honor" Judge Lynch!

Now I know there is no danger, and that last proposition

suppose!

Silsbee N.

was cackled out of this vile guilt of a goose merely to show the Lynx-caution of thy brain so away—Chaplain-like in pursuing impossible difficulties. But going to Birkmond how long should you stay, and what shall I do without you I love to be selfish once in a great while! You must get some great sheets of paper—as big as the Jove-top-sail of Noah's ark—which was never measured, and therefore was "the Infinite" (as Brother Dwight would say, as usual thinking that what was "seen and not seen over was as good as infinite".) but such a sheet you must get—and write me all about your outgoings & incomings, and the "doings and drivings" and that memorable place—besides making many excursions to explore the interesting spots in the vicinity, the scenes of ancient valour, and of old renown.

× × × × × ×

Touching the Viceroyalty in the Court Palace—I still think there is a similarity between the Yankee Squire, and that worthy magistrate of Nieuw Nederland though the superiority of the actual yankee is immense over the historical "Reality." That Cotton Mathonage never went out without an umbrella, while our Squire came home drenching wet, last the other day from

Libbee H.

the want of that precaution. Besides the Squire does Shakes-peare and Burns, and plays upon the flute (objectively too,) now once who does this cannot be "irrecoverably bad-" I like him very much and honour him too, he has been a Lawyer and is innocent- has "touched pitch" and is "clean." We (at we say) poor man — and the Rabbins (upon Gen, II. 18.) say the "no good man is alone" — but he had one once, and has still two daughters. I find there is no want of religious feeling among some of the people, though many are painfully disinterested. They speak highly in your praise, as having given them "some good discourses and much sound Theology." This was the Deacon's speech, good man that he is. I really like the people at Barnstable, they are men "living manlike." They have been very attentive to me besides. I have teaed (not always aesthetically) out, and dined out, which latter duty- to wit, of again dining out will interrupt the even tenour of this Epistle and send me into the company of "Skyborns" and old Ladies; apropos Sky-borns, I saw a Lady who looked (for all the world, like the Sky-born, but as the boys say- "it wasn't"! What with Ellis and his illustrious coad-jutor, Brooders say to thy Southern pilgrimings? The

* And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

Sibbes W.

Interpreter will be "done up". Only write an exposition though and I will take the rest of the burden upon my shoulders, altho they are weak, they are willing and that sometimes does wonders. I said a word about a translation of De Wette on the Old Testament. I have translated many hundred pages since I have been here, but do not say any thing about it to any one. If it is not ever published it will have answered one end at least, have afforded an entertaining and instructive employment.

Have you heard any thing about those German Books that were to come by the way of La Bokum? If they come in your absence I will take care of them. You will not settle at Richmond I trust. But really to go and preach in the "old dominion" is a pleasant Idea. I doubt not you will be much pleased therewith. I hope you are more fitted to be settled immediately than I am.

How disqualified we are for contact with the real-world I felt when first shewn a real live man, and when brought to speak with him, utterly at a stand, I scarcely knew what to say. Thus indeed come we away from our three-years-occupied studies at Divinity College with

Sister W.

some little knowledge of Science, Literature, Philology - perad-
venture some small inklings of Theology and Metaphysics
- nay even a little knowledge of the Science of things in general
(Allerlei-wissenschaft) and with beards on our chins, but with no
other marks of manhood. Now I maintain that besides
a great deal of Knowledge one needs as much skill to
make it of any use to him. So that even the very Doctor of the
"science of things in general" must - to become of any use
in his day and generation - learn the art of "things in general."
Allerlei-Kunst then we need to set off our allerlei-wissen-
-schaften. This Art of things in general I hope I have
Barnstable made some little advances in since I came to ~~Boston~~ +.
Indeed it seems to me I have grown in this regard,
so that I can really talk to men as if I were also a man,
and not a student merely: a mere student is a sort of
Ironmonger - an animal not treated by Pliny except
incidentally when he speaketh of the war, they once right
valiantly carried on against their arch-enemies the "cranes."
I cannot tell you how I have succeeded here, only
that the House is very crowded, and, they say "it was never so
full before," but this I attribute really to the weather and

nothing of mine.

I have been called to officiate at 2 funerals, and it was a solemn matter. I wept not so much perhaps as the mourners but as heartily from very sorrow. How could I see so many weep and not join them in such a time? I could not help it. One of the deceased was a little child, and I knew nothing of the death even till just as I was going into the Desk some one handed me a notice to be read stating that such a funeral would be solemnized immediately after church. I marvelled that I found no difficulty in the performance without any other notice or time to think over it. I have had a letter from Jane wherein he complains that you have not written him yet! I know not where I shall go after the next Sabbath. I can stay here but I and I go. Touching the place and the people I like both very much! and hate to leave them, for I "would not willingly lose sight of a departing cloud," but you know I have not seen my Skytown these near three weeks, a separation which very ill comports with my desires. I hope I may be able to see you when I come to Cambridge which I expect to do, just one week from today, but who knows.

Dec 16

Time and Space only put their bar between our bodies, the living contact of soul with soul takes place in spite of them. So let it be with us. Then what are rivers and mountains, and seas and months: we can think together still, together smile, together pray!

Believe me ever yours

J.

n. b.

To the Same. Richmond Virginia.

Brookline 16 Sept, — 36

My dear William,

I received your kind letter but yesterday and great was my joy at once more receiving a note from you. I involuntarily explained "venisti tandem". Now be it noted, I had been anxiously expecting a letter so long, and had written you twice since I had received a single word — that I said within myself, "Master William doth so long delay his epistle; what will it be to deal justly towards him

Sibley II.

rather than mercifully; so I will wait a reasonable time after I get his letter and then reply"! Thus spake I unto myself; but upon the receipt of your favour, all my ire "fell" like Cain's countenance — (By the way this is an argument against the Hall's being the descendants of that worthy, for they have short faces while Cain's must have been long - according to the Scripture.) accordingly I have taken the largest sheet of paper I could get, and hope to fill it all up, the "margin and the bottom and the outside". Now to fall directly upon the contents of your letter. I gratulate you most cordially — heartily is a better word — upon the "felicitious achievement" — (as the Fourth-of-July orators say) of your journey without the loss of a single umbrella! Miserable dirth! no wonder you tell of it! But a your first preachment at Richmond — It was really too bad to preach to 20 people! What would Paul have said to that? Preach to the indifferent! What would Paul have done? why he would have "reasoned of righteousness" &c till they trembled, or using the soft and sweet words of persuasion, would have thus "caught them with guile," and so have led them into the fold of the "great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls." But we are not Pauls,

Letter IV.

nor must we expect Always to see the fruits of our labours, indeed it is sometimes comforting to recollect that even he could not at all times prevail, at least it shows the fault is not always in the man who brings the word, but may belong to the "forgetful hearer." Rest assured, my dear, dear William, that you are not forgotten in my prayers. Perhaps a more difficult duty is assigned you than now falls to my lot; would we could be joint bearers of the burden; could we but go forth "two and two," it were then a delight to aid one another, and by sympathizing with to communicate and receive at the same time new strength. But you know that if my sympathy be distant it is not cold. Now turn to pass to other matters, and first to speak of our classmates. — Sam has just written, of course you are advised of his movements. Livermore accepts the call at Keene. — the Rogue — he is now engaged to his cousin!! Think of that! the cool Mr Livermore who kept such a dark outside. Well I love the men best — other things being equal, — who work by day-light, and in sight. Austin is to be ordained the 28th of Sept. Mr Francis preaches the Sermon! He only engages for a single year. Mr Miles is preaching at Concord, they like the good man very much

Tibbets N.

there. I have had my eye upon Concord this good while — this I say betwixt you and me.

Last Sunday I preached three Lectures of Love! viz- for Mr Frothingham, Mr Young, and Mr Francis. We went up to Mr Francis', at the dedication: the Service was all very fine. Mr F gave us a grand Sermon, upon the significance of a Christian temple - (I saw the "Thy-born", but did not speak to her!) It was too bad, but I could get no opportunity. There were a good many ministers present, and we had a fine time at Mr Francis', at dinner. Tomorrow the Services on the 200th anniversary of the College at Cambridge - I suppose you will see accounts treating thereof in the papers, so I will say nothing except that the oration was a very awkward, clumsy, tasteless affair, in its essence, and in its manifestation it was no better. How Mr Everett would have shone out on that occasion. One stroke of his magic pencil would have done more than all the attempts of the Praesis. I wish you knew how well Dr Pierce relished it. He counted the whole procession! and perhaps too, he could tell the number of glasses of wine that were drunk. There was illumination in the

Wednesday. W.

evening. — It seemed the work of enchantment, the various colored lights, the venerable names that shone in letters of fire on the college walls, the trees all silvered over with the unwonted light — the stars that looked kingly, and lovingly down from the black abave — and the thousands of happy hearts, that were admiring all this — produced an effect which I had not anticipated and cannot describe. Even divinity Hall had its own "peculiar brightness."

Now to leave all this, and come back to myself. I have been down to Portland and have preached one Sabbath — It is a beautiful place you Know, and I was very much pleased. Next Sunday I go to Lowell, afterwards to Billerica perhaps. I am already fatigued of this running about, "here a little and there a little", and although I feel no haste still I have no desire to prolong this period of my life. Could I fall into a sleep, and at length find myself snugly ensconced in some quiet little place it were welcome.

Mr Emerson has published a little book called "Nature," a queer book too. It contains much, very much, which I admire, and response to, but it has many things also, that I cannot away with. He absolutely denies the existence of matter. Now I know and

Sibbee II.

who does not — that its existence cannot be proved, but for that very reason it cannot be disproved. To assume that there is no matter is a violent assumption. You will have some Idea of the work from the titles of its Chapters, to wit, "Nature, Commodity, Beauty, Language, Discipline, Idealism, Spirit, Prospects." It contains only 95 pages, 16mo. I wish we could now sit down together and read over these glowing pages, and talk of the high matters it handles. The Book is full of beauty! and overflowing with Truth, for Beauty and Truth are but sister streams which flow from the same infinite and eternal fountain, Blessed is the man who stoops and tastes of them. He quits himself in new vigor and freshness, and becomes a man divine! But let us leave him, for I have but little paper and much to say. I found an old volume of Jacob Behme at the antique, a folio too, called Mysterium Magnum, it will be a treasure-house I doubt not. How I wish we were together to talk over its pages, and to muse "till the fire burned". But no, — Pray write me with all imaginable speed, i.e., as soon as you please. How long shall you stay at Richmond! What sort of people do you find there! How large is

Eldee W.

your audience generally? How do you preach? Do you find the people religious? Literary? The Blacks? What trees are there in the woods? What flowers in the fields? Have you been to the site of Jamestown? Do you find any antiquities, in the shape of tradition or otherwise? I hope for answers to all these questions, and a great many more, which I do not ask, but which you will very readily imagine. Tell me any-thing which pleases you. The "Body" has been up to see a certain Damsel you wot of, but he will do no harm, although he said he "would that he could be made happy by Miss H." But if She is not the right one, why there are others, as the song says.

"There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far"
"That would gladly be bride" &c—

Perhaps you may wish to know a word about our old friend the "Interpreter." It appears today, you have nothing in it—and I have been obliged to write all the matter for the October number! It is finished and lies beside me. That scape goat Ellis went away leaving nothing behind him for the printer. — We have a new list of nine in the Divinity School. Among them is Mr Winterston a pearl

Silsbee W.

of great price, as I have discovered already. Lydia and her Aunt send their best respects, and I know you will believe me your faithful Brother in the Lord.

C

J.

To the Same. Salem Mass.

C

Boston Nov 30th 1836

My dear William,

I have a great many things to write about, and only a little time to write them in, and a little paper to write them on, so I will state the main thing first, that of which you spoke yesterday, — to wit the coming to Salem to preach. Should the good people wish me to come I will with the greatest pleasure, next Sunday if need be — Indeed I am entirely unengaged, so should be exceedingly glad of the opportunity. If you will have the goodness to state this to the proper authorities, and return me the result of their wise

Elder W.

deliberations thereupon, you will much oblige me. Of course the sooner these matters are settled, and I am aware of the result, why the better. I should admire as the young ladies say — to come to Salem and preach, it would be so delightful to see old friends frequently — these old friends are not numerous indeed, but, like the army of the giants, they must be weighed not counted. This reckoning up one's friends upon the finger's ends, and counting them by tale never satisfies. A single good friend that you can communne with (as Coleridge might say) is beyond the power of calculation, two such friends cannot be counted, they are too extensive to be contained in the "numeration table," among the units, tens, hundreds &c. Now there are hearts in Salem, that I prize, partly no doubt, because you prize them and they prize you — and one naturally loves one's friends' friends, but those hearts I have learned to prize for other reasons, and should I know them more should discover more qualities that would doubly endear them to me!

Is not friendship one of the wells of the desert where the Pilgrim cools his parched lips, refreshes for the

time, and starts afresh in his life-journey! Love, my dear William, is the well that stands at his cottage-door. It is there in winter: it freezes not: — It is there in summer: the drought never makes its wasted abate. It hath ever a pleasant flavour upon the palate and a grateful, life-giving influence upon the whole inner man! I trust you will soon find this healing water, and though "the well is deep," will draw an Abundant supply.

Now let me come down to humbler themes. And touching the German Books, from Herr Bohme, they are all safe in my Sanctum. One of them lies beside me at this moment, extending no very savoury influence, indeed it is redolent of Tobacco, and Gutzguk (I suppose) My Books look somewhat — in their outward mien — like Falstaff's soldiers, so sinke he would not march through Coventry with. They have a scare-crow look! But within there is the real life, no doubt. How I long to have a long talk with you about Verbindungs and Verbindungsschaft. My pen is so horrible I must stop here, pray write as soon as you can, give my respects to your mother and sisters, and believe me ever your

Brother in the Lord, Thos. P—

Letter IV.

To the Same. Washington Dist of Columbia.

Salem 15 March 1837. C

My dear William,

You do not know how much I wish to see you, nor how much more pleasantly the Sun looks when I see you "Vultus ubi tuus

"Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,

"Atque soles melius lucent. As our old friend Horatius saith. But since you are really absent and complaining will not bring you back, I may as well abandon the whining tone and pitch my pipe to a manlier note. I hope to tell you many things before the end of this big sheet, but they do not now appear. They will come one at a time.

+ + + +

You do not know how pleasantly I am spending my time here, among your kind relations, and our mutual friends, no less than mine own. Last night I was at a party at your house, and spent the

time delightfully as you might suppose. Both of the Misses Peabody were there, belonging like me to the talking and listening order rather than to the dancing, we sat down in a corner, and delighted ourselves in chat, your aunts kindly joining us as occasion offered. Miss Eliz. Peabody was very much pleased with Mr William Silsbee!! now is not that strange? Can you conceive of it? and when she inquired of me "all about" you, you are to suppose that I told her the awful truth of all your naughtinesses, and that her love was converted into indignation and wrath against such a wolf in Sheep's Clothing. A German teacher has come to set up his Standard at Salem, in hopes of Pupils, to be made Teutonic. He lives at the Mansion house, and I like him pretty well. He will never be so great a man as to make us forget Keysler and Leibnitz, but I like him much better than that vulgar fellow of a Bohmen. One of your townsmen has written a Book, i.e. Mr Hawthorne has collected his little Stories & together and they make quite a clever little Volume

Ohio W.

Mr Norton's Book I have not seen, only the title thereof, and from that it seems to be merely a work upon the evidences of the authenticity of the New Testament, so I doubt that it is worth my while to purchase it now.

Your friends all fear you did not reach Washington in season to preach the first Sunday as proposed, but I maintain that you did. I am sorry that you have thus to run scampering away to the end of the world, when I wish to see you every day. But life is made up of transient meetings and long separations, so we must even submit.

I hope you find pleasant friends though new ones, wherever you go. Indeed I know you must if you do not shut up your heart, so that men cannot see into it.

I hope your labours will be crowned with success, and blessed to your own advantage. You may naturally suppose that I think mainly upon the important change I intend to make in my life. I look forward with a mingling of hope and fear, sometimes the one, and then the other predominates in my vision. I have always looked with eyes of Enthusiasm upon Matrimony. It completes a man; one's wife should be the comple

Libbie H.

-ment of himself; both should make one complete Being. Now I think that Lydia has all the virtues that I want, and how numerous they must be you know well, so I hope and pray that our union may make us both one noble, holy blessed Being. Before you return I suppose the long looked for, long wished for time will have arrived, so that I may welcome you to my house, show you my wife, and all the et cetera.

I have just seen a gentleman who left Smyrna only 48 days since. He has seen Egypt and much of the East since I saw him last, and he has kindled up anew my desires that you at least may go and see the wonders of the world. Eddie is as undecided as ever. I had a letter from Sam, but a day ago, and he writes in rather dejected spirits, as usual since he has just reached a new place. I hope you will write me soon, indeed as often as you can find time and thoughts. I shall send my next to Louisville or Cincinnati trusting that it will reach you in the course of the summer. You must give

Luke W.

my best regards to Crumb and shake him warmly by the hand for my sake as well as for your own; there is something in vicarious shaking of hands. I am going to take tea with your aunts tonight; so you may anticipate my pleasure.

When you write send to the "Hon Charles Jackson Boston," and I shall get the letter, wherever I may be. You will not forget us all I trust though far away. Remember that you are borne in my heart when you would most wish to be remembered.

Ever your Brother in the Lord.

J.

N.H.

To the Same Washington. D. C.

Boston 27th March. 1837.

My dear William,

You recollect that you already owe me manifold letters, but I will not be unmerciful to you,

Sibley W.

but forgiving men as I hope to be forgiven; if letters are half as agreeable to you as to me, you will be glad to get one even if it be as dull as mine is likely to prove. But without wasting any more time in saying "shall I, shall I," let me plunge "in medias res," and give you a sort of stolen account of affairs and events as they take place around me in Boston and in Salem. First as touching the latter place, Miss Cabot went with me last Saturday and stayed at your mother's till Monday: I need not tell you what a delightful time we had there, nor how much more delightful it would have been had you been there to set the crown upon my felicity. Your Mother begged of me to inquire if you have seen the Reviews: I now do not suppose I have miswritten it for Edinb. for then you have doubtless seen of all vanity in Genus and Species.

"The mongrel, Puppy, whelp and hound,
And dogs of low degree."

If you have not seen those worthies you will receive something of a package, I think. I was to suggest it to you, so we will dismiss this subject. I am to

Feb. 11.

stay at Salem until the Doctor returns, of course shall preach on Fast-day. I intend to "hold forth" on the signs of the times. Touching the quarrell between the two Pastors (λυκοι?) of your bewitched town,— there appear no signs of reconciliation, though much gossip is elicited from such as love scandal, and much real sorrow felt by all who know that the deadliest wounds which Christianity has ever received have come from the hands of her friends. How strange that there should be Judases even now! The wise members of the Boston Association dispensed the subject of ——————— intemperance; so it seems well known. He acknowledges it tiredly, so far at least as to say "he has sometimes been the worse for liquor at club-meetings and parties." I wish it might be cleverly settled, but how! I see not.

Mr Upham is delivering his course of lectures in Salem. I heard the first, and bating the shock you would have received I wish you could have heard it. It was a villanous tirade upon the best ideas of the present times. He distinctly and positively asserted that "Truth is subordinate to Utility" gloried in the

fact (!) that an Epic Poem could not be produced at the present time, and declared that Shakespeare's merit rested entirely, or at least, mainly, upon his fidelity as an historian! Think of that. Othello, Macbeth, Hamlet, Thieves arise from your tombs and declare to the world that Shakespeare is the Prince of Biographers, that he alone states facts correctly, and thus fulfils the noblest duty of man! Was it then a stone at the Sexton, but like all the missiles one shoots at what is so much higher than himself, it recoiled upon his own head! He has sold about 600 tickets in Salem. It is rumored that he and Mr Putnam (not Allen, but Geo.) are going to Europe in May! Dr Lowell is going in June, to stay three years. Ellis will write you about his intended tour, so I trust that ere many months are old, you will be treading the "old romantic Land". Would that we could tread it side by side, but if you go, I will accompany you in thought. I suppose you will be curious to know what is thought of our Pope's Book Mr Norton's to wit. One Rev.d says it is complete, satisfactory, and the most valuable contribution

Libro IV.

made to our literature this many a day; but Dr Frothingham says it is unsatisfactory, and fails to prove the question at issue. So the Doctors disagree! Henry Ware's Poem on the Feast of Tabernacles is out of the Press but I have not seen it. Attempts are making to get up a new Unitarian Church in Boston: they may succeed, and then again they may not. It is thought (by Mr Ellis) that a church will soon be built for Mr Brownson!! Should not you rejoice at it! I deem him a noble man. We had a letter from Cousin the other day; the real Victor Cousin! only think of it! Cousin sent him several of his works, which have never made their appearance in this country; amongst them is a little memoir of himself. He is now engaged upon a History of the Philosophy of the middle ages! Did you know he had written a work upon Aristotle! I was so much ashamed of my ignorance after hearing Mr Brownson concede that I have not held my head up since. Indeed I am reproached for it every day. One of the English Scholars (of Oxford) has published his Bampton Lectures upon the influence of Aristotle upon Christian Dogmatics, and thereby has excited the indignation of the Oxford malignants. How the old Spirit of Cain delights to stir up the enmities of the Odium Theologicum!

Silsbee II.

Speaking of Odium, reminds me, (by a singular concatenation of ideas) of Mr Bowen! only think of it, they talk of making him Proff— of! — Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics!!! Why the man is not fit to teach P-h-i-l-o-s-o-p-h-y to Cats. He ought to be Professor of Prevaricateanism: He would fill that office excellently. How he would top off the effrontery of the transcendentalists. Ne quid nimis should be the motto on one part of his head, and Spare not on the other, a bleeding, red hand holding a huge pair of Shears should occupy the centre. You see how I improve in tolerance. I would pick Mr Bowen out of the Mud as quick as any man, but to see him made Proff at Cambridge who could bear it! But let him have his say; the Philosophy of Peace needs a professor, let it be Bowen, and we shall have huge tomes upon Rail-roads, the art of boiling potatoes, and of making ten barrels of oyster sauce out of ten pounds of Turnips!

I say good bye very unwillingly. Miss Cabot and Lydia send their Love, and entreat you to beware of the asts of the descendants of Abraham — Good bye.

J.

Letter IV.

To the Same Cincinnati Ohio.

Lowell 21. April 1837.

My dear William,

How do you think I came to be in this place! not to preach, still less to "take Stock", or accept agencies, — but the case is simply this, and no other. Miss C. and I entered yesterday into the "Holy estate of matrimony" and came here to spend a day or two in the sweet leisure of one another's Society! What will you say to this! I wish you could have been present at the ceremony in the church. It took place in Mr Young's Church at IV. P. M. yesterday. A bright day without, and still brighter within, for there shone the clear beams of that splendour which has been My guiding Star, contemplated in the seemingly unapproachable distance, but ever bowed down to as if it were the Lord of the Ascendant, the which indeed it is. Now our dearly and long cherished Ideals (not Idols) are to be transformed into Realities. Like all true Ideals (which are the only reals, when realizable, as all are which are true, transcendent Ideals)

Silsbee N.

Thus is it in Life. How long do we sit, (as in Egypt.) in the dust and ashes of the Actual and the Now, looking with-full,- but not faith-full, much less man-full — upon the longed-for, and the future. At length some Heaven-sent like ancient Moses notified of his fitness by the flame unconsuming, therefore unquenchable — as it were, moves by inspiration out of the Clouds, and a Pillar of — Fire by Night, a cloud by day, leads one into the Land of Promise.

You poor William are now thirsting the waters of Marah, and crying after something better than Manna — yet by & by, the deadly waters will be healed, the rock will turn into a fountain of waters, a new covenant will be made with you, the pilgrimage in the desert (of Celibacy, where I trust you will not continue 40 years, nor be swallowed up like Corah and those other worthies) will be ended. You will walk over Jordan — dry-shod — and sit down upon "the delectable Mountains" of connubial blessedness.

Then I wish you a long, and happy dominion, with no Separation of the Tribes and "no carrying into captivity."

To talk of other matters, and firstly of myself. I intend to preach at Waltham, the two next Sundays,

Gibbes. W.

and then at Spring Street perradventure, if they wish for me. At either of these places perhaps I may be settled. I hope certainly at one of them.

When I was at Salem the other day, sitting quietly in my room labouring a Sermon the Door opened somewhat of a sudden, and in came ——————— Peale !! the real old Peale Dabney! Judge what was my horror and consternation thereat, specially when he opened his mouth ("magno cavenco ubi" inhiant") and uttered, evaiculosly, "It is really too bad Mr Parker!" (certainly it is exclaimed I, hoping by presenting to his ejaculations, to forestal his good opinion, and put a pleasant countenance upon the whole affair.) "that I should be disturbed, troubled, and put to expense, none less of money than of time, on account of the "M.S. I gave you". I told him we could not determine the case without you and Ellis, whereupon, exit Peale in a rage, protesting to re-member it all.

You have one advantage in being at the West, you see no Peales. All matters are going on as quietly as ever at Boston and at Salem. No change except in the world of commerce where the heads of Men are daily suspending Payments, and

Silsbee. N.

going to pieces in the Storm of the times. It is really Melancholy! Mr Eagle has failed. this is Sart Rosâ you know. I have read Mr Norton's Book and like it much. He thinks there were at least 60.000 M.S.S. of the Gospels at the beginning of the II° Century! (only one copy for every 50 Christians, or for every 100 Christians as Gibbon makes it.) A Lady formerly of Boston, has written a Tragedy! called Miriam. The Idea is this. A Christian Maiden in the 2ⁿᵈ century A. C. falls in Love with a Heathen, and the struggle between Duty and Desire is painted out. It is now in the Press. She has kept her piece 12 years. This beats Horace who merely says

— "Nonum prematur in annum."

Only think of an American writing on such a Theme. A Gentle in College at Cambridge has written a play which has been performed at the Tremont with great Eclat. I have written a little Ballad of which you are the subject. It is named, "The Ritter Bill". It awaits your perusal at your return. Ellis says he thinks he has decided to go to Europe, but how

Wilbee W

long he will think so, you who know his Stability (?) can determine. I think I have now written most of the general gossip of the town. I could have told you much more no doubt, had I seen Ellis within a week, for he is my "general Lion's provider" of news, and such matter. Indeed I know not how to dispense with him, he is very obliging and kind and knows so many things, which I am ignorant of, that I could not do without him, time he sometimes receives news "in advance of the mail," which the mail does not confirm, but then it brings the real news, and his makes a good luncheon, while dinner is getting ready! I have written you an outward letter, but it is not that I do not inly feel for you and with you. May Brother William I wander with you in your pilgrimage of Love, Labour with, and more than all — pray with you in the Spirit, which makes Time and Space. Soon let me see you, and inferior only thereto, sooner let me hear from you. Mrs Parker sends her best regards, and this is the first time I have written my new name. L. Why wife (!!!) you see has not forgotten our old friend. That you may prosper in your mission, and be soon restored to us is the prayer of your friend and Brother Theodore.

Silsbee W.

n. b.

To the Same Cincinnati. Ohio.

Spring Street [West Roxbury] 27 June. 18

My dear William,

You cannot imagine, though you are in the "big west", where every thing, and therefore your imagination increases hugely — how many times I have scolded at your delay in writing me. how many times I have said, like Brad he "is hunting, or journeying, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awakened." Now I thought he is oppressed with many labours, writings of Sermons, delivering them, always the more agreeable to him — and by diverse wanderings among the Heathen and Publicans. So in the multitude of my charities I forgave you all the V letters written you since March, in consideration of your labours, and II letters. Sometimes however, methought my heart said to them — as often my heart has done — still does, thou knowest — "come let me clutch thee" but this was denied: no clutchings, not even of letters! Infinite readings, and no graspings. But at

Gilbert W.

length Sam's letter (received not sent.) explained the riddle I had so long felt. You have not received my letters, so you will find one at Toledo, another at Dayton methinks; where the others have wandered I wot not. One of the above was a rythmical Epistle. Vesta penitura it seems, for you have not seen it. My letters are worse than the Sybil's, (not Sigh-Bill!) hers flew about but they alighted somewhere: mine we suppose are still in the infinite No-where. (The where being finite is not the No-where Infinite.!) wherein it were hopeless to seek. Now I trust this letter will reach you - if I let it drive into the whole west. (I have a third of a mind to direct it "somewhere in the west") for if there were but a single fish in the whole "Atlantic Coast," and that fish no bigger "than a piece of chalk," and I should stand on the end of Cape Cod, and dart my whittle into the deep, I might hit him. Such is the chance of reaching you. So I shall direct by Faith not knowledge.

I have a countless crowd of things to say unto you all heaped and tangled together. Some in the Memory, more in the heart, all unarrayed in their issues "for

William". Let me state some of them. I saw "state" that you talk seriously of staying at the West!! I do not know at which to be the most indignant, at saw for making such a "State" man, or at the "State" ment itself. You stay at the west! Your duty call you to the west! Never. "μη γενοιτο," as Paul had said to Timothy if he had ever thought of setting up for himself at the 3 Taverns, or other such where about! Be this out of your mind; we shall claim, age and make it good— the best part of you — your affections and never suffer them to be "stepping westward".

I told you of your danger. it was easy to go to the west.

— "Facilis descensus Averni

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:

Sed, revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras

Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci quos aequus amavit

Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad aethera virtus

Diis genite, potuere." —

Now with you stay there, disappointing all our hopes, and shedding your light on such as know it not, nor are capable thereunto?. There is a clear little

Hilton N.

parish at Hilton, only 4 miles from me — which Huntoon will soon leave — cutting off all chance of Cincinnati for you — and I hear a voice from the place saying to you "come over and help us." I only repeat it. come settle there, near your own friends — Salemites — near me, where I can see you every day — if need be. spend a day with you each week, view you over to my new estate.

Apropos of Matrimony, I wrote you a letter on the very day after I was married; wherein Wife added a Postscript, but you have not caught it, it seems.

+ + + + +

Now a word as to my own affairs, I trust you will know before this reaches you that I was happily ordained at West-Roxbury (this is the name of the Post Office) the 21. inst. a delightful day we had — You only needed to make all complete. Mr Francis preached us a fine Sermon, Stetson gave the best charge I ever heard, and Henry Ware made a beautiful prayer — does he not always. George Ripley gave the Right-hand. Now I am cleverly situated. we have a clever house, a fine garden, a good Horse &c &c. So I am at the head of a family of 7 souls.

Tilton. N.

"To be, to do, and to suffer" for them all, no little care. I have become as practical as Stebbins. Ideal man, always carrying a rule and compasses in my pocket, all my "talk is of Buttons," pigs, grapes, strawberries, and other "things which perish in the using".

Long do I work in the garden, and cause my man so to do - for I keep Men Servants and maidens, in my "new estate". But amid all this, I have a beautiful Study - which only waits your admiration, - and a Prophets Chamber which is waiting for you to sojourn in. Come over and see me, stay with me. You shall walk or ride, or work, or study, or talk, or listen as suits you best. My Christian Society is small, but earnest, some intellectual men and women, but not many. This week I must found a Sabbath School, and write a Sermon. perhaps 2, and get ready for the Communion, never before administered by me. So you see I have enough to do, but my old friends on the shelves only shout out "Mente, sic iter ad astra."

I have a little time to read and study other matters - for time extends in our hands - Have read a few

new books, Bulwer's "Athens" &c, a fine work — very fine — you must read it. There seems little new in the literary world save "Miriam" written some time ago. You must read it, it will do you good. Returned Sat. a Bostonian has in the press "a History of the age of Ferdinand & Isabella" in 3 vols 8vo! Osgood is preaching about among us. What did they think of him at the West! He grows wise. Dwight is preaching at Lexington, for a little time Emerson being a little sick. Ellis is finely. preached at New York 2 weeks Dewey taking his place, perhaps not filling it. Dwight wrote a beautiful Hymn for my ordination, the best thing he has ever done. Simmons has cut his — hair! Everett and Frost were married the other week. Wilson, I believe, has not yet determined whether —: is longer than ::. He and Hobson seem to be the one emitting the ram, the other holding the sieve.

I have nothing further in the way of news, nor indeed have I told you any thing of importance now. You know better than I can write you my feelings of regret at your long absence and which seems likely to become still more long. When shall you return! That you not be with us on the

Silsbee N.

anniversary of the School of the Philanthropic. Write soon. My love to C. P. C. and the best regards and prayers of your Brother in the Lord.

J.

To the Same. Louisville. Kentucky.

C

West Roxbury 13 July 1837.

N. B.

Great was my joy my Dear William at the reception of your last: unspeakable was my wonder as I read such fine words as came rushing on, impelled by I knew not what magic force at the far point of your letter. I then stopped I, letter laid down, hands upstarted in astonishment, thus soliloquizing. "What ails thee Man"! Art gone mad: In love, or has the Rabies Hespatina (the western fever!) seized thee! At length I went on, when lo, like a comet, the Truth broke upon me from your letter. I query whether Columbus felt more rapture when he saw the ever-lovely Young Tears,

Letter IV.

not one of sadness,— all of joyful hope came out to welcome the glad tidings— Such a Lady too, so full of perfection, the very embodiment thereof, if one may trust a Lover's letter. How I congratulate you! How do I "make a long arm", and reach over the Alleganies and York State and all intervening to clutch you. Oh, one Shake of the hand would tell three more than I could write with the great Pen Mohammed saw in the VII Heaven, which was 500,000 years journey in length, being one of the III things first created, was kept constantly writing and with 7000,000 square parasangs in a stink, and that in marks fine as the hair of a Serpent: which is so fine that no microscope has discovered them! You are now really engaged! "Have become like one of us, to know good and evil." Heaven send it may be good solely. Indeed every thing is good which befalls the man engaged, for if it do not appear so at Sight, it is soon found to be so in reality for at her Magic touch, "banishes the Evil: up-springs the Good." No wonder you can write 2 Sermons a week or 20 I had almost said! Man never knows himself till he loves, and is re-loved. Oh that back tide of Love. 'Tis the Stream which set in front of Elysium having it effer-

Silsbee, W.

- tually, ever from the sight of all things unlovely. I always used to tell you that the unloving and unbelieved was only baby-born, the better part of him not having yet come to light. Is it not so? "Love when it deserves the name, produces in us a regeneration of its own — a second birthe — dimly, but yet in some degree, resembling that effected by divine Love in the Soul." Indeed all earthly love even of the purest is but a feeble type of that Love of the Infinite which binds us unto the Soul of the worlds. But that love of yours, that "Harvest of a quiet" Soul is something divine!

"True gentle Love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush:
And falls unseen, until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower and bank and bush.
Oh. Love, when womanhood is in the flush,
And Man's a young and an unspotted thing
Her first breathed word and her half-conscious blush
Are fair, as light in Heaven, or flowers in Spring."

I would that I could be with you to make but a [illegible] in this "circle" of your happiness. I suppose you will say with the Old Saints "Unsere Feinter nähert

Wilhelm W.

mich von Tag zu Tage mehre, & von Tag zu Tage wurden die Entzündung einer gemeinen Liebe unter uns unmöglicher."

I pray you accept my fullest, most glowing sympathy, with you and yours, and say prayers for your long, long prosperity. May I venture to send my best regards to the Unseen! Du Schelm, not yet hast thou told me her name! Eating the Charlotte, the Evanescent part — which you are to make pass away — is still untold. Now pays we to other things - and Here I judge you will lay down this manifold Epistle, and say when I have a more convenient season, but "go thy way for this time", having touched the right place - So let it be.

I take back all the Scoldings given you in all mine letters, having never lost Faith in you, nor having ever let my Heart "abate one jot of Hope" it had in you, all the Faults ever charged upon you dear William were of Mistake, pardonable error, ignorance at the blackest, no more. No Stain clung to you in mine eyes: there was only one or two of your feathers ruffled. But they are all smoothed anew! Forgive what you think requires forgiveness, and deem it haste, where there is ought which sounds untrue. God forbid that Absence should paint errors, and distance give them wing to pierce your heart. Many

Silsbee. W.

matters with me discuss, and talk over and over and over, when next we meet. When shall that be! Professor Robinson is going to Palestine and Egypt, to see, to measure and to write. Oh, that I could go with him. Ellis Wight, but in his heart there burns no love of Classic ground, nor aught that noble is and High! Were you here would you not go! What cometh of your German visit! perished! Now I must say you once more, pray come and settle with us. Milton is near other places are near. come and be of us, and with us, as of old. You will like to know a little of My matters no doubt. Well, Cleverly am I settled. Our neighbors are pleasant. about 50-60 families in the Parish. 100-150 worshippers. Sunday School. Teachers Meeting at the House of the Pastor, once a fortnight, visits of the Sunday School, pastoral visits made, schools attended, calls received. Baptisms, Funerals. Such are my out of door matters. Within I have plenty of pleasant employment. de Witte, done, almost. Reading Faust and Old Henry More. The Life of Apollonius Tyaneus, has afforded me no little pleasure of late. I have read Bulwer Athens, a good book, but with mistakes methinks; it is full of political lessons; do not be frightened, there

are practical likewise. I am studying Ethics, such as de Wette (a pretty good work) Fichte, Coleridge and Descartes. Spinoza I shall take soon as I get my copy. We are reading the life of Scott, quite interesting. I have a new work of Ancillon on Eccl. philosophie. His Melanges have been republished two more vols. added, making a fine work. I borrowed Gesenius' lect. on the Old Testament of Cunningham — they are M. S. S. but will be a treasure I doubt-not. I have been reading Ovid whom I have in a capital Edition X vols 8vo. Seneca (and I own him in X. 8vo) I shall read with the other Moral Writers. The Third is a part of almost every days reading. I have engaged to translate "Ammon's Fortbildung, des Christenthums IV vols 8vo in the course of time. So you see I have enough to keep an idle man busy. I have written 42 Sermons, and Ellis has the same number. We have a very pleasant House, Garden. "Men Servants and Maidens", a Cow, Horse and a Pig!! I am as practical as Stebbins: buy and sell: dig, lend and borrow. "To this complexion must we come at last". Sam is "clean gone" I know not where for. I have not heard from him these 2 weeks. Austin is married. Old Thurston is about here studying "human nature" as before. equally undecided. Ellis has him under his patronage as well as

Silsbee. N.

Governor Everett was fortunately here opposite Ellis in Boston – I [*Council] think the Governor will need no *counsel next year, having got into such good hands. The Crosby is at Barnstable. Woodward had a vote but accepted not, the last men voting against him. Next Wednesday our class will Meet of course, and sup together, when we will remember "auld lang syne" and you shall fill my heart. Oh Lion I wish that you could come and be with us in the body. My Wife – and her Aunt send their best love to you, and I need only add my name for you know the rest.

Theo.

I trust your Mother and Sisters will come up and see us this week. I have not seen one of them since we were married – what a queer way of doing. I did not mean to leave any blanks in this.

Alfred W.

To the Same

c

West Boxbury 22 Sept. 1837.

n. 2.

My dear William,

I was not a little delighted at the reception of your letter, it being a favour the matter unlooked for. Such windfalls you know are always most highly prized. What good Angel put it into your head to write me a letter - not exactly due - when so many times letters "due and doubly due" have not been received? Indeed you must have a good Angel at C - and in Charlotte; not that I ever could for a moment doubt thereof - knowing that as pure waters do most beautifully reflect all beauteous things, so your Spirit would mirror another in its calm mirror - (I do not flatter but speak truth -) unless that other were of the noblest, purest, divinest. So I doubted not that congenial Souls uniting in the common element of Love - which is the communis vinculum of all things fair and good - had made you and Miss C quite new creatures - but this unexpected letter is proof positive thereof; at least of the change in yourself. Long not, however, my William,

Silsbee. W.

That I ever deemed your love for me a waning edd; no. if you write I said, if you wrote not I took it upon trust, walking by faith rather than in open vision. You ask manifold questions which it were better to answer cum ore rotundo than with this worthless pen— you know I never could make a pun. Yet I will jot down a thought or two in way of reply thereto. Touching things carnal I assure you I am more disturbed than I had ever anticipated— this is between you and me— Men of the Actual and their name is "legion" have a very cheap sort of logic amounting to this. "My way is perfectly right", this is the first axiom— an undisputed truth self-evident. Then cometh the second, viz. All important things are comprised in the actual, which alone should engross one's attention". This is the theory of these worthies. Now for the practice— They see other men doing different from themselves, so they condemn them under the first axiom. They find them thinking of other matters than Potatoes and Turnips— and Rail-roads— Specie currency and the manners of their next neighbor— to wit thinking of God, of Duty, Nature

Wilbur W.

Destiny, Cause, Consequence, the Right the Beautiful the Good — and so they condemn these under a prism the second. Then yearn their bowels of tender mercy — (the Tender mercies of the Detroitists!) and they attempt to reform the thinkers, ie, to make their talk of Immips etc. and failing herein they beat one, till flesh and blood cry out like that of Abel — for vengeance.

So goes it — I get much of this harassing —

+ + + + +,

Yet, this apart, I am very pleasantly situated: the people good, quiet, sober, church-going: capital listeners, none better, so much so that I tell my friends I think my parishioners are as much blessed in preaching as those of even Dr Channing — for what is wanting in preaching, they make up in listening, which is not the case with the Doctor's people, they depending altogether upon him.

The Sunday School grows under my hands moreover, and bi-weekly — once in two weeks, I have a teachers meeting whereat I explain Bible which is far better to me and them than all preachment, for I aim at the heart and conscience not the life directly than when

in the pulpit, and since there is no formality the matter goes home I trust. I believe brother William, that no good word is ever spoke in vain. I may not see it grow; but what then, as Kepler said, if God could wait 4000 years for one to see his laws - I may wait 100 for men to understand my sayings. I preach abundant heresies, and they all go down - for the listener do not know how heretical they are. Nay I preach the worst of all things Transcendentalism, the grand heresy itself - none calling me to account therefor, but men's faces looking like fires new stirred thereat.

Doubtless you will wish to know a word of my Studies. Well, I am not altogether idle. Old Studies go on, Metaphysics, Theology, Criticism; all that used so much to delight and instruct us flourishes and grows apace in my new situation, thoughts high as Heaven and profound as the Centre of the Earth sometimes visit me in my lonelinesses, there too the Smiles of Love to cheer and encourage me. You will come and stay a week with me at the least, I have a Prophets chamber, all ready for you. You must

Elster. W.

come and stay at least a week and as much longer as you can make it agreeable; this I shall depend upon. remember how I stayed with you at Salem, how much delighted I was. I shall never forget the day when we walked over to Beverley - that day as to the thoughts revealed there was one of the brightest of my life. I can never forget it. I could walk forty days in the Strength of it. I have got "lots" of New books. upwards of 100 Germans! "Come and See." Some of them are old friends, others new; all sorts of Creatures. Just as I am writing an old Gentleman. 83. and his daughter. 58. come in to see me, and right glad am I to see them for they are good, plain, old-fashioned people, such as do no harm and much good.

Wife is gone to Brookline, and here in comes John Eliot, who will stay all day; thus goes it with us. We have more company in this lonely place than ever in Boston where no body called but the Parkmans — to talk about all sorts of things. Now I must bring this matter to a conclusion however unwillingly, for Time presses and calls. Soon I shall see you once more. Soon as

Sibley W.

you get home you must come and see me. Ill send this Love, and you Know you have mine abiding with you.

Theodore.

To the Same Salem. Mass.

West Roxbury Oct 24th. Tuesday 1837.

My dear William,

I have a few things to say to you — of no great moment perhaps, yet worth speaking with the living voice if you were present, as I wish — though they will doubtless look cold, dull and dead upon paper. I hope before this time you have heard welcome news from that far Land, the Land of Promise to you! If you have I can scarcely forgive you for not communicating it to me, that I may rejoice with you. If unlooked intelligence have come: why should not I mourn with you! are you so selfish as to keep all your joy and all your sorrow to your own heart! Un-shame on the thought. I shall

never believe such a scandalous thought. I went up to Medfield and preached last Sunday. Mr Burton preaching for me, the same day. I think it is a good place. It is a pretty village. the houses large, generally handsome for an agricultural place, giving indications of "good-livers." They are a rude people. have had poor ministers. There is an Orthodox Society which will make the Minister fight (with Spiritual weapons doubtless), but their pastor is a dull sleepy man, lazy withal, as few of that sect are. You may judge something of the character of their former preachers when I tell you that their great man. Mr Onion (!) (not so sound, nor so savoury as his name implies) told me that Dr Gray was a — very animating preacher! He even asked me if I did not think so. one cant be silent and he will not lie, in such cases. But to return, to Medfield — Burton will not settle there, though they are prodigiously fond of him, so I spoke of you. telling them you were just the man only a thousand times too good for them — infinitely better than they had any right to expect. Now after Burton has preached there a couple of Sundays or so, he will "give way" to you to speak a word in season unto their worthies, and I doubt not but you will be settled as fast as the

Sibbes. W.

with can make you. Mr Ware and the Dean both think it will do very well – only Medfield is not half good enough – (I asked the Dean yesterday – "where shall W. Sibbes go?" To some very good place certainly! ejaculated that worthy.) So you must bear it in mind. Now for other things. —

Ellis has no place to preach!!! what a marvel! he used to make at Dwight • for being "out of preaching". Dr Popkin has been sending Plato (!) and is quite glad to have got through, for he thinks it a good thing to have read Plato, though a bad one to read him. You must write me speedily – unless you will condescend to shew us your face once more. What are you doing? – where is Jane? give my best regards to all your good friends. Remember me to Miss Peabody if you please.

I am sorry to send blank paper to you – inasmuch as you have a supply doubtless, but Fate compels, so believe me ever yours

J.

Letter W.

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

c

West Roxbury, Tuesday 14th Nov. 1837.

Su first letter of Nov 2. page 477.

W b.

My dear William,

I caught a glimpse of you yesterday as you were hastening away— effigies in profile— I suppose— going to rejoin your friends in Salem. Peace to those peaceless men whose City is called Peace, by a misnomen of the saddest— You do not dream of going to the West without visiting us again I trust. If such a notion ever entered your Brain, I adjure you to dispel it with all due violence. We must see you again, I have many things to say, which I should have said, in part— the other day, but time was too brief— You should have stayed and attended the meeting at Dr Walker's last evening. There were good people present, though not much good talk, chiefly of the political duty of ministers, which some thought consisted in Not voting: others the contrary.

It seems some evil disposed men scold about the communication of "W" in the Register: This shakes me. That any one should be such a dunce, as to take it in earnest,

and attract such bad men as to attribute an evil motive to W.!! I might have drained a Black Sea Gulf of ink in scribbling about the importance of the Bible: the utility of reading and studying it, "carefully, critically", and who would have read my lucubrations! not even the "Lover of the Bible", not "J. C." of Worcester County. Now they are angry - and so will read the Bible merely to condemn W. This is what I want. To shock a pious mind makes me sad. But it is done. I knew some things in it were not in good taste at the time, and wrote them advisedly nevertheless. But let it have its way. I cannot help it if men become at length such in the obnoxious to that sends articles for "Abner Knee-land" to the Register office.

You were at the Book Auction, I learn. I am glad I was not. Were I even into temptation I should have fallen doubtless. My funds are too low at this present, for any new purchases in that way. But I rejoice at your success. The gruff man must take gruffer, and more gruff - at the thought of such a sacrifice of his treasures. I am almost persuaded that he is the cause of this untimely Snow Storm - The Sky nothing his Reluctant

Lister. W.

aspect - straight caught the feeling (such is the force of sympathy) and fell a weeping - sheerly from sympathy with the grey man. He ought to be shut up where the Sky could not see him.

I wish you - when you go to the East would take a copy - (or copies) of the Prospectus of de Witte - with you, to see what can be done there for the good cause. Doubtless [Lane] there are some good heads at *Beecher's Seminary, that would greet this Book. If you could ascertain, you would do all of us a service. If the like Mr Brewster has not set about it, will you have the goodness just to scribble off a little Paper, when at Cincinnati - setting forth, that the Book will be 12mo at $1.25. &c &c. &c. Belike you may catch some one. Give my best regards to your friends.

Yours with confident expectation of seeing you ere long

J.

Sibbu. M.

To the Same. Salon. Mss

Civitatis Sayonum id. Nov. [Nov 13 18

s. v.

Epistola tua — Ole Gulielme, omnium carissime Mihi — gratissima venit, instar aestivae in flores-sole fenestor, defluentis. (Nec studium mei sanctissimum accedit conjux, in manu, vilem scopam versans, nubes densissimas fulvum (factura! ha. Mihi!) Pars illa, vernaculis cum literis consumpta, me-ipsum nefandi criminis condemnat. Literas brevissimas — sic dicas, — tibi scripseram! Culpam — hanc gravem admitto. Veniam tuam atque indulgentiam, forteque haud meritam — implore. Aspernum dolore — fatigatione, lassitudine corporis, multis cum malis, quae to sapz invita luenditura in mediis hisce difficultatibus epistolam feci. Sit tamen pro vili parte, tuae defatigatae. Tam sicca, epistola ista, ut metui si longius portaretur, combustione spontaneâ incenderetur. Sic finem posui in metu.

Bona Dea te juvet — emens libros — tam vilissimi pretii. Emens enim ut homine Graeco. (Latinis

Silsbee. V.

cum literis animum suum Nolo despingere) quum accedis Glassium
ad Megilla Bostonianum, si a sponsalibis tecum Kummanuchen, ✓
Tennemann et Wegscheiden deponens illos apud Numerose:
meritum
mentias gratias ^ opem meticam (anglice Yeoman-service)
Mihi perfrungo exentur. Nunc Salumia-faciena stultissi-
-mae anseris defatigata, exhitase Romano in exelo abnegat.

I must see you before you go to the west, only say when you will be in Boston, and where and I will see you without fail. Only think I have not seen your effigies. I shall soon expect to see you "posted up in capitals," the "Portrait of W Silsbee for sale here." and on all the corners of all the Streets will it be posted to attract the attention of "the great unwashed", who gaze on it with a Million eyes. In your "opuscula" also these will stand the effigies, looking like old "Erasmus" in his "works," or Calvin as the immortal Baxter, that grim Richard. Nay this were scandal, for thou hast not of the beard of these worthies, and much more of the kindlier grace which speaks of the heart. But to skip away from the Effigy at once. Did you write that beautiful and much-admired article in the October Number of

Sibbes II.

the Messenger signed W. L.! Pray tell me. Brownson is about getting up a journal, called the Boston Quarterly, I think on a liberal scale, political, moral, religious, literary. Can't we help him, with pen, if in no better way? We, the Unitarians belong to the movement party, (there is more need of a theological movement, than a political,) and we are asleep. Theology is dead, cannot a word be said to call it to life! Oh that some mighty mind would say to these days dead, "come forth." Brownson may say a small word, if men help him. Did not the man display such a prodigious facility in "forgetting the things which are behind", he would reach those which are before, all the sooner doubtless; still he is a man, and I hope the gentlemen will make a long arm - very long it must be to overreach the palisades of conservatism, and the ditches of darkness - and help him. I am just getting under weigh to read Plato - which is my winter's work - I follow the development of humanity down to his time, by studying Ritters geschichte Philosophie and reading all the old Hly theological writers of the Greeks - and then approach the Divine Plato, whom heretofore I paint like old Time in the midst

Elder W.

of clouds, himself making more. But Plato hath no clouds about him which are not the clouds of Heaven. Have you looked into the Daily Advertiser and seen the two articles upon Bowen's seemingly piece in the Examiner (by Theophilus Parsons,) and the astute and dyspeptic philosophers reply? Pray look at it. It amused me, that a certain one admired Parson's article till it was found to be the work of a Swedenborgian, when all at once a hidden malignity was detected therein; a cloud of mist enveloped it, all its beauties at once disappearing. Men will be led by the nose. If I were a painter, I would represent Authority — the "great goddess" of the conservatives — as a giant of prodigious strength, seizing her followers by the "handle of the face", and dragging them onward — herself going backward all the while — looking backward also, and by standing before the eyes of her followers preventing them from seeing the ditch they are all — leader and led — about to fall into. Is not this a true picture? I grow more Coo-Joo-ish every day. Not that I think all truth is before us — but only some, which is worth gathering. If there are any signs of the times, there is to be a rupture of things which some day can never be broken — and that ere long. Then

is a power if you will – prying into the causes of things. Men are hunting out lies, to smooth the way for Truth. But hold, enough.

You have had the luxury of another western letter – a messenger of good things. I gratulate you. I would send her my best regards – if she would take them as sent, in right good part. There is one word I wished often to say upon Miss C.-----e. That is, your wife must be a religious Lady. I know you well enough to be aware of this and the experience of every day – proves to me, what I long ago first felt, that this is the only foundation of the character. I would not give one straw for all others, not venture my hopes in any other bark but a religious heart.

I have one or two little bits of Poetry which I will send you for the Messenger if you think they will be acceptable, and deserve a place therein.

Ever your Brother

J.

Gilbert W.

To the Same Cincinnati. Ohio.

West-Roxbury. Saturday 9 Dec. 1837.

My Dear William,

I have just received your Letter from Pittsburgh. I sympathize with you most deleptly in your temporary detention. Life is made up of moments, and it is a great pity to lose one, especially in a manner so unromantic and vexatious as being kept in "durance vile," by a filthy steam-boat. Becalmed on board the Dolphin, the Dolphin in the Ohio!! Horace talks of driving Trees into the woods, and Virgil of their building nests in the trees, but of their swimming in the Ohio - not a word. This would have been too absurd to enter the noddle of an ancient bates. A Lover spell-bound in the Dolphin, - this is romantic truly, specially when that Lover is journeying "ore bank, brush and scaur" a thousand miles, for the sake of one of those reunions which are too transcendent for mortal man. Why did'nt you, like your illustrious Prototype of old, leap into the waters, "encountered as" you are, and like another Leander

Silsbee. N.

swim the wild waters, albeit, they were 456 miles long or wide! Oh my William, in those galamy days of mankind, a lover could swim in the wildest waves - a few hours - to see his Lady-Love; now he moves philosophically - (as the Naturalists say) gets into the Packet, the Railway-Car, or the Steamboat forsooth, and goes a wooing thus. Strange that you should fancy I of all men I should not like to listen to your "hair breadth escapes, and perils of the imminent deadly" days. I not in such venture, albeit of my friends if they escape unhurt with all — Tell a good animated tale, no matter if fiction crowd fact into a narrow compass in such matters. Why not Idealize dangers. The cook Idealizes Potatoes, when he boils them. is it less bad to serve up raw fact than uncooked potatoes! Surely not, the latter would but disgust the body; the former weighs down the soul. I have none of that wise gravity which twists its demure features in to a smile (more ridiculous than the simper of a grimace Baboon) which says (plain as a smile can say it), "Not to be cheated old one." I see such men sometimes. I tell them of "things wonderous every where," they listen, looking astutely in my

Letter IV.

face — then plucking out the handkerchief — and up the corners of the mouth, and with a smile of Patronage (which, unlike mercy is twice cursed, to, and by both the Giver and Recipient) faintly ejaculate, indeed! From such Heaven defend me. But let me waste no more of my sheet (though of the largest Foolscap) upon such matters. While you are travelling the land over, State out, State in — I am cooped up in Spring Street, like the bear of Bray — to dole out weekly scraps of advice and ghostly comfort to a little band, but of real Souls, mostly dear — therefore I will not complain as men are wont. You see the face of the Actual not without strange whispers (audible only to yourself) from the Ideal and therefore of all the most Real — while I am plunging — nay soaring — (at least of trying to soar) into the Heaven of the true Ideal. Long weeks since I betook me (with what manhood I could muster) to fashion a little bark, wherein I might sail gently over the smooth Lake of Philosophy, looking down into the Calm unfathomable through the evanescent clouds into the steadfast Empyrean, and upon the eternal, Super celestial lights; trusting, haply,

Silsbee. W.

to reach the green Isle of Patmos; and morning my
steadfast to walk with wisdom for a while discoursing
of things high and infinite. I am just committing
(not without prayers) my bark to the water, "I feel
alone on the wide, wide sea"; would that you were
with me, to aid and to share. There is so much
of the Beautiful that one needs a companion to
help him enjoy: but, none less of the grand and In-
finite; which one wishes to contemplate by himself, alone
with the Idea. In other words I am reading the
Phaedrus. It was the first of Plato's own I ever read
- several years since strolling (idly perhaps) about the
Library I took down the Volume which contained
the Phaedrus, I read in it a night. I was astonished
by the grandeur of the Thought, the Beauty of the Style.
The noon of night passed before I could lay it down,
and then Sleep came not, for the possession of the
Gods, and the ideal flight of the Soul, upborne on
celestial wings - not yet defiled by earthly stain -
gazing upon the lofty countenance of Truth - All this
floated in my mind and kept off the drowsy God.

Wisher W.

I shall never forget that event in my life. How I read and reread and read again, the more delighted at each perusal. Subsequently I forgot the name of the Book and have sought every where else in the mighty masters, for the passage, so exciting to me, but all in vain till now— I commence with this, and all the old Ideas re-awake in my Soul. "The Phaedrus is the solemn Organ-prelude to the grand harmonic Symphony of Plato, which enchantingly follows," says one of the Germans, who, though a Papist and Archdeacon— finds the Christian in the Platonic. So much for Plato. You are aware of the death of my wife's brother— she is full of sorrow as may not be expected, and is glad to receive your sympathy. But she sorrows not as one not to be comforted— She bears the loss well. Poor Johns suffered so much, and so rashly, from this rude world (which had gone hard with him) that for his own sake, I doubt not, the change is for the better, still my wife needs a brother, & a friend, whose many endearing qualities had twined themselves fast about my heart. But let us turn to less melancholy themes. I hope and Pray that no cloud will steal

over the young memory of your love. I trust none will, but that soon you will find "a new revelation" in the arms of a wife. If man and wife are what they should be — if there is the true union of male and female Souls — there is there celestial harmony — aye Coelum itself — in the union. Such, I trust will be your destination. I suppose you desire to know a word of the things doing, done, or to be done

+ + + +

I attend Mr Emerson's lectures, a great luxury. I go into town in the afternoon, and go to the lecture with a whole troop of Jacksons for whom I am the only beau, therefore I wish for all the arms of Briareus. Titanic Beaus would be useful. Suggest it to the "Humane Society" for consideration. Some Yankee engineer could construct one no doubt. — "a leathern convenience" would be "the thing". Addison has given the Analysis of the head of the Beau and this would be — otherwise, the most difficult part — so the task will be easy.

They (the Conservatists of Boston) have made a great tattle because Dr Channing wanted Fanueil Hall

Elsie W

for a meeting upon the shocking affair at Alton, but he has had it. you will see by this papers the result. A man cannot say a new thing, but up comes a "Jehoiakim", and asks, "Art thou greater than our father Jacob" &c. But let the water run under the bridges and Dunces have their way — yet it is not fair to call them Dunces, so I take it back, for Charity's sake. I send you a prospectus by Mail. I will pay you the Postage when you return. will you send Elsie a copy, wife sends best love, You know I never withhold mine.

To the Same Pittsburg. Penn.

c

West Roxbury 10. May 1838.

My dear Gubidsmus Jehoiakim Rediviviens.

I trust you will excuse my epistle directed to the "executor". I am very happy to find how faithful he has been to his duty. You are not to suppose that I ever think your effusions rash. No I should not believe that if you

did not write one in XII months, and if some one came every day and told me you hated me. Never fear that I shall be jealous of you so if I ever complain set it down to the "dumps" or the "blues", or other causes not to be examined never to distrust. I will give you a carte blanche of Patience and Trust. Yet you know how much I am delighted to hear from you every week.

Now let me congratulate you on being married, so you may fancy I am giving you a grasp by the hand which will tell more than all the letters ever penned. I rejoice that you are joined with one who will wipe your tears, and freshen your smiles, inspire your soul and encourage your heart. I thank God that your lot has been so fortunate, and pray that it may long, long continue.

How sweet to find your own soul mirrored in another, to feel the life of two hearts in your own bosom. Oh there is a mystery in Love which passes all other mysteries. One gets farther glimpses of Heaven through the gate of Love than by any other opening — save the "Window of Sorrow" where those that look out are darkened. Would I were with you in your Thy Parlour, a dear pair of front

Wilson W.

I glory in seeing happiness. What a lamentation, that must have been over the departed Miss Lyman! I feel prompted to turn David and write the Epitaph.

She was lovely and pleasant in her Life;
And, in her Death
Not divided
From one no less pleasant and Lovely.
Reposeant in Pace

Now you regret you know not that the day after my marriage I wrote you a long epistle, full of all sorts of nonsense and absurdity. Why could not you have written ~~as~~ you ~~promised~~ reminded, you Harvey-among-the-tombs! But let that pass. You do not know how much pleasure it would give us to make a visit to Pittsburg, albeit it is as smoky as a Tartar's Hut. But Fate forbids, so we must wait in all patience till you can visit us, when the prophetic Chamber I trust, will keep both the Prophet and his better portion a good long time. Now I shall depend upon this. You know we have a little room in the ark for the Pair. But how unsuitable to have a wife. And yet Isaiah was not alone more, nay he had children to boot, for Mr. Her-that-al-hash

-bay is never to be forgotten, but will have a reputation as long as his name, i.e. infinite. But let alone the Seers, single or compound. How do you like the life of a country Parson which our Jamey used to paint so delectable! All the men and women are not matchless saints like "Eladen and his Amelia" – nor are all the fields "gardens", or the Forests "groves", but still I hope you find no little pleasure and satisfaction in your labours. Tell me all about it. Now a word about myself &c. I have changed my plan as it regards de Witte, and shall enlarge his work with all which is most valuable in Eichstaedt and Jahn and some Dozen more lying under my table. Besides these will be notes by "the learned Author" himself. It will take the best part of a year to finish the work, for I have been two months on 20 pgs of de Witte. There will be an huge appendix of original theories of mine, concerning various matters. It will make two big octavos if it ever sees the Light. I am now writing on the invention of writing, which I shrewdly doubt was before Moses. The Dean's book I suppose you have not seen. You know I promised to critique it. There will be an article in Brownson's Quarterly in July of 40–50 pgs thereon, say nothing as to its author-

Walter W.

My hair stands up when I think of what I have written. I suppose you know the quarrell between Dr P. and Mr Bancroft. So I will say nothing about it. Mr Young has preached a Sermon on Dr Bowditch, you must have seen that equivocal notice of it in the Register which was meant for satire - though Young counted it praise. He has nobly built a monument to his own folly. I wish we were together to laugh over its many absurdities, its common place Latin, its multitudinous notes &c. It is written in the Episcopal Style, quite "in the Exeter's vein." One amusing mistake is, he speaks of those "Lights of Philosophy Samuel Butler" &c forgetting one Joseph Butler giving us the author of Hudibras.

You know Carlyle's miscellaneous writings are in the press. Dwight's volume will see the light about October. Ellis is going to Europe in a few days. to remain a year. Poor Mrs E stays behind. I do not know what will be done with E, he is too good for the country parishes it is thought, and not good enough for the cities. so where can he rest? We will have a world of Enjoyment in Europe, as we will at some distant day I trust, if Providence blesses us. But I must come to a conclusion. You will give my best regards to the Lord

Silsbee. W.

you have subjoined to your own, if she will accept them from a Stranger, as I doubt not she will, for your wife can not be a Ceremony personified as some women are. Aunt L and Lydia would both send their Love but they have not risen and I alone am up.

Yours ever

T.

To the Same Pittsburgh Pennsylvania.

West Roxbury 10 August, 38

W. L.

My dear William,

You see I have taken one of the huge sheets to write to you, for since we do not write very often it is not worth while to write over a little scrap of paper to send once a quarter. I was not a little delighted, as you may suppose at the receipt of your last, and to learn that my old correspondent was still among things living, for I had some shrewd doubts as to its continued existence. Time

Oct. 11

I heard, me and anon, by some chance Dove who had flown with wandering wings, stray from the "west" that such an animal had been seen. But I knew the deceptions of vision, and thought it might be but a Spectre, a Schein-wesen, and no real man. Your letter removes the "painful apprehension", I suffered on that head. I rejoice most earnestly in your wife, and connubial bliss, which is certainly the blissfullest of all the Blisses. "Blessed" say the Rabbis "Blessed be God, because he created us Man and Woman, and ordained matrimony"! How I pity those pitiful fractions of humanity, yclept "old Maids", and "Bachelors", who grope their cheerless pilgrimage along the dry and dusty way of time never getting a mouthful of fresh air, nor looking on the green living pastels of Heaven, except with bungry and red eyes, and dream of despondency, or at best of discontent. We have about 20 such at Spring Street, who are not mentioned in the Liturgy of a Sabbath. There is a prayer for the Poor, the old, the young, the widow, "those that go down to the sea in Ships" but none for the Bachelors, and their "illustrious correlatives" (for you like the word) unless they are included under the comprehensive terms-"all sorts and conditions of men". I think especial prayers ought

to be just use for them. Let me give you one caution that you do not eat use one another in your Felicity. You remember the Kilkenny cats! A whole day spent in loving C.!! This looks like progressing the commentary on the "Song of Songs which is Solomon's". "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth". Is this your daily Scripture? It is surely a very good one. Do you know the Mystics call one of their high States of ecstacy a "Kiss of the word", meaning the λογος! So it is, and there is a meaning in it. They think they actually kiss the Holy Ghost – the 3d Person of the Trinity. By the way, those Mystics increase marvellously in my favour, I was always more than half Mystic, and I am going further. I have great love of the real Mysticism, but a great detestation of that false-fait-de-rol, that spooky twaddlings, which often goes by its name. We will talk this over sometime. They say Jesus Christ was "the" great Mystick", and truly, in the good sense.

You say you are coming this way in September, I rejoice most delightedly. You will come, (and of course C, for I do not wish to encounter the curse denounced of old time on such as separate man and wife). You and wife

Letter IV.

will come and stay a long time with us — you know we have a prophets chamber and are ready to entertain angels, if not musicians certainly when we know what they are. I shall count upon a long visit, from my old acquaintance and my new one, not yet an acquaintance of the eye, but as surely of the Spirit, for do not I sympathize with your joys? Now touching Ecclesiastical matters. They will want a minister at Lexington, Dwight will not suit (This Letter not wish). Last winter Dwight had preached there already — you one day also. Mr Emerson gave them this choice, you or Dwight, they chose you but you had whisked off to Cincinnati: now the leaders of this party (Mr Monk) gave me a charge to say the word to you, that you may be in readiness. I do not know what they will do however. Colonel Swett leaves old Lexington soon, — all being disgusted with him, and then perhaps the two parishes will unite and settle a good man. You would be the man, I think, but it will be a hard place very hard. They are a cold set, moral but not religious. Some one also will be wanted at Waltham where a junction is to be made between the two societies, and a colleague settled with Mr Ripley. I should

prefer to be a colleague with his wife. so full of the real Spirit have I found her. Mr Gannett has just returned, preached Sunday 12th Aug. House crowded. Sermon hour & half – very good. says men do not seek pleasure sufficiently! quere Doctrine for Gannett. He is perfectly restored and brings back a little Rose in the shape of a child you know – for the Angel of Life as well as health has visited him in his pilgrimages. I have had ~~two three~~ fine long letters from Ellis, one of 12 pp. He is full of enjoyment. Read Ellis still. Dined at Oxford with Dr Buckland and 12 other Big wigs – all D.Ds "heads of horses", as they call their Presidents. He has seen many Lions – Mrs Somerville, Jameson, Mr Carlyle – and was much delighted with him, calls him "broad Scotch man, speaks broken English, just as he writes." Has been to many of the most famous places already, and is full of sights and sounds as you may suppose. He preached for Mr Martineau and Dr Carpenter. He says old Books are "dog-cheap" at London, I am going to send out for some of the English Fathers. I must now say a few words of myself

Miss W.

I have never had a summer of more delightful study than the present, never found more satisfaction in theological and philosophical pursuits. I have solved many questions which have long perplexed and troubled me, and have grown in some small measure calmer than of old time. Tranquil-lity you know is one of my attainable but unattained virtues. Some of my inquiries have been historical - others critical, but Philosophy has given me most delight this season. I do not say that the greatest questions are yet solved or will ever be. They stand now like fire-breathing Dragons in my path, I cannot drive them away. But though they often heat, they never bite me. Mr Francis says in expressing his despair of philosophy, it is better to give it all up and study the facts of nature - with Kirby and Spence and White of Selborne! Who can do it if he would! The Sphinx will have an answer or you die. You must read the riddle. Love of Philosophy may be the "last infirmity of noble minds" but I will cling to it still.

You ask what effect my speculations have on my practice. You will acquit me of boasting when I say the most delightful, better than I could hope. My preaching

Silsbee. W. N. Y.

is weak enough, you know, but is made ten times the more spiritual and strong by my views of nature, God, Christ, man, and the Sacred Scriptures. In my religious conversation I tell men Religion is as necessary as head to the body, Light to the eye, thought to the mind. I ask them to look into their hearts and see if it is not so. They say I tell them the doctrines of Common Sense, and it is true. Questions are often asked on the heretical points. I had to tell a man the other day, that Paul was overtaken by a thunder cloud in his Damascus journey &c. He said it made it all plain. I tell men that Moses and the writers of the Old Testament had low views of God— the least, men could have in those times— they understand it, and believe the New Testament account of God. In regard to Christ, they see a beauty in his character, when they look upon him as a man, who had wants like theirs, trials temptations, joys and sorrows like their own yet stood higher than the tempter, overcome in every trial. They see the same elements in themselves but some of them almost despair of the elevation of his character

Lecture IV.

N. Y.

I can tell them that even he has not exhausted human nature, that what is not behind them is before them, that a future is better than a past, and that they by a faithful use of their powers, may yet be in another world as far before Jesus as he is now before them. I should mainly on a few great points, viz. the nothingness of man's nature, the Godly Ideal he should set before him, the degradation of men at the time, their low aims, and worthless pleasures — on the necessity of being true to their convictions whatever they may be with the certainty that if they do this they have the whole Omnipotence of God working for them, as the artist brings the whole power of the river to turn his wheel. * The Character and Providence of God, and the fearfulness and beauty of this Law's natural moral and religious. My confidence in the Bible is increased. It is not a sealed book but an open one. I consider there are 3 witnesses of God, in creation, 1 works of nature. These do not perfectly reveal him for we cannot now understand all its contradictions. 2 The words of our fellow-men. This comprises all the wisdom of all the past. It includes the Sacred Scriptures. Part of it differs vastly in degree from other writings, but not in Kind. 3 The infinite sentiments

* I should say

of each Individual Soul. Now I lay stress on this 1st but more on the 2d and still more on the 3d. For a man may have just as bright revelations in his own heart as Moses, or David, or Paul, I might say as Jesus but I do not think any man ever has had such a perfect God-consciousness as he. But Paul says the Spirit searches all things, even the "deep things of God" Βαθος του Θεου ——— and I dare not fancy it can never go beyond the writings of the Old Testament. I find nothing in the gospels that can ever perish. Paul mistook sometimes, Jesus never; men no more understand his words than they can do his miracles "Be perfect as God". Do they know what this means? No, No. My confidence in the Gospel is immeasurably increased. I see it has meaning, profoundest meaning in its plainest figures. "He that is greatest among you shall be your Servant", what meaning! It will be understood a thousand years hence — not before. But I see the Gospel is human but infinitely almost above present humanity. I feel bound to communicate my views just so fast and so far as men can understand them, no further. But if they do

not understand them when I propound them, the fault I think is mine and not theirs. I often find it difficult to make myself understood, for I doubt much you could find a more ignorant set in the State than my congregation of 120. But there are some 20 who are intelligent, all are moral and I respect them all. There is but little religious life among them. My Predecessor had little, and could not impart what he did not possess. He will have a long talk upon these points, for you know the pen is dull and cold while the tongue is nearer the heart. My heart and my Hand go together like two turtle doves who perch on the same bough, and eat of the same food, and drop water in one another's beaks. My Religion warms my Philosophy and my Philosophy gives strength to my Religion. You know I do not boast in all this. Now a word of other things. I will send you Emerson's Discourse. It makes a great noise as you may guess. I do not believe it all. Emerson mistakes similarity for Identity and so confounds man and God. Alcott does the same, and the Mystics to a man. It is the Capital fault of all of these. W. E. Channing came, and staid a while with us, a noble fellow, full of thought and Religion, of course a

Silsbee. N. H.

love. face and a transcendental list. Dr Palfrey says of Emerson's discourse, "that part of it, which is not fatty, I apprehend will be found to be Atheism." With Love of Wife and aunt L. to you and yours.

most truly yours

J.

You speak of the power of Faith, it is to me the instrument of all instrument. Reason can do nothing without it, it is foundation and Key-stone. My Faith in the ministry is great, but not in my ministry. I shall stay here I do not know how long. I came unwillingly at first, but Faith says all is Right. I have faith in greatness even. Be cheerful, and full of Faith. I have more to say - but when.

Ellen. W.

c

To the Same Walpole N. H.

West Roxbury 27. Nov. 1838.

W. E.

Dear William,

I received your letter and read it with much satisfaction, and am grateful to you for pointing out the errors of my critique. I think your remarks are very fair and very just. You have understood me in almost every instance. you think there is Sarcasm; I do not think that is too strong a word, though I never intended any thing like it. I hate sarcasm, yet am perhaps sarcastic. I wished to indulge in a little harmless pleasantry, but I fear the Dean would not share in the mirth he excited. You think I indulge the ludicrous vein too much — such is my propensity, no doubt. But how ought things to be treated: light things lightly: grave things gravely: ridiculous things ridiculously. I must think ridicule has its place even in criticism. Eg. Suppose Mr Poyer should write a book on the miracles of the Saviour, attempting to explain them as the results of animal magnetism, a critic might shew the attempt was not successful, and shew also how ridiculous

Mrs Ellen W. in answer to the letter in which Mr Peabody's "Ecclesiastical Letters" criticised Mr Parker's article on Mr Poyer's "Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures & Antiquities," published in the Boston Quarterly of July 1838.

it was to make the attempt and represent the Savior as filling the 5000 with a fancy they had eaten, and letting them go off under that impression. But I will treat of the use of Ridicule some other time, an <u>abuse of ridicule is</u> always bad as you suggest, and I have used it, if abundantly as Jerome says. Again you refer to p. 263. and think the opinion charged upon the Dean is not absurd. I did not design to pass my judgment upon it, but simply to state the leading principles of the Philosophy of the work. But I read that passage to Dr Francis before printing, and he thought it so absurd that the Dean could not entertain it. To any mind William there is something strange and startling in the assertion that man has been so constituted, that he can, by the use of his faculties, on condition of obedience to their laws, achieve all the wonders of science and art, tell the dimensions of the Planets, their whereabouts and their what-abouts, and yet never be able, by the use of his highest faculties ‡ I mean the <u>spontaneous religious sentiments</u> (which Jacobi sometimes calls Faith, sometimes Reason ‡ and <u>consience</u>) and by obedience to their laws, become able to learn religious truths and to be certain it was <u>Truth</u> he learned and not Error. Is it not

Globe. N.

most of all important for man to settle the questions of Duty; to possess religious Truth; and religious Life! How. God, so bountiful in bestowing other powers given him none to discover these Truths, the most important, the most necessary! when the little, (the carnal and temporary) is so abundantly provided for- would the Spiritual and eternal be neglected! If I were told (by an Angel, from that Planet,) that the inhabitants of Uranus differed much from us,- that they had seventy senses to communicate with the outer world, with my present views of God, I should say with confidence, How must they have foo internal senses to commune with God, and should expect him to add 7000. Is it not the case William that while, the Allmighty, takes such bountiful care of all little things, that no animal can be found in utmost height, or almost depth, all of whose wants are not perfectly satisfied- none found wandering up and down, seeking rest and finding none,- he lays most stress on the most important of his works; giving to man e.g. such uncontested superiority- reasoning, moral, aesthetic and religious and moral powers-! The order of nature then is plain,- while nothing is neglected, the most important is most cared for. How would not

Silsbee N.

a more abundant provision of religious and moral Truths be supplied for the Soul, than of food for the body or the Mind! It seems so to me. Experience verifies this. I am better satisfied of religious and moral Truth, than of any thing besides. My eye roams to the stars, and returns to the frost on my window, which reflects their light — but the perception only startles me with its beauty. I can doubt the existence of star and frost-work. But in the Religious Truths, I doubt nothing. The Spirit affirms. In Science I have a sort of Truths in common matters where the Senses reach; I have only opinions; I keep their laws but they can give nothing more. In Morality and Religion I have Truths, of which I am perfectly certain. Why is it! Because they were told me! But for every one of these, 1000 Sensual Opinions I can have given me which are nothing worth to me — coy et pavitera nihil — fleeting opinions. I have a fountain within me whence to draw infinite supplies of Religious and Moral Truths. Did Miracles open this fountain! Did they create it! The Deans says there is no such. The sentiment belongs to Hobbes, to Protagoras, (see the Theaetetus) Is it not every where supposed in the New Testament if not in the Old Testament that man can by no means come to

God? what does Paul mean by his utterances to this effect? (See Acts XVII. 22. 28. Rom I. 19-20, 25. 27. 32. II 14-15.) The Prophets say the same thing. But enough on this question.

Next you ask if I think man can attain to all religious truth without Revelation. No. No. no. To none at all — But how comes the revelation? It is a revelation in consciousness, made on the single condition that the man lives by the "Law of the Spirit of life", and always made when that condition is fulfilled. I take it that all truth is a revelation, [though as there are different modes of Truth, so there are different degrees of Revelation made to different men.] and that all revelation is strictly in conformity with the Law of our Being — and in conformity with its highest powers and laws. I am dependant upon God for all things. I have no wisdom without him. In him I live and move, &c. to be without him, i e to be carnally minded, is Spiritual death, death to the Truth. So Williams I believe no man discovers truth without a revelation. So the Truth is not man's but God's. Did you ever say that is my Truth? But I believe Revelation is always made through and by the Laws of the Spirit and not in a foreign way. Now I cannot think the revelations of Moses, or of Jesus differed in Kind from

that of Sumner, or Forster, but infinitely in degree. 1. I call truths in physical science, matters of revelation through the understanding. 2. truths in morals, are revelations made through* the Reason, through Faith, or Spontaneity or the religious Sentiment or by what other name you please to call it. You will ask me "how this revelation comes"? Not by observation, not by patient looking for it perhaps. But the truth flashes on the man. You have felt such visitations; we labour upon a thought, trying to grasp the truth; we almost have the butterfly in our hand,— but cannot get it. Again we try; it will not come; we walk, sit, pray; it will not come, at last in some moment, it flashes on us, the crystals form in a moment, the work is all done. Whence came it? I do not know. It is in these burning moments that life is lived, the rest is all drudgery, hoeing the bush, ploughing and weeding and watering; this is the harvest hour. These hours are few to any man, perhaps not more than 2 in a week, but yet all the real thought of the man is compressed into these burning moments. The methodist dates his new-birth from them; the orthodox are attempting to reproduce them in 4 days meetings &c. Then my text

* Conscience, the moral sense. 3. Truths in religion are revelations made through

Miss W.

is united to God in these moments: Paul was caught up to the 3d Heaven. Now I believe God is the fountain of all Truth, which overflows from him into all minds that lie low in his power, wishing to feed these minds of theirs in a wise passiveness. But how this influence comes I do not know. I know nothing about the manner in which my soul is connected with God, I only know the fact. It is a matter of experience. My Truth is greater than myself. conscience, the religious sentiment utters truths which I am only to obey, for I have no control over them.

Now a word upon Miracles. I believe most heartily the miracles of the New Testament, in the Gospels and Acts. Some of them I should explain as natural events, such as Paul's conversion. Peters liberation, perhaps the death of Ananias (I doubt on this) Paul's wonderful visits from the angels; I do not think of any others. but the gift of tongues. Now I do not see reason for believing any of the Miracles of the Old Testament. The evidence does not satisfy me: the occasion is not worthy of these, the consequence is nothing- this last is stated p. 303. all old nations claim similar miracles, (you remember these

in Livy, and the Greeks.) which rest on similar evidence. If any one of these miracles (of the Old Testament) rested on sufficient evidence I would believe it. Besides, this is to be remembered, the Orientals never made a sharp distinction between the natural and the supernatural; you see this in the story of the Sun and Moon standing still, and often in the Psalms and the historic books, so they would represent matters as miraculous which were not so. They do the same now.

I think no moral doctrine (or religious doctrine) depends on the authenticity of the Psalms. the history of the doctrine depends on it, it is true, but not the doctrine itself, & I would say the same of the Christian miracles. They relate to the history, but not to the doctrines of Christianity. Prove to me that they never took place, that there never was a Paul, or John, or Jesus, and I will still prove that Christianity is true, it was true before Jesus Christ — for it is older than the creation — it is true still. In a word its truth or falsity has nothing to do with the accompanying miracles, I fancy. It makes no difference whether Socrates taught in a Tavern or a Scaffold, by day or night, his teaching was false or

Note II.

time by itself. I do not see how the doctrines of Mosaism involve historical questions.

I will not trouble you with remarks on all your criticisms for I think them very just, and am heartily glad to be so kindly and so candidly reviewed. I admire at your magnanimity in explaining the Dean's sentence. I think the Dean himself would say as he used to do, "That it was a very good meaning, perhaps better than the true, but he apprehended it was not the real one", for he always made a distinction between the real and a good meaning. One word more as to the remarks on (p. 303. of the Review). You think my remarks would apply to the Christian miracles, because they were ascribed to Belzebut. This would be a passable case if that too they had appeared, large as life, and wrought just such cures as the Savior did. But Christ made a triumphant reply to this. He showed it was antecedently impossible. It would be foolish in the devil to destroy himself. 2. He applied the argumentum ad Hom. and showed that if they professed to do such deeds by divine power, it was absurd to say he did it by devilish power. So much for the application to the New-Testament. Now to come to the case in hand. The Dean says it was the design of

in Livy, and the Greeks.) which rest on similar evidence. If any one of these miracles (of the Old Testament) rested on sufficient evidence I would believe it. Besides, this is to be remembered, the Orientals never made a sharp distinction between the natural and the supernatural; you see this in the story of the Sun and Moon standing still, and often in the Psalms and the historic books, so they would represent matters as miraculous which were not so. They do the same now.

I think no moral doctrine (or religious doctrine) depends on the authenticity of the Psalms. the history of the doctrine depends on it, it is true, but not the doctrine itself, & I would say the same of the Christian Miracles. They relate to the history, but not to the doctrines of Christianity. Prove to me that they never took place, that there never was a Paul, a John, or Jesus, and I will still prove that Christianity is true, it was true before Jesus Christ — for it is older than the creation — it is true still. In a word its truth or falsity has nothing to do with the accompanying miracles, I fancy. It makes no difference whether Socrates taught in a Portout or a Leaf, by day or night, his teaching was false or

tone by itself. I do not see how the doctrines of Mosaism involve historical questions.

I will not trouble you with remarks on all your criticisms for I think them very just, and am heartily glad to be so kindly and so candidly reviewed. I admire at your magnanimity in explaining the Dean's sentence, I think the Dean himself would say as he used to do, "That it was a very good meaning, perhaps better than the true, but he apprehended it was not the real one", for he always made a distinction between the real and a good meaning. One word more as to the remarks on (p. 303. of the Review). You think my remarks would apply to the Christian miracles, because they were ascribed to Belzebut. This would be a possible case if that worthy had appeared, large as life, and wrought just such cures as the Savior did. But Christ made a triumphant reply to this. He showed it was antecedently impossible. It would be foolish in the devil to destroy himself. 2. He applied the Argumentum ad Hom. and showed that if they professed to do such deeds by divine power, it was absurd to say he did it by devilish power. So much for the application to the New Testament. Now to come to the case in hand. The Dean says it was the design of

Silsbee N.

God to induce Pharaoh to let Israel go; to this end he directs Moses to do certain things of a wonderful character before Pharaoh. But Pharaoh's magicians do the same things. Is Pharaoh called on to believe Moses God any better than his? The matter is not mended by stating (gratuitously) that the Magician might shame miracles. If they could not be distinguished from the real they were just as good. But I know nothing in the original to justify this supposition. It was important Pharaoh should see the hand of God in all this, but he did not. Finally Moses overcomes, but Pharaoh would only be justified in thinking he was the more cunning juggler of the two. For my own part I believe not a word of the × plagues in Egypt. To illustrate this matter, let us suppose a man comes to you at Wolfville, and says he has received a command from God, to come and demand of you all your Hebrew books. You must give them up. You would say no, I doubt your mission. Prove your authority. He should say I will turn my Hat into a white-bear large as life. He does it, then catches it by the tail; it becomes a hat again, he puts it on his head and scrambles. You say, "Pooh, Mr Bear-Hat,

I will get any body to do that, and should call in Mr John Bellows who should do the same with his hat. Suppose Mr Bellows should equal the Stranger in 3 attempts, but should then fail in 7 more, all equally strange with the first, what impression would you receive from all this?

In some other letter I will attempt the "building up" you speak of. I admit there are <u>difficulties</u> in building up, but I may tell you the Shoe pinches, and where it pinches, even if I cannot make a new one which will fit better. But I have a theory of constructing the Pentateuch which shall come at some other time. I shall send you a discourse of Dr. Channing's, (of which I wrote a poor notice in the Register) as soon as published. Dwight will appear about Christmas. I admire <u>Jacobi</u>, he develops the spontaneous faculties finely, but does not satisfy me as a Philosopher. I want stronger meat but I <u>love</u> him. I am a great admirer of the "New Church" but cant swallow all their wonders. There seems more light and warmth in that than in all modern churches. But they are Mystics. I cant direct your studies, I should as soon think of directing the Sun. But I guess <u>de Wette</u> Über die Religion is just the thing. If I will send it up the first chance. Fran-

Silsbee W.

-cis has mine now. de Witte Christliebe Theol. is good, but dry.

I have another letter from Ellis which I will send you. Wednesday Emerson begins his lectures; since you won't hear them, I will give you meagre sketches thereof. Our little club met a fortnight ago, and meets again Wednesday; oh that you could come! All send best regards to you and "wife", you know me to be always yours

J.

You will let me keep Tennemann awhile longer, for I want him. It is doubtful that Walker goes to Cambridge. Some think Upham will go to the Historical Chair.

I gratulate you on Mr Sparks for a Cousin!

To the Same. Walpole. N. H.

West Rayburg 25. March [1839?] c

Most Ettenless William,

It is so long since I have heard a word from you that I begin to doubt you are in verum natura: I have seen your ghost of late in dreams, so I find you "walk" after death as well as before it, and so I conclude you will write as often from the other world as from Walpole, so I am about as likely to get a reply from William a just man made perfect, as from William not yet made perfect. Don't think I am going to scold you for not writing, I know my own sins too well for that. I have not written half a dozen letters these 6 months. I fancy I am growing old, for I don't love to write letters any more, not even to you. I only scribble these few words to make a request, which follows.

It is, that you should abandon all thoughts of settling at Walpole, a vile cold place, (defiled by the J. B. of the red nose) and come and settle at Waltham, Lexington, or Walpole in Mass: the two former are now vacant. Waltham would be a good

palace, but they want a sort of Seiden, who can make a noise, and go round and bustle with them. Yet apart from this it may be a good place and I want you to say yes, and I will begin to break ground for you.

Tell me what you have been doing all winter long; something besides loving your wife I trust, not that the latter is not to be done with the whole heart, but that something else is also to be done. You dont know how much I wish to see you once more, shall you not come down to Salem soon? Write me forthwith, telling me all about any thing you think, feel hope and wish. I have a great many things to say to you but they will not be written, only said.

Please give our best regards to your better-half. (I suppose the mathematical expression of you and your wife would be Mrs Silsbee = + or - Mrs Silsbee, which is an identical equation, and the proposition would be (Mr Silsbee): (Mrs Silsbee):: 1:1. Hence (Mr Silsbee) x 1. = (Mrs Silsbee) x 1: Q. E. d. again (Mr Silsbee) x (Mrs Silsbee) = (Mr Silsbee)^2. [important inferences may be drawn from this conclusion, and I advise you to draw them] again $\frac{\text{Mr Silsbee}}{\text{Mr Silsbee}} = \frac{1}{1} =$ a. 2. C. D. which means that William without his wife, is just nothing: and

Volume IV.

his wife without him is no more. They would be irrational quantities and even absurd. In this manner I could go on putting you into equations and extracting the roots, but I forbear till some other time. I have made an application of the calculus, and the formula for irrational exponents, and find it demonstrable that you will write a reply within 24 hours, 23! + 27½! of the receipt of this.

Yours truly

I.

To the Same Walpole. N. H.

West-Rayburg 22. May. 39.

My dear William,

I have not forgotten you, old friend, though you may justly think my memory has been treacherous as the old tub Dennis Luckless daughters were to fill. The tub only leaked out the water, my memory something

very different. But dany not you are forgotten, you still cheer my day dreams, and night-visions also, as well as take a part in my more serious musings; would you were as near that other town which bears the same name, then I could see you at least hebdomally as Cranch says. Apropos of Cranch, he is coming this way, was recently at Philadelphia, sent some of his sketches of Emerson, to Boston, they were most capital. I have some thousand things to write you about, one is that Sam Robbins has left Lynn, so there is a place for you if you can so far descend. As to Waltham, I spoke to Dr Francis and Mr Sam Ripley, both liked it much, (Mr Francis was no stranger to your desire,) but they did not wish to ask you to come and preach unless there was a good chance that you would be called and settled, or at least chosen. Touching the little Heavenly Buckets, alias Wingham, I fancied myself quite in luck, for I saw Dr Ware, who seized one of the Winghamites, telling him to write you forthwith. So I expected you would have been settled at one or the other place before this time, for I went about that business more rapidly than about writing this letter. For delay in

Libro IV.

this latter particular, I cast myself on your mercy, knowing that you also may remember the frailty of human flesh, specially when letters are to be penned. But "Condemno neiquissimi inertiae," I will offend no more under this rubric.

I have now odd things to say. You know of course that the Dean, ipsissimus ipse has resigned, professorships, Hebrew, Greek, Old Testament, New Testament, Academic Lectures, Deanships, "atque id genus omne," and leaves Cambridge in the Summer. What shall be done (or men said) in this dilemma? the doctors are not yet agreed, but conjecture avers that Mr G. R. Noyes will be called in to officiate in his place. He doubtless will achieve the extinguishment of the Theological School. It has long been at the point of death, He will cut the fatal train. He is a good man having but one fault, viz he is dead. [N. B, this is not my charity but others men's suggestion.] Ellis has been at home a fortnight. He has not altered in the least, save a little increase of flesh. I had not seen him ten minutes before he told me of adventures which could have befallen none but himself. He is full of the Bishops, and the Pope (having been presented to his highness in Hyde because for which he had to pay $3 duties at the New York Custom house),

Tilton. N.

the English Unitarians, and all sorts of foreign things. He has seen Broaders and Bowles, and even Peale Sidney: that latter Gentleman, who lately paid us a visit, (business reasons)— politely asked Mr E, for money on the old account!! E of course refused, Peale then sued him!!! E, says the Lawyer, told him the facts, and he scolded Peale, and refused to meddle farther in the matter. Nothing daunted thereat Peale went to another Lawyer, sued E again, with the same result. He then went to H. H. Sutter his classmate, often bored personally by Peale and asked him "if there was any difference between Law Equity and Justice"! "Certainly" said Mr F. "I will illustrate the distinction. In Justice you ought to have been hanged 10 years ago, but in Law we cant hang you yet." Peale's "mounting blood" was up. E met him afterwards and told him if he ever consulted another Lawyer about it he would "have him into jail in ten minutes," and that worthy was greatly alarmed. I saw Everett, who gave me good news of you and yours. Accept my best wishes, and congratulations. I shall see you at the Convention of course. Next Sunday I go to Salem, to preach. I am going to write you a long letter in answer to your queries.

Yours ever, with unabated affection.

Please give my best regards to Mrs L. and accept the same for yourself

Valse. W.

To the Revne. Walpole. N. H.

West Rexbury 27 June 39.

My dear William

It is so long since I have heard from you directly, that I think of you about 2/3 of the time, so to get respite, and a chance to do something else, I am going to write you a little Bericht Aben (for you know good thoughts are good for nothing unless they lead to good actions. First then of all let me congratulate you upon the great blessing received, why it was almost too good to be true said I. as some one told me the tale; I related it to Sam, and we walked about wondering and rejoicing. I used to hope the Lord would favor me equally, for a Parker or a Cabot that had no children is something unheard of in the history of our families. But be that as it may I rejoice at your prosperity. My first impulse forgetting "this vile body", was to hasten up to Walpole, to see the puny fellow, with "Heaven lying about him," "dotted by satties of his mothers Kisses." But the old relations of Time and

Silsbee W.

Space (which I conjecture were the Chains that held Pro-metheus and that Iron ones would have been as burnt clay to that worthy) keep me bound here, so you will accept the Myrrh and Frankincense of my congratulations, as poured out in letters, instead of hearing them mutter in articulated speech. If we were as wise as the old magi, doubtless we should have seen the star of this new advent of the perpetual Messiah, which comes into all households.

Now be it known unto you — (though I fear it will remain unknown for I have a most horrible pen) that I have taken some pains to find a suitable place for you in our neighborhood where I might have you at least half to myself. equally for counsel and comfort. Wolfpole and Waltham presented themselves. A year ago, or last autumn you might have had the latter place, but Bellows at-tracted you — a sin I trust will be forgiven him in the next world. I shall never forgive him in this, unless his wife is a very pretty woman (which I doubt) no other vicarious atonement would satisfy, and no

Take it

ment of his would appriate such an offence. But now, [I am about as connected this morning as Paul non-chiefest of apostles, than chiefest of sinners, here making tents, there not knowing whether in the body or out of it.] but now the Walpoles — to take up the thread dropped sometime since, and hopefully blown to me, by "the association of Ideas," but now the Walpoles of Massachusetts have (joyously) set their eyes on one Wernick of Sandwich (a man married, four or seven years (authorities are divided as to the time) but all that time babyless, and at length miraculously relieved of the stigma of barrenness — by the accession of new and valuable neighbours perhaps) and they think he also is the man for them, so he is now delivering to them the word, with what fruit it remains to be seen. Now there still remains South-Boston [for Capen is most "ignominiously cast away as if he had not been anointed with oil."] and I have spoken the word to Mr E. intreating for you, and still more I have engaged in your behalf a "special pleader" of great and undoubted efficacy to wit Miss. We you know is a natural Bishop, and takes to looking after parishes as young ducks to the mud, by nature, still more than is the contemptible parish of Lynn. Dwight tried it, but it would not go. [Mr little finger was thicker

Silsbee N.

Space (which I conjecture were the Chains that held Pro-
-metheus and that Iron ones would have been as burnt
flax to that worthy) keeps me bound here, so you will
accept the Myrrh and Frankincense of my congratulations,
as poured out in letters, instead of hearing them nothing
in articulated speech. If we were as wise as the old magi,
doubtless we should have seen the star of this new
advent of the prospectual Messiah, which comes into
all households.

Now be it known unto you - (though I fear
it will remain unknown for I have a most hor-
-rible fear) that I have taken some pains to find
a suitable place for you in our neighborhood where
I might have you at least half to myself. equally
for counsel and comfort. Walpole and Waltham
presented themselves. A year ago, or last Autumn
you might have had the latter place, but Bellows at-
-tracted you - a sin I trust will be forgiven him in
the next world. I shall never forgive him in this,
unless his wife is a very pretty woman (which I doubt)
no other vicarious atonement would satisfy, and no

Letter V

ment of his would expiate such an offence. But now, [I am about as connected this morning as Paul now chiefest of apostles, then chiefest of sinners, here making tents, there not knowing whether in the body or out of it.] but now the Walpoles — to take up the thread dropped sometime since, and hopefully blown to me, by "the association of Ideas," but now the Walpoles of Massachusetts have (profanely) set their eyes on one Merrick of Sandwich (a man married, four or seven years (authorities are divided as to the time) but at that time babyless, and at length miraculously relieved of the stigma of barrenness — by the accession of new and valuable neighbours (perhaps) and they think he also is the man for them, so he is now delivering to them the word, with what spirit it remains to be seen. Now there still remains South-Boston [for Capen is most "ignominiously cast away as if he had not been anointed with oil."] and I have spoken the word to Mr E. intreating for you, and still more I have engaged in your behalf a "special pleader" of great and undoubted efficacy, to wit Ellis. He you know is a natural Bishop, and takes to looking after parishes as young ducks to the mud, by nature, still more than is the contemptible parish of Lynn. Dwight tried it, but it would not go. [His little finger was thicker

Silsbee II.

with Transcendentalism, than Robbins' [sic], and still more there is the new Chelsea Church, where the great Mr Seiders has recently been "holding forth". He offers to preach for you, to electioneer for you; in a word he is ready to promise that you will do for them as well as he could. Sed quorsum hæc spectant, simply to this point, that soon as may be you do migrate to this neighbourhood, and seek you some one of the pulpits, or others that may offer themselves; soon as you come advise me of your whereabouts, and I will be instant in visiting you. I shall preach at Salem the 2 Sundays in July, for Dr Flint. I saw your old friend the new Mrs Sparks a day ago, she sends regards to you. Ellis says in his characteristic way, "How the Dean has come all to pieces". It seems that Mr Mariotti recently wrote an article for that functionary who presides over the North American, and in it after mentioning the great historians of Italy and England alluded to those of America also, Mr Prescott and Bancroft; when the Dean "impiger iracundus, inexorabilis contemnor quæ Deum" erases Bancroft and puts "Sparks". Mr Mariotti remonstrates by letter, the Dean expunges to

Sister W.

restore the text, whereupon he just-lisht the whole transaction in the Post.

I am "hot-pressed" for time, so have no chance for another word, but to say good bye, and kind regards to "wife and all"

yours emphatically.

To the Same. Dover. N. H.

West Roxbury 16th July. 39.

My dear William,

I have heard you were at Dover to write, sorry to find you at no better place but glad you are at one so good. I have seen also your friends, Brothers, Sisters, Aunts and Mother, for I have just been to Salem to preach, where as usual, I found all things pleasant, especially with them. Yesterday, your Brothers and Aunt Elizabeth went over to the Dicers house, and I had the pleasure to go with them. I shall be long obliged to them for that delightful day of delight. Mean pleasant are all things around at the Dicers house. There is enough of wildness,

enough of calm; of sea enough, and of country also. You can be hot in cool, at will, "could ruttiness cease to prey on self-condemning bosoms, it were here." Bosoms not self-condemned find Paradise in every place. I write to enquire what you design to do with yourself, where you design to bestow yourself, as the minister of good works! I suppose you have heard from Mr Francis all that may be said touching the state of things at Waltham. You will not think me wengs and careless of your interest when I tell you I did not go to W. as I promised, for I found Mr F. was going, that he was acquainted with the persons, in whose hands the matter rested, while I knew them not even "by face": so I left the matter to him, and proceeded no farther than Watertown. I shall lament unspeakably if you do not go to Waltham, yet the people there are given to strange retirons. They coquet (I must call it so) with Mr Swett. a man of common abilities, — which are well enough, as they produce very good sermons, it is rumored — but of no godliness, — which is decidedly bad. — and strangely given to hoeing, chaising, gigging, romping, chattering and other doings still more

Ellen W.

perhaps, the which when united in the demeanour of one man, and that a Minister, go some lengths to show he cares less for the Spirit than the flesh, even less than horse-flesh. All sorts of inconsistencies seem strangely "huddled and lumped" in him. — That faggot of contradictions, that he is. Pray tell me how you like Dover, for that place will not be so near the end of the world when the Rail-road is completed, as now it is. You would prefer that to Lynn! Your friends are of that opinion, I perceive. Doubtless it is better in all relations for the sake of geographical "three the town of Shoes is its superior. Salem, Boston, Cambridge and "the just men made perfect," resident in the various neighbourhoods, all these are of weight.

That you be in Cambridge to hear the holdings-forth of the Dean and his seven, viz, = three Methodist, three dyspeptics and one Mystic, who is probably thoroughly Eupeptic (Εὐπέπτικος) Should not you like to hear the utterances of Andrew the Only! Perhaps he will mount the Tripod and discourse "of the new School in Philosophy and Religion." Doubtless he will give us something very good and sound. Ἐκπέτομαι ἐπὶ βίον — I flutter on the wings of expectation, for his ejaculations. But how delightful it would

Silsbee N.

be for us to be there together. I only throw out this, as a dream, sometime to be realized. I hope you will write soon, and tell me about your plans, views, hopes and new writes: we shall see you at least when you come to Salem; accept my best regard for Charlotte and Annie the little "Hexelinadevin."

Yours truly—

J.

To the Same Dover. N. H.

West Roxbury Saturday 11 Sept. 11th [19]

My dear William,

I never felt title today the forth value of the evidence for miracles, or the subjective experience of their constraining power; I went to the Post-Office this morning, carefull, no doubt and "troubled about many things," but amongst others I thought of you; of a letter I might write to greet you, when on entering the office, and being saluted

by my Anti-Slavery friend — a great-hearted Christian, of the orthodox Faith, but who never speaks to the orthodox minister, though a frequent visiter of myself — upon being greeted by him, and bid to look over the papers — his papers you must know — the worthy servant of the public handed me your letter. Now you know I am "slow to believe all that the prophets have written", incredulous as to strange things, demanding large outlay of proof before I admit any things new and hitherto undreamed of. So seeing your letter, in your well-known hand, so different from most of my acquaintance (whose letters I send back with the mark "noted", which Andrew Jackson L. L. D. of blessed memory, used to affix to a great basket full of Epistles) seeing moreover the Post mark "Dover" &c, I said this is a miracle or a "sham". Into which Category should it be put? There were strong objections against the actuality of a letter from you. Your well known character; your great talent for silence, & dread letters; your previous habits of uniting one letter to my two or three; your well-known avocations, so numerous in a new place, and your entire absorption in your wife and Baby, (whom

may Heaven bless) equalled only by the tri-emeral absorption of Jonah in the whale — all these, and many more considerations were against the authenticity of the letter; my own eyes oftener deceive me than my logic does, so I wiped my Spectacles, but there was the letter, distinctly painted on the retina, "a presence not to be put by." I opened and read, "surely" said I, "it is from that wretch, so illiterate. He hath been expurgitated, like his great Exemplar Jonah the whale-borne. It is a miracle that he has written: it is not only above but contrary to all the laws of his nature"; then the truth flashed over me that you were really "alive and kicking," as they say at Barnstable deriving that elegant metaphor from the blessings of the deep, and treasures hid in the mud-ity frogs and fishes. Now a common letter — i e one written by a ready writer, who always writes regularly and promptly — would not have convinced me that you were alive, and in that other State, as sentimentally alluded to above, common letters may be written mechanically. They are effort, and

have no cause, nor always an occasion, therefore they are proofs of nothing, and signs only of Zero; mathematically speaking, = 0. Your regular hack letter writer farmeth after Seattle plentifully as before, his pen walking over his paper, from mere force of habit, just as men hold up their umbrellas long after the shower is over, or as old Dr Ware used to wear that famous cloak of his in all the beautiful mornings in May, and his thinnish garments till November, keeping up the old habit. But now convinced as I am of your existence in the flesh, let me say a few words about the various matters in your very pleasant and most grateful letter. I will attend to the Lyman business as soon as may be, and will do "tout mon possible," which is not much, hoping to succeed, and with full faith that whatever is best will come to you and me, whichever way the wind blows. Ripley is writing the reply to Mr Norton. He has read the whole of it to me: it will make a pamphlet of about 100 pp. 8vo; is strong, clear and very good. We will not say all that I wish might be said, but after we have seen that, I will "handle" in a letter to you certain other points, not approached by Ripley. There is a higher

Silsbee W.

word to be said on this subject than Ripley is disposed to say just now. But a long controversy will probably grow out of this, ink will be spilled on both sides and hard names called in the excess of Christian charity that usually attends religious controversies. I find no men who like the address, among the unitarian ministers, even Dr Parkman thinks it "weak". But some of the "lay" brethren think the matter is fixed, that Mr Norton has "done transcendentalism up", and settle the whole matter as Judge Story settles a question of form in the courts, or as the Chief Justice puts down a "contempt." I saw the Mosaic Professor, — Moses Stuart, who is a thing of shreds and patches, between us, notwithstanding his learning, liberality and piety — He says the "latest form of Infidelity" is the best of all Norton's writings: few men can do so well as that. He has hit the nail on the head. (? . הָיָה הַמַּכֶּה עַל הָרֹאשׁ וַיִּיטַב) The he (the Mosaic professor) is going to write Andrew Norton to thank him for it — and to say that though they disagree a little in a point — they shall come together at last and go in to the new Jerusalem together (If Peter should see them

Elbee. W.

coming the two professors "plenum sed", no doubt he would explain "Venit tandem Arcades ambo, Aha." I am going to write you a long letter about serious matters by and by. If you had brought Wife and Baby and all we should have greeted you so truly that "Baby" never would have escaped from our den. Give our regards to Wife and Baby, not expecting the latter or the former, and in your threefold personality believe me

Yours.

To the Same Salem. Mass.

Westfield 15 Oct. 39.

Most illustrious William,

I dont know that I shall ever finish this letter, much less send it, but nevertheless I shall begin it, knowing by sad and often experience, that I never send or conclude any papers (much less letters) unless I begin them. Here we are, I say we meaning George Risley and Henry Lee Jr. and myself, on a pedestrian expe-

-dition of great extent and most uncertain direction, but here at all events and obliged – (since we have perishable bodies) to lay by, on account of a violent rain which has continued all night and all day, and threatens to be perpetual. Ripley who is intimate with the Clerk of all weathers says there will neither be change of the wind, nor abatement of the flood of waters for seventy days to come. We fear that the Green Mountains and the Connecticut river (– but especially the latter) will be clean washed away. I have heard of you at Boston, through various channels, except the proper one, my own eyes – as the Irishman said – But what now is your abiding place I seek not; I pray you to advise me of your doings and drivings, your whereabouts and your what abouts. Do you know that Sam has taken to the druggists' trade, and "drives a pretty considerable business in the sale of Medicines, paints, dye-stuffs and other abominable things! It is alas too true. He keeps at the Sign of "Andrews and Brother" in Commercial Street, whither the Codes conducted me a few days ago to see that sight.

Cranch has delighted us with a visit of a few days. How just he is of a right good generous and poetic Spirit.

Chester W.

He is full of old snatches of old song as the wood is of birds or green leaves. I suppose you — or at least your better self — saw somewhat of him at the west. Well here we are becalmed at Westfield and delightful it is, with the scent of the Barroom on the one hand, and on the other the pattering of rain, the jingling of crockery, the neighing of horses, and the cackling and crowing of little Hens and Cocks. Yet withal it is not dismal; for we have right fair weather within ourselves and I have just now, this blessed rainy day read through Stemes sentimental journey and Peters letters to his Kinsfolk, not to mention the fib we have told one another this morning. I wish to know if you have read Ripley on the "Latest Form", and what you think thereof. To me it seems excellent — both in design and execution, equally fine in manner, matter, and spirit. The Nation may well thank Heaven that he has fallen into the hands of a Christian man and not the clutches of a Philistine like himself. Some men would have treated the Professor as the Giant Maintably designed to treat Jack — would have broken every bone in his body. But after all the Professor is not to be despised, nor abused. He has done a good work

so let him be honored for that, for there are few scholars who have done one good work. Our party — hoping for a pleasant expedition — design to spend this and the next week in roaming about among the Hills of Berkshire county; we should have much more pleasure if you were with us. It grieves me to think how much we are separated, when we of old time were so strictly conjoined. Pray write me of your plans, and tell where you may expect to be the next few months; give my best and most affectionate regards to Charlotte and the little unshod Carmelite who blesses your arms the greater part of the time I fear. Write soon and believe me as ever

Your true friend

Theo: Parker.

Elder W.

To the Same Salem. Mass.

c

Thursday 14 May 1840

Most illustrious William

It did me much good to see your hand on the outside of a letter, and much more good when it was connected with Salem— a place so near and accessible. I must cast myself humbly at the feet of your mercy— and ask forgiveness for omitting to write. But I have grown lazy. very lazy— and feel my mind like the Moss that grows in the woods of oblivion; or only seem to grow. This must be my excuse— Oh who shall deliver me from the body of this death! I fear you will not forgive the sin— because, you also required similar pardon in days gone by.

Touching the procrastinment on Sunday, I unfortunately made an exchange with A. B. Muzzey, my illustrious townsman and 4001st cousin, who holds forth at Cambridge Post you know. Now if you had said you would come certainly, I should have written incontinently to the saints

4001st cousin, telling him to preach at home, next Sunday. But since "all doubtful things are uncertain" (as Aquinas so acutely remarks) and since your doubtful things possess a very high degree of uncertainty – and since also, I have preached at home already 5/7 of the time latterly, and the whole of the two last Sundays and am not altogether prepared for the next, I think I must let the matter stand as it does, and request your favour for the 4th Sunday in May.

Now my old friend and my best friend, and my "Freundlichste Mentlein Freundchen, und Freundinnen" why do you not say when you will come and see me; come up next week, and stay a long time, and we will talk, oh how we will talk of things old but not forgot, and things new, it may be. How long shall you stop at Salem? Lydia and I will come down and see you and all the good folks, only I think not next week – for peradventure Mr Hedge will come and pass the week, or a part thereof with us.

Little Annchen I suppose grows like a grantess and is well-nigh marriageable, and Annchen's mother becomes each day more delightful: pray give from me to each of them the proper greeting ie in English a kiss

Clarke W.

to the Baby and best love to the Mother.

Write soon and tell me all things, and in the meantime give my best remembrances to your mother and Aunts, and sisters and brothers, not forgetting your sister in posse, or rather the "future in Esse."

Wife has gone away for this evening or she would subscribe the above.

Yours ever

T.

To the Same Walpole. M. 76.

2 L.

West Roxbury 15 Sept. 1840

Most true and faithful and good-hearted William, the old Roman Poet writes "Bonus obigurando dormivit Homerus", now if such were the case with "Bonus Homerus" much more justifiably may it be written Malus, quite a long time dormivit Pastorem, and so I beg you to excuse me for slumbering with the epistolary quill in my hand, just as

Libbie H.

you excuse the blind old man, for nodding over his horse, when it grew late at night, and he had wandered many a league, tired and hungry. Since I saw you last, so many things of moment have taken place about us, that I think I shall mention none of them, because I cannot tell the whole. This you know is as wise a resolution, as it would have been in Robinson Crusoe, to excuse to bring home a jack-knife and bag of biscuit, from the "ship", because he could not also bring off the last bower anchor, and all the provisions in the storeroom. But I do repent me, and will mention one thing, and that is Dr Walker's discourse before the Alumni, which is not to be published, since that official intends to use it again,—in the next century I suppose. It was exceedingly good and so far from "prohibiting the banns, between Religion and Philosophy" as good brother Young has done, he said mother had gone so far between the two parties already, that the affair could not be winked out of sight (by the old folks), it could not be hushed up in the family, nor was it safe, at this stage of the progress, to cast Philosophy by a bad name, and then let him go. He recommended immediate union, as soon as the Priest could be got ready. Now I

Chap. IV.

suppose the parties — for both Religion and Philosophy were in the Church — took the hint, and went off to Providence, or New York, and were made "man and wife" with all convenient despatch, for not a word has been heard from either of them since, so I suppose they are now making a nuptial journey through the States, for I hear of "Serments" and "Espitements" in other parts, which make me suspect, the couple are still active. If they do not return to New England for some years, I trust they will come back with their arms full of giant babies, who shall build up the shaken walls of the Church, and the school, and so revive the work of both Parents. I would say to you a word about the convention at Groton, but have not room to say more than this, that Ripley, Abbott, a Mr Clarke, (who is Cashier of the New England Bank Boston, and one of the best heads and hearts also —) with myself walked up to Groton, and besides attending the meetings of that august convention, we had a little convention of our own in the Inn where we lodged. That is to say, one evening, we got together 20 or 30 rustic men, dissatisfied with things old and present, atque cupidi novarum rerum, at least in the Church among these were some men from Cape Cod — aye and women too — called Come-outers, because they have come out from the

other churches. They seem to have — and to live likewise — all the traits of the Transcendentalists, though they are men with little or no culture. They have no organization; one man is called their "minister"; he receives what he wants from them, and if they want any thing that he has, he gives it. He is a common hand laborer, and yet contrived last year to give in charity $100.!!! He is a minister of silence no less than of speech, and often says no word, during the whole meeting, for the Spirit moves some others to speak, and no man is forbidden to say the Truth God gives him to utter. "It takes the whole Church to preach the whole Gospel" say they. They count the minister's calling sacred, but no more sacred than that of the humblest Sister among them, though she is but six years old. They make no distinction of sacred and profane if the heart be right. If the man is pious all his works are holy, if impious, his prayers are profane! They count the Christian ordinances to be their daily work, and so have no others. Though if one want to be baptized, some one of the brotherhood is moved to baptize him, and so it is done. They administer the Lord's Supper as follows.

"The other evening, said one of them, we met at Sister Nancy's house, and Brother ___ said he wanted to taste the Lord's Supper, so the Sister went to the Pantry and got bread and wine, and put it on the table; the Brother sat down and felt to, and ate and drank." They are a body of men and women dwelling together in Christian love. They pleased us so much that we are going down to the Cape to see them at home, this autumn.

Now let me come to your affairs. Settled among plain people that are willing to receive Christian truth, I doubt not you find the joy of a true Christian minister and friend. You do not know how often I think of you, for I can <u>love without letters</u>. I saw a few days ago Dr Draper, who had rode 60 miles to hear you, and was well paid, as I knew and he confessed. Do you find more or less satisfaction, than you expected? How do you visit the uneducated, and how talk to them and with them? How are your lady friends whom I saw, and heard of when at W! How do the literary ones get forward? Give more the baby — the wife, how do they all flourish, and the study and the household, how are all! Pittnee write me of them all. Still more,

544

Silsbee N.

I send you the Christian Reformer, by mail. When you get the next number of the Dial, please to write me what you think wrong in the article by "P." on the Christianity of Christ, the Church &c. I shall value your opinion highly. Tell me any thing which I can do for you, and you shall be served to the measure of my ability. Wife sends love, as always, & so

Yours. T.

To the Same. Walpole. N. H.

Duxbury 23. Feb. 1841.

Most excellent William,

Perhaps you will wonder what has brought me to the birth place of the spiritual Lady CWSN. but here I am none the less. I have come here to "spread my heresies" as Sulpicius Severus says of Priscillian, the first Christian put to death by Christians, for heresy.

I meant to say a word in reply to your questions.

Lec. II

1. How I know what Christianity is? 2. How I get at the Absolute Religion?

1. Christianity is the doctrine taught by Christ. To get at this doctrine taught by Christ, I must depend on 2 sources. (1) the Evangelists who relate his words and works, and (2) the Apostles who in their letters recite his words to life and apply them to new circumstances. Now these two sources, use one of two things, they are either [1] perfect records and [2] not perfect records of his words and works. If they are the [1.] I must receive them without criticism; if the [2] I must sift the fact from the fiction & get at the probable truth of the matter. Now these records are not perfect. The proof is external and internal. External is assumed as we cannot refer the documents (of the Gospels) to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, as their Author. with any certainty, and still more, if we could do that we cannot prove that they were more competent to give perfect testimony in any case, and still more, that they relate what they saw and heard in their own persons, and in their own senses. The first business is — "the trial of the witnesses", to see if they are competent men, and if they were present at the times and place alleged, otherwise their evidence is only hearsay — which does not

Silsbee. IV.

proof for merit in the court you know, except to prove a "general reputation" which depends on hearsay. So much for the external, now for the internal. Look at the testimony itself without regard to its authors. The (1.) contradictions (2.) inconsistencies, and (3) statements of themselves incredible, which occur in the Gospels show plainly these are not-perfect-record. Thus I prove the Minor of the next Syllogism

1. A not-perfect-record is only to be accepted with qualifications and after-criticism, to separate the fact from fiction.

2. The Gospels are a not-perfect-record.

3. Ergo &c.

Now-out of this mass to extract the real doctrine of Christ. This is the problem. Let us look at a few considerations.

1. It is plain from history that a great religious and moral movement began about the first half of the first century of our era. This is proved by monuments that are not-Christian, as well as other monuments.

2. There must have been a cause adequate to the effect.

3. Since the effect was a moral and religious movement, so the cause was a moral and religious cause.

4. This movement is marked with the name of Christ - Christ

Lec. IV.

5. This movement is united to Christ, by both Christian and non-Christian writers.

Then the problem is in the mass of these documents before mentioned - the Gospels, to detect the moral and religious cause adequate to the moral and religious movement. Now I find it in 2 things 1. the doctrines of Christ and 2 the life of Christ. Then 1. what are the doctrines? Answer from the 4 Gospels, and Apostles who agree, all of them, in this - Love God and Love man. Then 2 what is the life? Answer from the same source, with the same unanimity, a life of loving God and loving man, true and entire. Here then is Christianity - = love of God and man, set off by the life of Jesus. Thus I get my Christianity.

2. now to get Absolute Religion. There is a pretended and a real way. (1.) the pretended. It is to take, by eclecticism the best positions of all former religions and unite them into a whole. This is a false way. For first, perhaps all religion has not yet been developed, so is not to be had from this source. Second, the attempt to select the best therein implies a Knowledge of the best and therefore a possession of it: hence it is absurd to look for what you have already got: Thirdly it is not possible to construct the absolute by taking one historical

feature here, and another there, for no combination of historical things, will make up the Absolute: — no more than a collection of triangles will make a mathematical circle. Fourthly to take Christianity without examination and declare that is the Absolute, is to leap in the dark — and so never know where you are, admitting you land safely. (2) the real way. It is to look at the Law God has written in man. i. e. to separate from the "me" all that is personal, national, sectarian, take the "word of God" as Reason, Conscience, and the Religious Element declare it, and here is Absolute Religion, the concordant voice of the intellectual, moral, and religious elements of man. Now I get at the Absolute. Here there are two things A. Absolute Religion, and B. Christianity, one got at metaphysically, the other historically. Now bring them together, and apply one to the other, to see how they agree. A is to keep the Law of God written on the constitution of man, that Law is Love God and Love man. B. also is Love God and love man. So the relation between them is this A = B. i.e. Christianity = Absolute Religion. Q. E. D.

I know that some day man can have my knowledge

of the Absolute (or infinite) but as you are not of that number, I do not attempt to establish the fact. Now men say The end is "to believe Christianity" — the means are "miracles". I accept the end, but reject the means, and think they are a reproach to any people. I ask proofs of the fact that these are miracles. At the very best the evidence in their favour is historical, probable, never apodictical, (as Kant would say) never intuitive. My knowledge of A. and therefore of B. is apodictical, and intuitive. I ask no more — and no more is possible, in the nature of things.

T. P.

To the Same Walpole N. H.

N. L.

West Roxbury April 23.d 1841

Most excellent William, Your letters have been so rare since your marriage, and we have met so often in our dreams and so rarely in waking, that I have said to myself almost every day. "I wonder how a letter from Wm would look!" How

would his wife sound! would he look over his Spectacles to read the titles of Books if he were now at the "Antique" as in the palmy days of old?" I have a sort of magnetic connection with you, and fancy I know when you are in trouble, and had a Clair-voyance of this my letter some days ago. So when it was laid on the table, I expected it as much as the Newspaper which I flung under the table. Now for an answer to the letter. Touching the exchange.= I would most gladly (you know) do any thing to oblige you, that lay in my power. But I cant do this, Cause why? I shall be in the middle of de Vette I trust, (i e of printing &c.) for though C and B. say no, on their own account, some one shall say yes, if not at their expense, why then at mine, for I "must do or die" in this matter. Besides it would be vastly inconvenient to me to go, did not this difficulty exist. I could not put all my folios in my pocket, and sit down under a tree with a polyglott in one hand, and Hegel in the other. I dont think at this minute of any one who would be likely to accede to your proposal unless it were Dr Flint- who likes to get away from home- or Jane Barrett, who goes 10 miles to preach &

Miss W.

lecture. Could not good father Briggs help you to some man? I will ask him but you had better write perhaps. If you come to Salem for 6-8 weeks I will see you often and long. Now of the Diat. Wilson wrote the questionable Article. So it all depends on the classification, which I think is perfectly arbitrary. As the Germans say he has "griffe das Blaue hinein" and so filled his noddle with the North East-wind. However he has told a good deal of truth withal. I am no Pantheist nor never was. My friend Dr Lawson says "he, i.e. Lawson, leans between two fires, Anthropomorphism" (which is the theistical side of Calvinism) "and Pantheism" (which is the religious side of nature as Coleridge would say if he were here). Now for my part I find a verum quid and am no more troubled by Pantheism, or Anthropomorphism than at noonday, the evening and morning twilight trouble me. The whole difficulty comes of attempting to get a logical and definite notion of God. The Sentiment of Religion in a man would naturally come at first to Anthropomorphism for the human is the highest form, known to us, just as an oy had he Religion would think of God in the form of an oy, counting that the highest. Hence the stories in the Old Testament among the Greeks, Hindoos &c

Silsbee. W.

Then Reason looks at the Stars and says God is not like a man — It feels God is infinite so it attempts to separate from the idea all that is finite, — 1. the human form 2. passion 3. memory. &c and so on with each attribute of the finite, till it ~~they~~ comes at last to make God nothing but an Abstraction — of which even Being cannot be predicated. Plato got up so high one day, and Hegel says "Seyn and Nicht-Seyn are the same thing; no difference between God's being, and being not." But neither the Head nor the Heart will subsist on Abstractions — so they say the Infinite concretizes itself in Nature, has no consciousness except through the consciousness of Individuals. "God first comes to consciousness in [Adam] Man; to Self-consciousness in Christ who is the Sum total of Mankind," says a Hegelian. So God never could say "I" nor distinguish between the divine "me" and "not me", till the birth of Jesus Christ. But with all reverence for Philosophy I would ask, "who told him this!" I think the instinct the feeling and Reason also lead direct to God, God allwise, all powerful, all good, who is the Good, the Beautiful, the True — But they do not define him, except

so far as to distinguish the idea of God from all other ideas either actual or possible. Love, wisdom &c - in Him who made the Stars must be very different from what I feel and know. Nor I bow to this Being and live in Him, but I can= =not "by searching find out God, unto perfection" i.e. perfectly. We see that there is nothing but the Creator and the Creation. I feel no desire (as some do) to attempt to simplify the matter still more and find only a Creator. Creation is to me the glass through which I see God - I can know much about the manifestations of the Creator, in the Creation; but can only know of God that He is perfect.

Give my remembrances and Love to C. and Annchen and to the "Kleinschke."

To the Same. Walpole N. H.

n. b.

West Roxbury 1 Jan 1842.

My excellent & my dear Williams

This letter is to wish you and all of yours a happy new year, full of good works and good

faith and wise counsels and all manner of felicities. you do not know how often, nor how ardently I have longed to see you. But last night I dreamed of seeing you sundry times, but with all the ado I made I could not compass to clasp your hand, and so awoke in great grief and sadness. Though I cant clutch your hand, even in my dream, I can never cease to believe in a certain communion of Spirits, tho the bodies seem so distant. I often live over anew the hours we spent so delightfully together, when we hoped that Fate (as the Heathen call divine Providence), would cast our severed lots "in contiguity", but it may not be.

I have not heard a single word from you since I saw you at Miss Peabody's, but hope you are all well. Since I know nothing of your affairs, but wish to do so, I think you may be in the same state with regard to mysely. so I will tell you a little of my own affairs. I am now delivering my lectures at Providence, and at Plymouth. I preached them in my own Pulpit at the people's request, and to the satisfaction of some at the least. The "brethren" of the city are still hostile in the main. I exchanged with

Ellis. W.

J. T. Sargent last Sunday and preached three times. But he thought the fast would bring him into trouble, which he was however, willing to brave. At a meeting of the Association a little while ago, the question was discussed "How far ought differences of opinion to affect ministerial exchanges." Dr Parkman said "If a brother had an unfortunate twist in the face, (suiting the action to the word), or any peculiarity that would make the audience smile, he counted that a sufficient reason for declining to exchange with him." "Nemesis is never asleep" you know. Ellis said "All ministers of the Association had a right to demand an exchange of all others, and if any member of the Association should ask him to exchange he could not decline it." Now this same Ellis had said before, oftener than once, though in private, that he would not exchange with me. By & by Parkman said "if any nee member of the Association 'held and proclaimed' opinions distasteful to the majority of his brethren, and which therefore brought a scandal upon them, it was his Duty to withdraw." I got the learned divine to state it anew, so there could be no mistake. The meaning of the whole matter and of Ellis' proposition then became evident. Now I should not be the first, I fancy to ask a

favor; but I know I shall be the last to abandon a right especially when assailed. Putnam said "the Association ought to be dissolved, and for his part he should never preach the Thursday Lecture again." So matters now stand. Meantime I shall attend the meetings of the brethren when I please, and never "withdraw" till I see good cause for so doing. I am now getting my lectures ready for publication, but the book will not see the light till sometime in March. The Introduction to the Old Testament is already in the Press, but will not be out of the Press for 5 or 6 months, since it goes on very slowly. Do write me an account of what you are doing and thinking and being and suffering.

+ + + +

+ + + so please to accept the little I have written and believe me ever your sincere friend

Theodore

Felton. W.

To the Same Cambridge. Mass.

Rome 24. March. 1843. ?

My dear William

I should have written you long ago but the expense of postage is so enormous that I have been deterred, but now I can send by a ship from Leghorn — and so here goes. It is strange that I should be writing to you from the queen of cities — for I remember that you once thought of coming here when we were in the School Together, and I mourned that I could not go. But you went to Cincinnati before you came to Rome, and I came to Rome before I have been to Cincinnati. I have not heard a word from you since I left home — save that you are domiciliated at Cam=bridge. Do write and tell me all about your doings and intendings, and about all your excellent Relatives in Salem. Tell your aunt Hannah I shall get her a print of Goethe which she once asked me to send for, in Germany — Here I am in Rome, we live in what was once the Campus Martius. the Via Pincina is just behind us; the Tiber within a

minutes walk. The good father Tiber has played some of his old tricks since I have been here and I can say.

Videmus flavum Tiberim ---

In dejectum monumenta patrum

Templa que vestae. (I forget the rest of the stanza) and when I saw the temple of Vesta for the first time - the flavus Tiber was all round it. Father Tiber is the nastiest and muddiest and stinkingest river conceivable. It ought to be called the Styx - or Cocytus, for it is an infernal river. You could throw a stone across it anywhere, when it is low. I have seen the place where Horatius Cocles swam the stream, and have read Livy here in the very places which he has made classic, for after all most of the Republicans are indebted to him for their "immortal" names. If Livy had not been what should we have known of those great men! Almost as little as now of the Samnites, and the Etruscans. There is much to make you glad at Rome, but almost as much to make you mourn. Here are the noblest works of art in the world, in the midst of a degraded people. I low

Letter. N.

beauty in nature and in Art — but I would say _statues_ first and _pictures_ afterwards. All the common arts are in a melancholy state — a desolate campagna surrounds the city — and even within the walls — there are vast gardens and vineyards which occupy the site of ancient palaces and happy streets. Every thing tells you that the world is a very old place and that Rome is not the newest portion of it. You see old bas-reliefs built into the walls of houses, the capitals of columns — the fragments of pillars left by the street-side, the envious sarcophagi now used as watering places for cattle — the old temples assure you that you are of yesterday and know nothing. You go into the churches — they are rich with sumptuous marbles, but that column of Giallo Antico came from the temple of Augustus — those 8 pillars of granite — 40 feet high each of a single piece — and 6, or 7, feet in diameter — came from Diocletian's baths — and those sixteen beautiful Ionians were torn from some old pile which spoke the pride and wealth of Rome in other days. You go into St Peters itself and ask whence came the vast mass of bronze which forms the exquisite _Baldacchino_ over the high Altar! and they will tell you that and tons more came from the

Sister W.

Pantheon. Yes- the brick Rome of the Republic has passed away- but the marble Rome of Augustus still lives in the Christian churches. It is a little envious that Rome in the days when she was conquering the world produced no great works of Art- but brought forth great men, while after the "Empire" was fixed she produced no great men- but had splendid temples and palaces built. Yet the hard iron Romans never took to Art themselves. Cicero I fancy- a great Artist in Speech- must have felt that the Atmosphere was uncongenial- In Greece Art grew out of the beautiful nature of the people. In Rome it grew on them as a rich fungus on a tree just beginning to die inwardly. You know I had some little classical enthusiasm once- you may fancy the presence of the Belvidere Apollo, the Laocoön, the dying Gladiator, the Venus and the "Rufus Jove" of Phidias fan the spark into a higher flame. In regard to pictures France gave me more unqualified delight than Rome, for there the galleries are open all the time- you can see each gem every day- But here the Vatican is open but twice a week- and then only about 3 hours a day. Raphael's

Elsbee. W.

transfiguration fills me with wonder and delight. I do not want to criticize — I am content to admire; there the great frescoes — the School of Athens and its fellows are alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic to study. — you will ask me about the Religion of Rome. It is not the place to make a thinking man turn Catholic — You know there was much in the Catholic Church that I always liked, much that I liked not. So it is now, but I see both perhaps more strongly here than at home. If a man conforms to the rules of the Church and lives otherwise a divine life, I think he would be honored more at Rome than at Boston — perhaps I am in error — if he differed from the Catholic Church of course he must feel that there is a heart to curse and a hand to smite him. Is not that true every where? Yes, but more so at Rome than elsewhere — because the doctrines of the C. C. lead directly to intolerance, and because here the Church has the power to curse and to kill. So far as I can learn 1/8 of the clergy are good pious men; but of the 7/8 it is best to say but little. One of their vows I fancy is frequently broken. Yet some deny that this is a fact. Some say that some of the men in great power here — of course I mean Americans — have become suddenly rich — and Rome

-ted at once into a life of splendour— Of course they plundered the public; I wish it may not be true. The poor people— the ballets de filare and such men speak evil of the dignities— which is a bad sign— for they spoke well of John the Baptist and of Christ. The Catholic Church is now making great exertions to extend their faith— but by the noblest means— sending their ablest men and their best men to instruct the nations. I wish they might provoke the other sects to the same good works. Really when I look on the evils that invest the world— on the awful evils of Want and Ignorance and Sin I wonder at the supine-ness of the many, and the bickerings of the few. It seems to me that it is time for men to leave off their boys-quarrells about theologies— the best of those extant is bad enough and not worth fighting for— and fall back on Morality— Love to man— or Religion Love to God,— and help build up the human race. But alas it is slow work, and hard work. Political parties play their game; theological sects are busy with theirs— quite as poor and quite as paltry— while the great concerns of men— the ideas that would make Earth a Paradise

are left uncared for save by here and there a few — and they are branded as Atheists.

I know that you dont approve the course I have pursued for some years past, and have perhaps felt a certain coldness towards me in consequence — but I have now had some months seclusion from all practical concerns, an opportunity to reexamine my own position and know how and where I stand. I see no cause to depart from it. Perhaps a life of warfare stretches out before me; I know well that Reproach and Scorn will wait upon my steps. Be it so — I dont fear that I shall be afraid or ashamed — I will try not to be angered; one thing I look back on with satisfaction that I have never felt unkindly towards one that has treated me ill — this too has given me delight, that I have found such warm hearts wherever I have gone. Remember me to your Mother and Brothers and Sisters — not forgetting your Aunts — give my love and kiss to your wife and the children and may God bless you.

T. P.

Write me soon. give my love to Sam, and tell him to write. Tell me all that is passing — How is the Register and Brandes and Peel and the Commercial and Libby?

564

Silsbee. W.

To the Same. Salem.

Boston Dec. 4. 1848. Monday Morning

c

My dear William,

I did not know what had befallen you till late on Saturday, or I should have come instantly to Salem, not to offer you my consolation,— I know how poor and cold that will appear in your case — but to give you my sympathy. How little did I think when you were last with us — that so soon such an affliction would befall you — But William — you are a man, and can bear hardships, you are a Christian and can trust God with an absolute Faith. It is not an Evil thing that has befallen Charlotte. Oh no — William it is a good thing; it is only a hard thing that has befallen you. But why has that come upon you; is it a thing infinitely Evil to you? Surely not. Now you will have tears, I know what tears — I know what grief and rending of the Heart — But the tears are not forever — the Heart now rent is to be blessed by that very rending. I know

Wilbee. W.

there is an extacy of Grief — in spiritual men, finely attuned by Religion — which for a time gives an unnatural calmness and a Beauty of Faith not seen or known before. I never could doubt the Infinite Goodness in times of severest trial. But that Extacy will not last. there come sore days of emptiness — when we go stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungry Heart. That is the great Sorrow the long grief. But there is comfort in that period:— Your wife will not be lost to you — she will come back to your affections; the kind words you have spoken to her — will now return echoed from the immortal world, the wife will become an Angel, to cheer you, guide you, bless you. It is not now the mortal woman — failing, and imperfect — it is the Madonna out of Heaven who will lean down and look over to help you. In the Autumn I have seen a spot in the woods burnt over — by some accidental lightning — a roaring thunder bolt — falling at random — (so it seemed) out of Heaven — all was burnt over, the leaves and the grass, the trunks of trees looked black and ugly. But in the Spring tender flowers came up which grew no where else in the wood — for the sun came warmest on that blackened

Sister W.

Pantheon. Yes- the brick Rome of the Republic has passed away- but the marble Rome of Augustus still lives in the Christian churches. It is a little envious that Rome in the days when she was conquering the world produced no great works of Art- but brought forth great men, while after the "Empire" was fixed she produced no great men- but had splendid temples and palaces built. Yet the hard iron Romans never took to Art themselves. Cicero I fancy- a great Artist in Speech- must have felt that the Atmosphere was uncongenial- In Greece Art grew out of the beautiful nature of the people. In Rome it grew on them as a wish Ivy grows on a tree just beginning to die inwardly. You know I had some little classical enthusiasm once- you may fancy the presence of the Belvidere Apollo, the Laocoön, the dying Gladiator the Venus and the "Rufus Jove" of Phidias fan the spark into a higher flame. In regard to pictures France gave me more unqualified delight than Rome, for there the galleries are open all the time- you can see each gem every day- But here the Vatican is open but twice a week- and then only about 3 hours a day. Raphael's

Gilbee. W.

transfiguration fills me with wonder and delight. I do not want to criticize — I am content to admire; there the great frescoes — the School of Athens and its fellows are alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic to study. — you will ask me about the Religion of Rome. It is not the place to make a thinking man turn Catholic — You know there was much in the Catholic Church that I always liked, much that I liked not. So it is now, but I see both perhaps more strongly here than at home. If a man conforms to the rules of the Church and lives therein a divine life, I think he would be honored more at Rome than at Boston — perhaps I am in error — if he differed from the Catholic Church of course he must feel that there is a heart to curse and a hand to smite him. Is not that true every where? Yes, but more so at Rome than elsewhere — because the doctrines of the C. C. lead directly to intolerance, and because here the Church has the power to curse and to kill. So far as I can learn 1/8 of the clergy are good pious men; but of the 7/8 it is best to say but little. One of their vows I fancy is frequently broken. Yet some deny that this is a fact. Some say that some of the men in great power here — I mean Americans — have become suddenly rich — and stay —

-ted at once into a life of splendour— Of course they plundered the public; I wish it may not be true. The poor people— the bulk de filure and such men speak evil of the dignities— which is a bad sign— for they spoke well of John the Baptist and of Christ. The Catholic Church is now making great exertions to extend their faith— but by the noblest means— sending their ablest men and their best men to instruct the nations. I wish they might provoke the other sects to the same good works. Really when I look on the evils that infest the world— on the awful evils of Want and Ignorance and Sin I wonder at the supine-ness of the many, and the bickerings of the few. It seems to me that it is time for men to leave off their boy's-quarrells about theologies— the best of those extant is bad enough and not worth fighting for— and fall back on Morality— Love to man— or Religion Love to God,— and help build up the human race. But alas it is slow work, and hard work. Political parties play their game; theological sects are busy with theirs— quite as poor and quite as paltry— while the great concerns of men— the ideas that would make Earth a Paradise

are left uncared for save by here and there a few— and they are branded as Atheists.

I know that you dont approve the course I have pursued for some years past, and have perhaps felt a certain coldness towards me in consequence— but I have now had some months seclusion from all practical concerns, an opportunity to reconsider my own position and know how and where I stand. I see no cause to depart from it. Perhaps a life of warfare stretches out before me; I know well that Reproach and Scorn will wait upon my steps. Be it so— I dont fear that I shall be afraid or ashamed— I will try not to be Angered; one thing I look back on with satisfaction that I have never felt unkindly towards one that has treated me ill— this to has given me delight, that I have found such warm hearts wherever I have gone. Remember me to your Mother and Brother and Sisters— not forgetting your Aunts— give my love and Ls to your wife and the children and may God bless you.

T. P.

Write me soon. give my love to Sam. and tell him to write. Tell me all that is passing— How is the Register and Brandes and Paul and the Examiner? and Sibley?

Silsbee. W.

To the Same. Salem.

Boston Dec. 4. 1848. Monday Morning

My dear William,

I did not know what had befallen you till late on Saturday, or I should have come instantly to Salem, not to offer you my consolation,— I know how poor and cold that will appear in your case— but to give you my sympathy. How little did I think when you were last with us— that so soon such an affliction would befall you— But William— you are a man, and can bear hardships, you are a Christian and can trust God with an absolute Faith. It is not an Evil thing that has befallen Charlotte. Oh no— William it is a good thing; it is only a hard thing that has befallen you. But why has that come upon you; is it a thing infinitely Evil to you? Surly not. Now you will have tears, I know what tears— I know what grief and rending of the Heart— But the tears are not forever— the Heart now rent in to be blessed by that very rending. I know

Chapter IV.

there is an extacy of Grief — in spiritual men, finely attuned by Religion — which for a time gives an unnatural calmness and a Beauty of Faith not seen or known before. I never could doubt the Infinite Goodness in times of severest trial. But that Extacy will not last. there come sore days of emptiness — when we go stooping and feeble, with failing eyes and a hungry Heart. That is the great Sorrow the long grief. But there is comfort in that period: — Your wife will not be lost to you — she will come back to your affections; the kind words you have spoken to her — will now return echoed from the immortal world, the wife will become an Angel, to cheer you, guide you, bless you. It is not now the mortal woman — failing, and imperfect — it is the Madonna out of Heaven who will lean down and look over to help you. In the Autumn I have seen a spot in the woods burnt over — by some accidental lightning — a roving thunder bolt — falling at random — (so it seemed) out of Heaven — all was burnt over, the leaves and the grass, the trunks of trees looked black and ugly. But in the Spring tender flowers came up which grew no where else in the wood — for the sun came warmest on that blackened

Silsbee. N.

earth; fragrant grass grew there, and all summer long it was the greenest and the fairest spot in all that wood—. Yes it was the last spot which the Autumnal Frost set foot upon. So is it with Sorrow-Stricken Souls. But why do I write as if to console. I only wish to offer you the sympathy of one kind Heart which bleeds at the arrow so sorely piercing you. I would come and see you—today—but it is impossible— Perhaps tomor=
=row—at any rate—as soon as possible—

God bless you—and wipe the tears from your eyes

T.

Ellis. G. E.

To Mr. Geo. E Ellis. Boston.

n b. The 3d & last page.

Barnstable. Tuesday 9th Nov. 1836.

My dear Mr Ellis,

I do not write you at this time merely to fulfil a promise, nor because I have nothing else to do — and this letter is the reason why Miss Dorothy Spinster "sends the greeting" her exquisitely penned little note, — nor finally is it that I have any special favour to request beyond a seasonable answer, — and all answers will be seasonable so soon as you shall see fit to reply. But I write solely because it is "my own sweet will" so to do, and if you receive but a tithe of the pleasure in decyphering, that I feel in penning this scroll, and which I hope to find in unriddling yours, I shall be satisfied — even in the utmost degree, and the good old Doctors at Cambridge declare that there are degrees of satisfaction, the etymology of the term to the contrary, notwithstanding. I have been making various abortive attempts to cut my quill into a more obedient shape, and so to

whittles and pares down its stubborn material that it should not only express thoughts, but likewise suggest them: but alas! the knife is still a "traitor tongue," and so the pen, like a stammering tongue, only impedes the utterance, it should facilitate, and makes the course of thought like that of true Love, "which never did run smooth."

Now apropos, of smooth-caused love—I trust you are one "whom time gallops withal," that as he shoots by, and above you, on his golden wings, your barge float gaily down the stream of love, disturbed by no eddy, and racked by no storm. Indeed master George, you are somewhat to be envied, for being thus permitted to take up your winter-quarters in the city, in the very focus of Literature and Love, and to loiter there at ease, while the rest of us, poor fellows—are out in the field, fighting a winter-campaign, and doing grim battle with the hosts of enemies, carnal and spiritual. What should you think of coming "down to the cape," and staying a month, or the whole winter? no doubt I can procure you the appointment to this Pulpit if you are very desirous of it! But to leave the trifling spirit, and turn once to real sober matter,

Ellis. G. C.

I have sundry questions to ask, about matters at Boston. How is Mr Greenwood? when is it expected that he will recover? Do you hear any thing about Mr. Hyles, whether he is liked at Dr Channing's or not, and what is the decision respecting the call at Lowell? Tell me where Dwight is, and where he is going, and all about all the world. What do the good people say about the Article which Mr Norton published in the "Advertiser about Mr Ripley's piece! The great Mr Norton must set himself up for a dictator I suppose, and if any man utters any opinion a little out of his estimation, why, the dear quondam Professor must say "I do not think so, and I think whatever is right, and no man must differ from me". So our dungeon is to be but a little wider than that of the orthodox. It must be a dungeon still. I detest this bold and shameless business as applied to thought. If men violate the Laws of the Land, why, "let them implead one another," but pray let men think as they please without framing the Statutes, or the Jailors if they do not think just as their Fathers did or thou-

Ellis. G. C.

- sand years ago! Men hate to have their opinions tam-
-pered with, (for they usually receive them as they do real
estate in tail (as the lawyers say,) "to have and to hold,
for them and their heirs forever," therefore any attempt
to alter their opinions they look upon as a trespass upon
their real property!

I hope you will not forget to inquire a little
about Spring Street, for if I preach there a little time, it
will be quite convenient, since I can stay in Cambridge,
or Boston, and pursue my studies in quiet and Peace.

What subjects do you write sermons upon?
Do you make any change in your style, or manner?
What sort of Sermons do you find most prosperant, what
most useful? what books are you reading? Tell me all
that is new in the literary world, for I can hear of but
little news from that quarter while I am in this. Give
my respects to — you know whom — and believe me

truly your Brother in the Lord

Theo Parker

Ellis J. C.

To Revd Geo. C. Ellis. Boston

Greenfield 20th Feb. [1837.]

1st page treatment of R. W. E.

My dear Mr Ellis,

I received yours of the 14th with pleasure. It is really delightful when one is far away to receive a little bit of a letter showing that even if yourself is virtually dead that others are alive and active. I should have admired to hear the worthy Dr Gray pronounce that remarkable decree upon Mr Alcott's Book. What would the poor man say if he were made aware of the treatment which he and his works receive in these meetings! Perhaps the man would be moved to "speak evil of dignities". I think the treatment of Mr Emerson was likewise unjust and ungentlemanlike very man deserves toleration at least: abuse becomes none. Holland thinks he was not fairly used, you say. I think he has only himself to blame for coming away since more than before that, he wrote a Journal letter to one of the "committee of supply", stating that

his term was out, and he must depart. I think H. has acted very improperly in this matter. Greenfield is a beautiful town, and I should delight to settle here, were it not so far from Boston, and all the good looks in that vicinity. The scenery around is charming, indeed all the valley of the Connecticut is delightful. I like the spirit of the place. Mr Davis is a prime man. I take much delight in him. His wife likewise I like very much. I do not know when I shall go next month. I should like very well to go to Salem; if you see Dwight, pray tell him so, unless he wishes to stay there himself. I should like the refusal of Canton, tho' I daresay it is a contemptible place, and that the people generally care as little about their souls as about the Jig-trees in the moon, at least they bear that name. Remember that when you go away from Dr C's I should like to preach there, but if you go abroad (as I trust you will) you will stay till you go I suppose. I had a letter from Silsbee, a few days ago, in which he only complained of the wind at Barnstable, it "beset him behind and before", and was too much for him. The worthy Dr. Packard

Ellis. G. E.

preached at the Unitarian church in this place, the other day! I did not hear, but long after all my hearers had got snugly home — "yea" long after that, the Dr let out his listeners.

I shall exchange next Sunday with Mr Stearns of Northampton, so I shall not be in Greenfield after Saturday morning, as I shall come from ~~Northampton~~ Northampton to Boston. I hope I shall see you soon when we can confer upon various matter.

Very truly yours

Theo. Parker

To the Revd. London. England.

West Roxbury 27 May. 1838

a b p 579. ant. of 50 p on the Dennis book in Brattleboro Vermont.

My Dear Ellis,

You see I have taken a huge sheet of foolscap to lay the foundation of our correspondence while the Atlantic is between us. And now let me say that I expected to have seen you once more at least

Ellis. G. E.

before you went and for that purpose called at your Father's. I was in town a few days afterward and you were gone, without my having a chance to say "God be with you." For a fortnight I thought of you every time the winds visited the East a little too roughly, but I doubt not he who rules the sea and the wind will preserve you safe for present happiness and future usefulness. Let me say a word about the news of the city and country. There is nothing of importance enough to excite attention in the city save the engagement of Mr Bancroft to your old friend Miss Bliss! Of course the old Ladies say he marries her for Money, and the young Ladies wonder at her taste — being surprised that any Lady should wed "the virtuous Republican" as we call him, (the emphasis on virtuous.) I see only a common matter in it. Perhaps he marries from Interest, perhaps from Love. "I judge no man", but consider the matter as a very proper one: indeed I could "rejoice at the wedding" for they seem to be the complements of each other. Both are peculiar; but their peculiarities are different: both have superior powers which are yet unlike. Their marriage will be like mixing an Alkali and an Acid, something is ground

Ellis. G. E.

besides talk. I love to see geniuses marry geniuses. The children of Heaven filled the Earth with devils when they visited the daughters of Men. If Mr Stael ought to have wedded Napoleon and the age of the Titans would have returned, "Saturnian times roll round again." Humphry Davy ought to marry Miss Somerville, probably he will in the next world. if they are not like the angels in heaven. What confusion these mismarriages make. a man take a wife just like himself, they do nothing but "beget sons and daughters," they should marry one different, but yet equal. If O'Connor could marry Miss Martineau (if she is not too old) they would people the Island with insane geniuses. Dr Follen has left New York; they think some of changing the Church into a free church, but they seem in a queer state. I take it there is little or no activity of Religion in the society, if there is in the city — Dewey holds together a people by his mighty mind, not by the influence of Christianity. Osgood was ordained last week. Walker had the sermon, Ripley the charge, Barstol the right hand. He has become a real country

Ellis. G. E.

Parson. Yes, you may be assured, he does not place his light beneath a bushel. There are 3 other Societies in the place and he dines them all. Probably they fancy he is one of the greatest of men. Dr Pierce says "If Osgood is not a very great man, then Osgood is much mistaken! hâ! hâ!! hâ!!!. At the last meeting of the association they wasted nearly all the time in talking about the Tea at the Berry Street lecture, and appointed Mr Frothingham a committee to provide it. You know how distasteful it would be to him, so he laughed and witticised as usual and put it upon Dr Parkman at last, I believe. Then Poor Kneeland was talked about again. Parkman would fain hang the wretch, but some others defended not him but the cause of freedom. Dr Channing has drawn up a petition to his Excellency requesting that Abner be pardoned. I put my name to it, but it will not receive a large signature I suspect.

R. W. Emerson has written a letter to the President about the Cherokees, a wonderful letter truly, in which he tells him the land "stinks" with the crime, that men in "Georgia" are "hurrying & running about with pole and

Ellis. G. E.

persecuted Paret." "Good God" says E. "are these things so!" But Martin will not listen to such appeals. There is a little Society of good fellows such as Francis, Stetson, Ripley. Emerson, Allcott, Hedge and three or four more of us young stripplings who meet when Hedge or Clarke are in this vicinity, and we have had two noble meetings within a fortnight. Ripley is going to the West as a Missionary, to tarry 3 months. It will do him more good; more good than it will to the Westerners. If he could preach as he talks, he would surpass all. Such is the common gossip of the city and country. It has some little interest you know for those who hear and tell it. I hope it will please you also. This is the anniversary week you remember, and I shall see all our old friends. Stebbins and Parkman and Livermore and Crunch (By the way Livermore has made an abridgment of Priestleys corruptions, with notes taken out of the Examiner &c &c. It will be useful I hope.) This will be a week of long speeches, when we shall hear more whining and more cant and croaking than in all the rest of the year I trust. Let me tell you

Ellis, G. E.

what a bold deed I have done. I have written an article of 50 pages in Brownson's Review, upon the Dean's book. It is not all praise, as you may guess, but his book is placed above all the contemptible trash in the English language. I hoped to send you the article by this Packet, but cannot. you shall have the whole No with the July Packet. I fear it will make a talk, but I mean well at least, and certainly have great respect for the Dean, whatever I think of his Book*.

As yet you know nothing of the life of "the country Parson," have never taken tea with the "small villages," nor made couples man and wife. The other Day, I married a young widow about 30–35, to an old widower from 50–60, whose wife had been dead the 4th of a century. But it was a very happy wedding, all the Fates were as bright as if some sweet maiden had decked herself for the Altar of Hymen. There are many <u>loveless</u> Damsels matchless Priests, in my parish, some who resemble the Angels only in this particular "they neither marry nor" &c &c.

+ + + +

But in general the men and women of Spring Street

*See Review of Dr Palfrey's Academical Lectures. Boston Quarterly Review vol 1. p 261.

are quiet, virtuous and especeingly moral. Their fire of religion does not burn so bright as I could wish, but it burns steadily without flickering. I feel much attached to them. Some of them are very worthy and sensible men.

I suppose you have already pursued the Soil of our fathers. What an host of feelings and thoughts must come into your mind when you first step foot in old England! How much you will see and enjoy. I wish I was with you. Shall you go to see any of the great men! I mean the really great. Go 10 miles to see a fair city and 100 to see a wise man says some one. You will not fail to write me a good long Epistle as often as possible. You have something to write about besides common places.

Believe me ever your Christian Brother

though never so far away.

T. P.

Ellis G. E.

To the Same London. Forwarded to Paris to Frank Hall

West-Royton 7 Aug. 1838.

My dear Mr Ellis

I should have written you long ago but I had nothing worth sending across the Atlantic in the "great-western," or by other conveyance, and even now I shall have very little to offer one who roams about among "the stately homes of England," who dines with the "big-wigs" at Oxford, and visits Carlyle Mrs Somerville and Lord Brougham. From these latter remarks you will see that I have received your last interesting epistle. Thank you a great many times, for giving me so long, and highly delightful a letter in the midst of your travels. The newspaper also came safe to hand, without it I should not have known how foolish they were in old England. You may suppose that I find little new, or interesting, save in my own private studies. My life is as quiet as that of the worthy Dr Primrose, and its chief mutations are the removals from the "brown room to the green." But the worthy Dr. was visited

Ellis. G. C.

by "the angel of Life" whom you kindly enquire after. I have no such visitant in my dwelling, I believe the curse of Abimelech has fallen upon us, though I am the first of my name who was not an arithmetician enough to understand the Multiplication table. But Everett is more fortunate, and before you receive this he will be crowned with the honours of Paternity, I doubt not. I do not know that any important events have taken place of late among our Ministers. Dr Gray says "Pretty well! Pretty well" as usual. Dr Pierce says, "it is the warmest day there has been this 28 years, when old Mr. Hale - the - Boxes graduated, who was classmate to so-&-so, & thus-&-thus. I attended the exhibition of the Divinity School. Wilson wrote on the "Shemitish Languages" - I knew he would have something like it. It was really good, in itself - but awfully dull, and dry as Young says. B_____ made a great flourish, He is more of an ass than ever. He has become a "transcendentalist." "Heaven save the mark." He has been up to visit Mr Emerson (!) greatly to the edification of that gentleman no doubt. He makes Philosophy ridiculous and transcendentalism

Ellen. G. E.

contemptible. Nightingale had a foolish piece upon some silly subject. Simmons preaches for George Ripley, who is enjoying himself highly at the west; he preaches finely. He is one of the brightest pulpit orators, I learn, we have had for many a day. Bellows has returned from the South. they offer him $3.500. at Mobile and a House if he will marry; they want him also at Cincinnati. This winter he goes back to Mobile; but he will not settle at any of these places. You know Emerson was to preach the sermon before the class. I heard it. It was the noblest of all his performances, a little exaggerated, with some philosophical untruths, it seems to me, but the noblest, the most inspiring strain I ever listened to. It is printed. but not published. "I took sixty" as Major Crockett said of the ice-creams at the President's table, and send you one. It caused a great outcry, one shouting "the Philistines be upon us," another, "we be all dead men", while the majority called out "Atheism." The Dean said "That part of it,—as I apprehend— which was not Folly; was downright Atheism." You will see the picture of a "downcast young man" whom he calls "Spectral"!

Ellis G. C.

Some say I _____ sat for this picture, but I suspect another man, whose name I will whisper sometime; but not write, for "Scripta manet". B_____ is as full of rant as he can hold, I hoped he would lay it aside and be a real life-man, if he does he will be a great man. It was my turn to preach the Thursday Lecture last week, but by a blunder of Dwights, I was not there, and so no sermon was preached; you may imagine the consternation of Dr Pierce, the outcry of Dr Parkman. Let that pass. Col. Swett is about leading Lexington. One of the last of his achievements was to drive a four-horse stage out of Boston. The other day, one of his poor parishioners lost a cow by Lightning, and being superstitious they sent for him: after they had discussed the matter in his way, they asked him to "go to Prayer". "what" said he, "pray about a dead cow! you ought not to go to prayer in this matter, but to go to Brighton"! so he leaped into his old gig, and left them to do what they pleased. I have laid out Tuesday for Lexington. You do not know how happy the rogue is. He lives in a

Ellen. G. E.

three pair back" I believe, but is so happy I fear he will be "translated". William Ware has published another book, (2. vols.) called "Probus", much superior to the other, I think, though many think not, and some mourn that he should have consulted his fame so poorly.

Wm. Channing came and staid a couple of days with me, and I found him a most delightful man, full of the right spirit. But alas, poor fellow he cannot get settled. You know our old friend Cleveland was sentenced to be "jugged" for a time, and that sundry worthy men thought of a petition for him. It was presented, and produced a great sensation: all the gig-men of Boston rose and made a great shout, saying "Dr Channing is an old fool, he want to bring himself into notoriety. He cares nothing about Religion or morality. Now we see through the Doctor". So they got up a "remonstrance" and Abner was jugged for 60 days, but he will come out like beer from a bottle all foaming, and will make others foam. Our disinterested friend Barrett called to visit upon Abner in the jail, but Abner was "not at home", or "engaged." So B could administer neither rebuke nor sympathy. Old

Ellis. G.E.

Dr Ware is unable to discharge his duties in the college, and so Henry has taken his place and the Doctor teaches the Divinity Students, having life enough left for them yet. He is blind, but like the old mill-horse can pace on his long accustomed round of Butler and Paley, and tradition. It is a pity they cant continue his salary, and let him live in quiet doing nothing. They think of making a change so as to have but two Professors at Divinity College. I saw Seiders the other day and he had had a "talk" with the Dean, who had sent for him, and brought this allegation against him. "Mr Seiders— I understand that you have given utterance to false reports concerning me" Seiders. "Well, if I have, I will stand in the meeting-House, full of folks, in the broad aisle, and take off my hat till I'm all that I told a lie! A'nt that enuff"! Dr. P." yes! well now, you said that I treated you unfairly in relation to the money. I wish you to recant it:" Seiders "whuh. I shant do that, for in the fairest place, it is all true". Dr P. "But I understand also that you often spoke against me when you were in the

Ellis. G. E.

School". Seidel "no more than all the rest". And so the convention ended. Dr P I suspect, will one day be Pres't. and he will fill that chair nobly. The contest will be between Palfrey and Dr Walker. Brownson goes on swimmingly in his Review, but I doubt the man a little. He looks out for political life, and I should not be surprised if he were the Locofoco candidate for Representative to congress at the next election. I have written you a great deal of trash which I hope you will find readable. Pray write me another long, long letter. Do send me some of the Literatur- Blatt from Germany. After you first left Home I could never go to bed without thinking of you. I rejoice now in your brave enjoyment, and trust it will continue. I flatter myself with a peep at your journal sometime. Wife, and Aunt Lucy send their best wishes and thanks for the letter. Believe that the ocean does not separate you from your friend

Theo Parker.

Ellis G. C.

To the same. forwarded to Naples.

n b 2d page R. W. E's address.

Roxbury 15. Oct. 1838.

My dear George,

I have just received your interesting Letter, No 3, for I received No 2. sometime ago. It is delightful to learn that you enjoy so much wherever you go. It must be inspiration to tread the classic spots you have visited, for Scotland is almost as classic and sacred as Greece, and for that matter, so is Holland for it has been rendered illustrious by the giants who have lived in it. Literary zeal must burn with a brighter flame on the soil hallowed by Spinoza and Descartes, and Locke and Grotius, not to mention those other worthies you significantly hint at, in your letters. I often think to myself, "Today Ellis is at Paris in the Louvre, the Jardin des Plantes," and wish I was there also. But Fate forbids at present, in other days, He may be more merciful. I have however no quarrel with Fate now. You

Ellis. G. E.

may suppose that in the quiet and even life of the "Bishop of Spring Street," there is little of excitement from outward things. However I manage to keep the light twinkling, after its dull fashion, within. Do you know that this place used to be called "Skunk's Misery," and in the School, you were wont to say I must be settled there at. Verily you were a Prophet, and more than a Prophet. Let me say a word about various matters, which may interest you while abroad. Mr Garnet was received with open arms on his arrival, as you know, and with high raised expectations, but he is likely to defeat his friends' hopes, I fear, for he has all his old faults, of extravagance & and sins against time as badly as ever, and some think 'tis the sin against the Holy Ghost. I sent you Emerson's address to the divinity Students. It has made a great noise. Mr Norton opened the cannonade with a broad-side aimed at Emerson Cousin Carlyle, Schleiermacher, Shelley and "a Paper called the Western Messenger." His provoked several replies, one of singular beauty from Theophilus Parsons, one from the Iron pen of Brownson in the "Post," and one from Clarke (J. F.) in defence

Ellis. G. C.

of the article in the Messenger; sometimes A. N. the great "Statement of Reasons" himself was laid very neatly on his back, exclaiming most furious things in the most courtly language. Ministers preached on Emerson's Sermon. Henry Ware delivers a Sermon on the Personality of God, which it is said Emerson denies, and the Students of the divinity School come out, cap in hand, and say "Peccavimus omnes," and the last days in particular, and request Henry Ware to publish his Sermon, which is said to be a very good one, and to the point. Brownson writes a fierce Review in the Quarterly, which after all is rather good than bad, though it contains some severities. Chandler Robbins speaks mildly, as his manner is, of the whole affair, and calls the vulgar rant of denouncing Emerson, a "vulgar clamour", and "the popular roar". A. N. is indignant thereat, and this very minute I have read a Fourth article of his in this morning's Advertiser on Emerson, in which he says, infidelity and Atheism have been long preached by the unitarian ministers, not by all but by some few. I wish he had held them up to the reprobation of the world,

Ellis. G. E.

that we may see who are to be sent straight to H— l, before they dies. All this makes a world of talke. It is thought Chaos is coming back; the world is coming to an end; somes seem to think, the Christianity which has stood some storms, will not be able to weather this gale, and that Truth, after all my Lord Bacon has said, will have to give up now. For my own part, I see that the Sun still shines, the rain rains, and the dogs bark, and I have spread doubt, whether Emerson will overturn Christianity this time. The charm of all is that Abner (your old friend!) got Emerson's address to the Students, and read it to his followers one Sunday, as better infidelity than he could write himself! This caps the climax. The Lord knows when this matter will end, but the end is not yet. If you have received the address, you will see there is ground enough to find fault. But to leave all this matter. Simmons was ordained last Tuesday, at Dr Channings, as Evangelist, to go to Mobile. Bellows preached the Sermon. Dr Tolben gave the charge, Ripley the right hand, Walker read L. S. Henry Ware made the Prayer. All was quite transcendental, except Mr Ware's part, which of course was sensible enough

without transcendentalism. B gave great offence by the Sermon, for he preached some "damnable heresies." Two were named by Dr Parkman, 1. He said, that goodness is goodness in a Heathen even, and that an Esquimaux would never be turned out of Heaven by St Peter if he were a good and religious man, and that a true and sincere prayer, though offered to an idol, or a devil will go to the right place, for the Only God will take it. Besides, he said we did not "Sin" by the Fall of "that antediluvian gentleman called Adam". After the Sermon Dr Parkman goes up to Bellows and lays his hand on his heart, and says "I am exceedingly pained and grieved to hear such damnigerous doctrine I always thought Adam quite a respectable man, but you make him a Scoundrel." &c &c Young, with his characteristic good humour, asked what they got that "Foreigner" for, to give the "Stranger" meaning Dr Tatlow. Poor B is in a pest of troubles. He means to get up a Church in Boston, to preach at the Hall, to all comers, and so found a new Church. He preaches well, I am told, every word tells. He has not so much textile as Silsbee, but he makes it

effective. Manner goes as far as it can go with him, but he is a fine fellow you know. Thacher was ordained Sunday (last night) to go to Savannah. I believe the old School (Parkman and Young and Gotthop) meant to have it all to themselves, and ordain with closed doors. He will write all about that I suppose. It is thought Walker will go to Cambridge as Professor of Metaphysics, you know. So there will be a place for you, if you will take it as I hope you will. Sam has given up the ministry, and he thinks of taking a Ship, or a Farm, or a School. So you must not be surprised at finding your old Shipmate, in the Bay of Naples as Skipper of a sloop with a cargo of "Yankee notions". Silsbee has gone up to Walpole New Hampshire and will probably settle there. I went down to Salem, and staid a few days at his mother's with him. He is more dilatory than ever. He carried your letters up to Walpole with him. I like his wife and think the life-angel will visit him before it comes to my door, of which there is at present no prospect. We are all going to set out tomorrow to go up to Walpole, shall travel about a week in the valley of the Connecticut. I was at Newport a

Ellis. G. C.

week ago. Brooks has a little boy, — a little Brooklet. Parkman a girl, so they all shoot by me, and I suppose you will come home and outdo me also. You speak of Books at London, I should like a Gen. viz Clement in Lat. v. T. Leibnitz's Théodicée — Hobbs's Leviathan, any thing of John Norris, but his Sermons, any thing of Prideaux or Hooker, or Donne's or Grave's especially his Spicilegium. I would not get these unless very cheap. I should not like to spend more than £30, or 40, in this way, and I will leave this sum in your father's hands about the 1st Jan. 1839. If you cannot get these books cheap, get any thing else at good bargains, which you think I should like, to this amount. But do not get Taylor, or Bacon, or Milton, or Cudworth, or Berkeley for I have them.

There has just appeared a new Poem, a large octavo, in Boston, called the "Vision of Rubeta", it satirizes on men and manners, especially such men as Dr Channing, J.Q. Adams, Bryant &c. It is writ by a well read scholar, — like the Dunciad — has notes, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish &c &c, no body knows the author.

Ellis. G. C.

You must look for me, as well as for yourself, all over Europe, and write as often as you can find time. Many thanks for your kind letter. Wife, and Miss. C. send their best Regards, and you know you have mine.

truly your friend & Brother

Theo.

I hope you will hear Cousin Lecture and Guizot. Charly Brooks has translated William Tell. Dwights Volume of Songs is in the Press. Wm. Channing has gone to Cincinnati.

To the Same. Paris. Forwarded to Lyons.

MS. pages 596-7. R. W. E.

West Roxbury 3. Jan. 1839. c

My dear George,

You will think it queer that I continue to write you letters when I have nothing to say, certainly it is a very good adage that enjoins silence on one who has noth-

Ellis. G. C.

ing to say. But you know I love to talk, and if I can't talk with the tongue, I must with the fingers. I do not know but by a strange perverseness of nature, I am most desirous of writing when I have least to write. You are constantly moving about amid strange scenes, and beautiful and so have each day new things, to me the old things return day after day, year out and year in. Each day is like its fellow, so they look like a series of men on horseback in a boy's toy, that turns round, you see but one at a time, but they are all alike. The horses of the same size and colour, the men equally fierce, and equally ugly.

But let me say a little about some little matters that have taken place. I have often told you of the noise that Emerson's addrys made. (I sent you a copy, but perhaps you never got it.) The other day, they discussed the question in the association, whether He was a Christian! Greenwood said he was not and defended his position rather poorly, you may suppose. Pierpont maintained he was an Atheist — a downright Atheist. But nobody doubted he was a virtuous, and most devout man — one who would enter Heaven

Ellis. G. Ec.

when they were shut out. Of course they were in a queer predicament: either they must acknowledge a man may be virtuous, and yet no Christian (which most of them thought it a great heresy to suppose) and religious, yet an Atheist (which is a contradiction — to be without God — and yet united to God.) or else to affirm that Emerson was neither virtuous nor religious, "which they could not prove". Walker, and Bowditch thought he should be called a Christian, if he desired the name. Some of the Ministers think we need to have certain "fundamentals," fixed for us all to swear by, lest the New School among the unitarians should carry the whole body up to the height of Transcendentalism, where they (such men as Ly — g and Dr. P — e, and Drs G — g, and P — n,) would grow giddy at the ~~extreme~~ monstrous elevation and fall back to their native mud. Now it is notorious that the old unitarians, in the days when there was fighting for the faith — had no such fundamentals, so Mr Ripley showed Dr Parkman, that he (the Dr.) belonged to the New School, and the movement party were the lineal descendants of the old School of unitarians. Dr P. is not expressively fond of

new things, and you may imagine how he looked when thus convicted of new measures! Dr P. is one of the most charitable of men. He loves all men, even Bancroft and Bowditch, but he hates all their new notions. It is quite evident there are now two parties among the unitarians, one is for Progress, the other says "our strength is to stand still." Dr Channing is the real head of the first party. The other has no head. The oyster, which never moves, has none, and needs none. Some day or another there will be a rent in the party, not soon I trust, however.

I rather think Dr. Walker will leave Charlestown in the Spring and go to Cambridge. He does not say so. But his wife, by accident offered to give some little plants to a friend — when they moved in the Spring, which looks as if the business were settled at home. There is a fine place for you. Bellows was settled at New-york yesterday. There is still talk of a new church in Boston, at the West End. It is needed you know. It is 10 years since a new unitarian church was built, and the city has increased 20,000-

Ellis. G. E.

in that time! I think of nothing new, among the Chur=
=ches, or Clergy. Brooks of Hingham is appointed Professor
of Natural History at New York and is about as well fitted
for the office as Johnson says Goldsmith was to write a
book on the Subject. "Sir, He may distinguish a Cat from
a Cow, but his knowledge goes no farther. He knows no
difference in their habits." His parish gave him a grand
letter of dismission, one that would have made St
Paul blush - if not scold - stating that he had done
all possibles in the Pulpit and out of the Pulpit. Last Sum=
=mer you know they told a different story. Such a recom=
=mendation is about as valuable as a discharge from the
States-prison. Brooks would be an R—S had he long
ears, men say. All this charitable suspicion is 2d hand,
for I don't know the man. I have just been up
to Andover to see Professor Stuart, and to get some books
from the Library. He is full of talk and anecdote, is
very liberal in his notions though about as uncouth in
his manners, as Mr Nelson of the divinity school.
I was pleased with his spirit more than with
his learning. He spoke in the highest terms of Mr Norton,

and I suppose would say if told of it, I wish I could say as much of him! Dwights songs of Goethe and Schiller has been out a few days. It sells well. You know Brooks had translated William Tell. It is well done. Dr Fallen has been delivering a course of lectures on Pantheism, only four in number. He is going to Europe in the Spring, with his wife and "Charley". Silsbee will settle in Walpole, it is thought. His wife is quite clever in the English sense. Young Whitney has his eye on Brooks' parish at Wingham, he is afraid to go far from Boston, lest the Bears should get him I suppose. It is proposed to devise some new measures to supply the alleged deficiency of unitarian ministers, such as this, to catch up promising young men, who are poor in purse, and educate them - some of them in the divinity School, and others in a less extensive course, with some old minister in the country. The plan works well. It has been discussed in two meetings at Berry Street lately. Besides this, the ministers are attempting to get up a new translation of the N. T. with a popular commentary, and solicit Mr Noyes "to take lead of it".

Ellis. G. E.

He declines, but may be coaxed into it, perhaps. This is truly a good work. Some speak of Peabody of Portsmouth, but not many. If you any where see a copy of Simon's Histoire critique du vieux Testam:. ed: 1685. (or later.) I should like it, if it does not come too dear. I want it much. I am much obliged to you for the "Literatur Blatt," which came safe to hand; send a French Newspaper if you please, (or Italian) that I may see how they talk. Do not fancy you are forgotten if I dont write so often, as you could wish, for I have little to say. I wish I could have seen you with old Paulus and be with you on the Alps. I wish you knew how much pleasure your letters give us all. I lend them to Silvia, who is delighted with them as much as I.

Yours truly

T. P.

My wife sends her best wishes.

602

Ellis. G. E.

To the Same. Boston

West Roxbury 7 June 1839.

My dear George,

I will be obliged to you if you will put the following list of Books in your next order to London.

£ 3, 5— Brucker's Historia Philosophica. No. 1325. (in the Theolog- = ical catalogue)

1— 12-0 Mosheim's translation of Cudworth. — 2062

0— 7-6 Stanley Historia Philosophica, — 6043.

£ 3— 4-6

I will send you the cash any time when you wish.

Yours truly, but in haste

Theo: Parker.

Ellis. G. E.

To the Same. Boston.

West-Roxbury 21. May. no year
[NO]

My dear Friend

I am sorry, sorry you did not favour us with a visit yesterday. For I am obliged, in the way of business to go to Andover tomorrow, and remain until Thursday. So I shall hope to see you on Friday or any other day that is convenient to you and your better part. If you see Mr Ripley please to tell him I am gone to Andover and shall probably finish the business for him, so that he will find himself "duly enrolled" among the Orthodox, before the great unitarian meetings, no doubt.

Yours truly though in haste

Theo. Parker.

Ellis. G. C.

To the Same. Charlestown. Mass.

West Roxbury. March 4 – 1841.

My good friend,

I wish when you send to your book collector at London, you would be kind enough to do me a favour, as you have often done. To wit, get for me Bentley's works, 3 vol 8vo. London 1836–1838. Printed for £1.18.s. but advertised in Bohns catalogue (at the end of Foreign quarterly for Jan, 1841.) for £1.1.s. If you will do this you will oblige me much. I am in no hurry for the Books, and can wait any time. Give my respects to the minute Philosopher at home and his mother. + + + +

I trust he is a true Bonnerges

Yours truly

Theo: Parker.

Ellis. G. E.

To the Same. Charlestown.

West Roxbury - 25. May No Year

Dear Friend

I return your Arabic Grammar, which I have kept so long that I forget having ever borrowed it. You must have fancied I designed to keep it forever. I have an Arabic Grammar — but yours contains some things not in mine — and therefore I have kept it. Please forgive the transgression and believe me

Your friend

Rev G. E. Ellis. Theo Parker.

Greene. C.

To Mr. Columbus Greene Lowell Mass.

Watertown 29 Feb. 1834.

C

× × × × × ×

Do you intend to quit the Factory ever? when? what shall you do? How do the girls relish the diminution of their wages? Have yours been reduced? I do not love to talk about myself, but would inform you for 'auld acquaintance sake' that I have a very good school, both as respects numbers and scholarship - having averaged a little more than 30 who pay, besides some 3 or 4 who are of no pecuni= =ary advantage. Perhaps you will be a little astonished when I tell you I quit Watertown and all my scholars, at the beginning of April; to go to Cambridge, and commence my studies in Divinity -

It has been my intention to go next commence= =ment, but, finding I can join the present junior class by going presently, and thus stay only a little more than 2 years, instead of three, I have

Greene. C.

thought the present the best plan, since it completes my education one year earlier, than I expected, and a year at my time of Life is of consequence. This method, by the way is less expensive than the other, and this you know must not be neglected. I shall not be considered a member of the class 'till next commencement.

I pass my days in profound health, and have plenty of employment, books, opportunity for study—and a Friend. I am quite happy—indeed, I often think my situation to fortunate, and fear lest some thunderbolt should prostrate all my visions of future Happiness and Ambition. Write me as soon as convenient, and accept the kindest wishes for your health and prosperity which can be offered by your old Friend.

T. P.

Irvine. C.

To the Same. Lowell. Mass.

Cambridge April 2. 1834.

I received your last favour, my dear friend in due season, but have not replied till this late season, for various reasons such as want of time, occasioned by the usual hurry and confusion one feels at moving with all his bag, and baggage from place to place — partly, because I had little of a general interest to write, and partly because I thought a letter after my new establishment would be more interesting to you ——— I came last Saturday, or rather Sunday night, and of course have scarcely had time to see how I shall be pleased — but since I am resolved to be satisfied at all events, nothing is to be feared on that account — It is now vacation with the class, so I am alone in this great house. Term-time commences 2 weeks from today, when I shall join the class at recitations, tho' I shall not be considered a member till next commencement ———

You enquire about my belief — I believe in the

Bible, does this satisfy you? no you will say— all Christians profess to do the same, and how different they are—

To commence then, I believe there is one God, who has existed from all eternity— with whom, the past, present and future are alike present, that he is almighty— good and merciful— will reward the good and punish the wicked— both in this life and the next— This punishment may be eternal— of course, I believe that neither the rewards, or punishments of a future state are corporeal— bodily pleasures soon satiate, and may God preserve us from a worse punishment than one's own conscience— I believe the Books of the old and new Testament, to have been written by men inspired by God, for certain purposes, but I do not think them inspired at all times. I believe that Christ was the Son of God, conceived and born in a miraculous manner. That he came to preach a better religion— by which mankind may be saved—

This religion, as I think, allows men, the very highest happiness in this life— one promises eternal felicity in

Greene C.

another world — I do not think our Sins will be forgiven because Christ died — I can not conceive why they should be, although many good and great men have thought so — I believe God knows all that we shall do, but does not cause us to do any thing — I do not believe in total depravity — or that Adam's Sin will be imputed to us — I believe if a man leads a good and pure life he will be accepted with God — I believe prayer to be an especial duty man owes to himself: God is not to be benefitted by the paltry homage man can give, but we — we are benefitted by it — I think reading the holy Bible, attending church, prayers, professing Religion and pious conversation, are all means of Religion, means of becoming wiser, better and happier — and that, it is the duty of all to use these means — I think Sins in the heart as bad as Sins of the hand — That is, does a man design a wicked deed, which he can not execute, but which he would accomplish, if occasion offered is as guilty as if he had committed it — Many more points might be mentioned — This will perhaps be sufficient to show the ground leading features of my belief — If you wish any information

upon any point in connection with religion, I will cheerfully contribute my mite of knowledge to inform you.

I saw Mr Hemisk a few days since, she was quite well; Charles is well also. I shall probably wish, at some future period to borrow some money of you, as I mentioned before — The expenses at the School, are $66 annually, board in commons $1.90 a week — clothes &c will make in all about $200 per annum — I shall have when all affairs are settled at Watertown, about $150, — This is too little, you will say; well I know it — but I have paid nearly $100 for Books within these two years — and clothes you know cost "lots of Money" — — I am now bounding myself upon dry bread, it will cost about $½ a week — think of that, for your — Betty —

I shall try it all vacation and if I like it, all summer — one scholar comes and recites once a day till commencement — the pay $12, a quarter —

I hope you are well, do write us soon as convenient —

I had almost forgot to mention, at the close of my school — the scholars gave me a handsome Silver cup — with an inscription testifying their Respect, gratitude &c

Greene. C.

it was preceded by an address from one of the Scholars — it cost $14. I never parted with Scholars so sorrowfully in any life — I wept and so did they —

Good bye

P.

To the Same Lowell.

Cambridge 28 April 1834 —

What cold weather we have had this long time, my dear friend; or perhaps you feel none of the inconveniencies it brings; I am but little incommoded by any ordinary kind of weather. What do you think of Snow at this season! Has it not killed all the buds of the Peach trees!

+ + + +

Let me advise you, not to fear the opinion of the world, satisfy your reason, and especially satisfy your own conscience, and all will then be well.

+ + + + + +

Greene. C.

You inquire about money — money — that queer sort of substance, which contributes so much to man's artificial happiness, and misery, in this naughty world of ours. I hope I shall not want much at all, and for this reason — I today made application to Professor Pulpsy — the Dean of the Faculty, and of course, chief-man of the institution; for a benefice, and my application was successful — of course, nothing will be extended this season, but after next commencement, about one hundred & ten, or one hundred & fifty dollars, will be afforded me annually. This will go a good way towards defraying my expenses — and, since I have a little of my own, probably I shall not want any of you this year. This is an unexpected instance of good fortune for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful.

My situation is very pleasant; all the means of knowledge are supplied in abundance, and I have nothing to do, but study, with the trifling exception of having one scholar, who comes daily and recites. We are about 30 in all the schools: some of them are good scholars — and some are poor, as you may suppose. Mr Morrison, whom you perhaps recollect, is one of

Grieve. C.

the best scholars amongst us— I was examined a few days ago, and succeeded very well, and am now admitted to regular standing with the junior class.

"Old Tattle," of saving memory, you say had milk— why I suppose you meant. I tried cold bread for a fortnight— and at the commencement of the term, went back again to commons; but I intend to try the old scheme again, next Autumn—

All the folks at Lexington are quite well, even the neighbours are "as usual"; with only this Exception. Isaac says Ebenezer Peirce, appears more like a Fool than ever since his marriage— You can judge how he does appear then! Mr Wyman is going to be made Deacon: of course it is an orthodoxy Deacon. His mother, (you recollect——— Wyman) is in the poor house.

I am very much grieved to hear of——'s reformation, and hope and pray it may continue, and that one may be snatched from the jaws of ruin, and yet be saved— do, I pray you all in your power to encourage him— You know if a man save a soul from death, it shall hide a multitude of sin: I suppose it would be of no use to talke to him plainly

Greene. C.

about this affair. You know best however—

You say I did not answer all your questions; your last letter had been lost, or rather I burnt it! do not be vexed, I have almost all the rest. I would write you much more about the subject of your inquiry, but I do not feel very wise tonight, so next time, you may expect a letter 'all good,' as an old Lady said — I do not think a theological discussion would agree very well with the first part of this letter.— However Christ is not equal with God, as we believe, and the first part of the gospel of John, so far from favouring the doctrine of the trinity — expressly contradicts it, as I will endeavour to show, at some future time — when I feel more religious — Excuse the first part of this letter and believe

Me ever your affe Uncle —

J—

P.S. Miss Cobbett is quite well, and would send best respects to you but she does not know you — Good bye —

Greene. C.

To the Same. Lowell.

Cambridge 4 June 1834 C

I received your letter in due season, am glad to hear of your continued health, &c. quite glad that you are pleased with your situation, and hope you will always be situated 'to your mind' as we Yankees say.

You inquired a good while ago, my opinion upon the first chapter of John; since we cannot always feel sufficiently devotional to converse upon such subjects with pleasure, I deferred answering until now —

The first 18 verses, I suppose, are all that present any difficulty — so I will confine my remarks to them.

John wrote his Gospel, as nearly as we can ascertain about 96 or 7. after the Birth of Christ — He wrote it at Antioch, a large city of Asia minor, as you know. The three other Gospels had been written before, and it is probable that John was acquainted with their contents; but wishing to relate some facts which they had omitted, he wrote his Gospel, as a sort of Supple-

Greene. C.

= ment to theirs. (you will find if you compare them, that John seldom relates any thing contained in the other Gospels.) He had another intention in writing his account. At this early day, some errors had crept into the Christian Church, and especially at Antioch. John wished to show the absurdity of some of their doctrines. The sect of Christians, or rather of Philosophers who endeavored to reconcile Christianity with their preconceived opinions were called Gnostics. Ebionites, Corinthians, &c. They supposed there was one God, who dwelt in a fulness, (John 1, 16 vers.) matter, emanated from God, and wickedness was indissolubly connected with matter. Various beings, called Aeons, they supposed were developed from God. Among these beings, were Life, Light, Grace and Truth, and Word, &c which you will see are used in this passage, in an unusual manner. Last of all these beings, was Demiurgus. he was the creator of the world, and the God of the Jews,* and creator of the world was not, the one Supreme. They supposed that Christ was a spiritual being sent into the world, to deliver men

* Most they supposed that God of the Jews,

Greene. C.

from the power of Demiurgus. This doctrine of emanations was nothing unusual in those days; Plato believed it, and many more. It is referred to in the Epistles, *"vain babblings" and "oppositions of science, falsely so called"; **"endless genealogies," "strifes that do minister questions". (please place the last word first), and ***"old wives fables." &c &c —

*1 Tim. VI. 20.
*2 Tim. I. 4. VI. 4
**1 Tim. IV. 7.

These Gnostics believed that John the Baptist was an Eon sent from God, and that he was superior to Christ. The word they thought was a distinct being separated from God, but who had not existed forever. The word (or rather the Logos, for it ought not to be translated.) is an attribute of God, namely his power and wisdom. Now the attributes of God, are not distinct beings separated from God, but are God himself; as your thoughts, your anger, your affections, are nothing distinct from you, but are you, yourself. I would then paraphrase the first of John thus.

The word was not created, since the beginning of the world, as you say, no, it always existed; it was in the beginning, it was an attribute of God; yes of course, it was God, himself. The same attribute was always God.

The word, was an attribute of God, of course it was God

Greene. C.

himself, he made all things; there was not any Demiurgus as you say; no, without God there was not any thing made of all that is made. Life that is, creating, and enlivening power was in God; belonged to God, and that life was the light, the director of men, it shone in darkness, (that is ever since the creation of the world, ages when the true worship, was not known except in Judea, and scarcely practised there) and the darkness did not prevent it, (or, did not fully receive it.) There was a man sent from God, (that is by Gods) his name was not John; He came to testify, that he might bear testimony to this light, that all men, through his means, might believe in the Light. He was not that Light himself, was not an Eone, as you suppose superior to Christ, no, he was only a man, sent to testify about that light.

He, that is God, was the true Light, which gives life and Light to all who are born, to every one that comes into the world. He, that is God, was in the world, (for God is every where,) and the world was made by him; and yet the world did not fully know him. He came to his own peculiar People, the Jews

and they did not receive him; that is, God manifested himself in a peculiar manner, to the Jews his chosen people, and they did not worship him as they ought. Some received him, some believed on him, (that is on God,) to all them, he gave power to become his children, yea, to become children of God, (that is, to become wiser and better, and happier, than others.) These were born not of flesh and blood, nor of man's lust, but by God's will, that is, they obey, and serve God so well, that they seem not the children of mere men but holier and better as if God, were their Father.

And the power of God assumed a bodily form, that is a man of remarkable powers, and mind, came and dwelt amongst us. God was represented by a man, not that he was God, for he was flesh; he was a man; we, men of this day have seen him; have seen his glory, like the glory of a Father only Son, (to whom he may be supposed to give more glory than other men, since he is an only Son,) we I say have seen his glory full of grace and truth.

John bore testimony of him, and said, this is the man I have spoken of, who came after me,

tho' he was superior to me, but remained my superior.
out of his Gods abundance, have we all received, a
great favor, instead of a left, since the Law (the left
favor;) came by Moses, but Grace and truth, came
by Jesus Christ.

Nobody has ever seen God. The only begotten Son,
who is in intimate connexion with God, he has made
him known ——

Our orthodox brethren interpret this quite differently,
but you asked my opinion: it differs considerably from
any I have ever examined; if it contains any thing
you do not understand, I will endeavor to explain.
Unitarians do not believe Christ equal with God,
since he says he is not. I think he knew what
he said, and what he meant. I believe Christ was
miraculously conceived; John the Baptist was, so was
Samuel, and Isaac. — Ask any thing more you please —

* * * *

I have not been to Lexington lately, but
was at Watertown Saturday. All are well at Mrs. Charles
is well and so [illegible] Miss Eliot has gone to North-

ampston, and will not return this week—

Write all the news you know, and as soon as you please. Shall you never come to Cambridge? I room at 30 Divinity Hall—

Yours Respectfully

T.

To the Same Lowell Mss.

c

Cambridge June 11th 1832.

Thursday night.

I do not know my Dear Friend that I have much to say, or even any thing of any consequence but I know that I am glad to hear from you even if you have nothing to say only that you are well &c. &c.— and supposing you may have similar failings, I write you a few words. I have not seen Charles since you were here, of course, I know nothing about him. How did you get home, and what do you

still think of going to the East? Resolved I hope. Since doubtless you would be able to settle yourself comfortably there, much sooner than here, and take to yourself, an help meet, and do more good, with which laudable motive you seem fully penetrated. There is however, some little danger of overshooting the mark, and you know it is of no consequence whether you fire over or under. In either case the game escapes.

I conceive every man's duty to be this. To do the most good, and the least evil possible. But how is this to be done? To whom is this good to be done? The error often lies in the answer rendered to these questions. A man of tolerable intellect, and of little education, quite late in life "becomes religious" feels an earnest desire to "do good", to "benefit mankind"; so he leaves his business, and half-educated as he is becomes a Preacher. Now the man's motive may be the best possible; his desire to "do good" may be worthy of angels, but he entirely mistakes the means of assisting man. He actually retards the growth of religion, and puts back the Truth, good in his heart, in

Greene. C.

Every man is not called upon to preach. This is not the way for every man to do good in. The whole world is not the place of any one man's action. A man should do Good to his own family first, to the world afterwards. He is to benefit his family directly, the world, indirectly, in general: some instances may occur in which his influence upon others is direct also. Of course these remarks do not apply to a Minister, who he is set apart, for the benefit of the public. Care of his parish is his duty, to this all must be subservient.

What is the way for a man to be good in, if he wishes to influence his neighbour?

Practice is much better than precept in this case. You may talk a man continually of the importance of virtue and religion; but you will convince him much quicker of their efficacy by shewing an example in your own life of their practical result. You may think all these remarks ill-judged and misplaced. But I have a vague notion that your schemes of usefulness were not exactly such as would end in "any good thing," so I have given a little warning - - - - - - - You may

Greene C.

recollect that we spoke of your possibly being married before you went to the west if you concluded to go. I hope you will think well of all the consequences of such an act before you decide. It is hard getting up hill with a pack on your Back, and a wife in such a case would doubtless be no small burthen. Now by the way we speak of wives, you will please give my respects to your know who, and — if you please you may tell her — she should have been oftener remembered had I known any thing of her existence. I have not much to say on such a subject, but I hope you love as well as some one, whom you know, and if it is so Love brings an almost celestial happiness with it. I hope you realize this.

Pray give my respects and love to Hiram and his wife — If he does well (as I pray he may continue to do) I hope you will call upon him frequently, not with a long face as if you were to preach a Sermon to a man who was just going to be hanged, but as if you knew and felt that he was your friend

Grave. C.

and brother. When I come to Lowell I shall call — of course — to see him.

Truly Yours

J.

To the Same Lowell.

Cambridge 11 July 1834 —

Prof. Pilgrey has just sent us a letter, my dear friend, stating that he cannot give us a lecture at present, so I have an hour of leisure to devote to you. Do not be offended at my long silence, since I have been so busy of late, as to be unable to find a moment for you, so you will forgive the apparent neglect for old acquaintance sake, and all the et cetera which unite us heart and hand. You ridiculed my — what shall I call it? foolish remarks, in your last. I do not blame you, laugh at mine as you please; such speeches deserve it all. But one

Greene 6.

thing in <u>that</u> letter did displease me; I mean the unholy manner in which you quoted words of sacred writ= such use of scripture you know is inconsistent with the christian spirit; and you will only need to have its bad tendency pointed out, to avoid it for the future. I do not make this remark in an unkind or angry spirit.

You wish some information, about <u>something</u> in the "latter part of Matthew." I do not know to what place you particularly allude; and since there are so many parts which "minister questions," I will request you to state the precise part, you wish explained, a little more explicitly, and I will afford you all the assistance in my power.

Should you be pleased to know something of our ordinary course of proceedings in this Institution! If so I will describe the course as briefly as may be; always keeping I am not uncertain. We have about 30 scholars, divided into three classes, one of these, graduates in about a week. This is called the Senior class. Since one of these preachers, each

Greene. C.

sabbath Evening during the year — All the school, and some few strangers attend. Prayers are performed at Morning of every day, by Prof. Palfrey, and at Evening by one of the Senior class. The Junior class, to which I belong, recite in Hebrew every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Afternoon, — attend a lecture upon the criticism of the New Testament, Monday and Friday When we translate the original, ask questions, and engage in discussion with the Professor; and recite and discuss the Evidences of Christianity with Dr Ware, every Wednesday. Tuesday afternoon, we have an Exercise in extemporaneous speaking, with Prof. Ware, the son of the Dr, and one of the finest men I have ever known. Some subject is proposed, to the class, at one meeting, and discussed at the next. Saturday morning Mr Ware delivers a lecture upon composition of sermons, subjects to be treated &c., to the whole school. Thursday we have no recitation. One third of the school declaims, every Tuesday Evening. Friday Evening the whole school meet for extemporaneous speaking, and we have some very good orators, who

Greene. 6.

speak with elegance and force ——— Thursday Eve is spent in a religious meeting. Sunday Eve, as I mentioned before, Public divine service is performed.

A Society for the promotion of the interests of humanity, and called the "Philanthropic Society" meets once a fortnight on Wednesday Evening. A Report is always read upon some interesting subject, such as "Infidelity," "Temperance", "The Liquor Law" &c; by a committee, previously appointed to investigate the subject. Besides this, I have a Frinch Lad who comes every morning to recite Greek and Latin &c— and had a young Gentleman who came twice a week, to recite German, but I have not seen him this fortnight.

All my leisure is now devoted to translating some papers of La Fayette, from the French, which, I am doing for Mr Sparks, who is going to publish them. This is his work and not mine. I shall be constantly employed upon this translation during the whole of vacation, which continues six weeks, commencing next Thursday.

Greene. C.

You see my time is pretty well occupied; I retire at eleven and rise at five. I read considerable Greek and German, besides a great deal of English. —

To say nothing of going to Boston, which is done about three times a week —— Sunday I visit the State's prison, where I have an intersting class in the Sunday School. ———— Do you attend church? and where, and how do you 'like' it? Do you feel religiously disposed, and spiritually minded? or does the influence of the world shut up the avenues of your soul, so that God and Religion find no entrance? I hope the latter is not true. ——

× + + +

Your affectionate Uncle

J.

Greene. C.

To the Same. Leonett.

Cambridge 29 August 1834 —

Dear friend

Whether you are angry at a question in my last, whether you are sick, or have forgotten your old friend, or are so busy in other more important affair I do not know, but I have received no letter this two months — Indeed I know not but it is two months since I wrote you last — Pray break this long silence, and let me know you are in the Land of the Living if you have nothing more to say.

I have been to Lexington several times this summer, all the folks are well — and Isaac apparently is a good farmer, and his wife picks berries wonderfully well — Sydney Bartlett lives with him this summer and Martha's Sister is likewise there — All appear to live happily, and I doubt not they do — I called at Mr Phinney's and Mr Briggs' Susan you know is married. She has been at home this summer. Mrs

Greene. C.

seat not changed in the least— that I could perceive—
Can you imagine the change, the village of Lexington
has undergone since we left it! How altered every thing
appears, except Mr Dudley's Establishment— —— The
Academy flourishes finely, as I hear: two new houses
have been erected to add to its conveniences. —

It has been vacation with us at Cambridge the last
6 weeks— tho' I have taken but a Single week from
my business— I spent 2 or 3 weeks in Boston, trans-
-lating some Papers— which I mentioned to you in
my last,— in which Mrs Cabot afforded her assistance—
—— I saw Charles a few days ago, and shall
probably see him again today— he is quite well and
happy —— Parry write me all that interests
and I will be pleased with it for that reason.
Do you attend Mr Barry's church! constantly! Are
you yet a member! If not I do not accuse you— yet
I think it the duty of every one to employ all the
means of religion within their reach— and this
is certainly a powerful one. It is not an end to be
attained, it is one of the means to promote Spiritual-

Greene C.

=mindness and true piety. Perhaps you think keeping the Law, and being merely a good moral man is religion. I think not, since any man can, and many men do keep it externally — while their hearts are far from God. Is the Bible a sealed Book, and Prayer a forgotten duty! Is self Examination often or ever practised! Many men hear a sermon, if sitting half asleep, and half awake, can be called hearing, — and go out knowing nothing of the Discourse, and gaining nothing from the day's service, but food for ridicule during the next week. And occasionally these slumberous listeners will arouse their attention and hear some vice displayed in its own deformity, only to say that was for Mr B, or Miss C must have felt that severely — How few of us lay our hands upon our hearts, and ask is it I Lord! Is it I! — — Do not think I mean to reproach you, it is only my intention to warn. Do you intend to remain at Lowell, and how long! pray write me — Do you read much or think much! Many read without

Greene C.

thinking, they may tell to what purpose I know not unless to kill time ——

Give my respects to all concerned and believe me ever your aff. Friend

Theo.

To the Same Lowell.

Cambridge 26th Sept. 1834

Dear Friend,

I would say dear nephew, but it sounds quite too old, and I am already sufficiently advanced in years, to need nothing to recall it to recollection. It is Sunday night, and you are —— shall I say where? Yes, you are at church, attending some Baptist Lecture, I suppose. Do not suppose this is written with a sneer. For a man is a christian, it is of little importance whether he is Calvinist or Lutheran, Papist or Protestant. We all know that each sect contains

Greene. C.

in its instructions enough of pure and vital christian advice to ensure our salvation, so far as this depends upon ourselves, or our fellow-mortals. You say you attend the church above mentioned, and that you obtain more satisfaction, there, than at your previous place of worship. If this is so, — and since you say it, it must be true — you are perfectly right and justifiable in leaving Mr Barry — But another reason for your leaving his church does not appear to me a good one. If such reasons are to be called good arguments, sufficient to justify our changing our church, where shall we go not to find them! when shall we cease to change! Like Noah's dove we shall not find a place for the sole of our foot. I am glad you find delight in worshipping where you do. I hope God will hear your prayer, and always grant you happiness in your belief, which I will never attempt you to change, though every conscientious man would persuade all his friends to be of his own persuasion. But let not any thing which I have said influence

Greene. C.

you. I wish you God speed in your religious course. You were — as it appears from your last, — a little offended — if this is not too harsh a word — at some observations in a letter of mine. I beg your pardon most sincerely, if it contained any thing impertinent, for nothing was meant to give offence — yet I had thought, we knew each other too well to suffer any such little affairs to interrupt the harmony of our lives. But allow me to ask one question more, assuring you, my motives are not unkind or vainly curious.

Have you told me all the motives that induce you to change your church? Nay is the most persuasive one told? Lay your hand on your heart, and answer as a christian brother, yes, and I believe you. Do not be offended, this question is not dictated by a vain or impertinent curiosity. We are directed to "try the Spirits."

One of our school a Mr Smiths died a few days ago, a young man of promise, at least — as his friends supposed — About 4 weeks ago he left the school and went to visit his friends in the city; on account

of a bad headache, thinking to return the next day. Friday he died, God has changed his face, and sent him away. The members of the School with two of the professors attended his funeral in Boston — So one of our number is torn from us, to remind us of our own insecurity, and to admonish us to have our Lamps trimmed and burning, and our loins girded — You say, I never say when I shall come to Lowell. In truth I do not know — My business never leads me in that direction, and Pleasure never calls me so far. But I intend to come before I commence my course as a preacher — that is within two years; yes Greene, I must come within less time, perhaps next vacation — that is in December, but I do not promise. But let me in my turn enquire when you will show the Light of your countenance in these parts? Pray do let me see you before long. I have a great many things to say, that I do not wish to write. Perhaps you will like to hear a little about some of our old companions. — David Willington is at Co: with another gentleman

Greene. 6.

whose name I have forgotten, has opened a wholesale store in North Market Street Boston. I only learn this from seeing his sign — Mary W has taught school two summers. I have forgotten where. I often meet "the Captain" in the street, but he does not recognize me - and for that matter - our old neighbours Mr Simonds, and Peace seem to have forgotten me — you will ask about the famous "Hiram." He graduated this commencement. He came to my room a few evenings ago, and has not grown one per cent more wise, or witty, or if he has been so fortunate, he concealed his acquisition marvellously well; perhaps he thinks he shall be taxed for it, were it discovered. He has not yet decided, what profession to study, but it will be either "Law or Medicine," since he has vetoed Theology, for which I rejoice, as we have logs enough in the stumps already — Do accept my Love and Respect, and believe me yr affd Friend

T. —

Greene. C.

To the Same. Lowell.

Cambridge 18 November 1834.

Dear Friend,

I have delayed, rather longer than usual to answer your letter, principally because I had many engagements to fulfil, and duties to perform. But now I will converse again with you, and with renewed pleasure. Circumstances for the present, forbid our holding real conversation, face to face: But Paper and ink, presence, at least a tolerable substitute, for words right warm, and glowing from the mouth. I was somewhat surprised at your long silence, I must confess, and perhaps did not ascribe it to the test of motives, certainly not to those, by which, you say you were prevented from writing. You say, you have experienced quite a change in heart, — you trust, — and certainly in feeling, and the views you take of things — I rejoice most sincerely, and hope that same holy and yet temperate Ardour will ever prevail warming

Greene. C.

your heart, and weaning your affections from the vanities of life, and directing your thoughts to the true riches of Heaven. I of course should prefer you could have found Spiritual food, within the pale of the Unitarian church, since I believe it comes nearer to the "faith once committed to the Saints", than any other. But while I say this, I will add, that this is only my opinion, and since unitarianism does not satisfy all, I am glad they can find in other churches, that comfort we cannot afford. Never fear that I shall laugh that you have turned your whole heart to Christianity as taught by any sect among us.

There seems enough of the vital Spirit of Christianity remaining in every sect, from the catholic down to the universalist to promote the virtue, and secure the salvation of all who will comply with the requisitions of their creed, so far at least, as human means can effect this object. But I think some better calculated to do this, than others, some kinds of preaching suit one class of minds, while others desire instruction from a different style of sermonizing. Let each man suit his

own taste, beg his own conscience, or to use the language of the Apostle, "let every man be thoroughly persuaded in his own mind." You seem to have found religion, which you were seeking; I do not suppose you mean to say that religion is some one thing, state or feeling, which comes to you in a moment, when you had no conception of such a thing before. But that it is, that Love to God, and good will to men, which gradually arises in the heart, and which goes on constantly increas=ing and shining like the Lamp of the just, more and more unto the perfect day. This of course, cannot be the result of a single effort of mind; such an eminence of moral greatness is not to be gained by a single bound. The steps are slow. Do not for a moment suppose, that I think your religion is of that fanatical character, which burns hot today, and tomorrow is cold and dead, leaving the heart worse than before: no, you say your serious feeling began long ago, and that you thought and read, and prayed in secret, and meditated long before you came to your present state. Have not

Greene. C.

this I am the case — but had you only gone for fourteen nights to an exciting and excited meeting — though I should not doubt your sincerity, I should fear lest by & by, you would find your piety decayed, your faith extinguished, while you would sadly confess that "a deceived heart had been your trust." I rejoice to believe that this is not your case. But let me adjure you, do not rest satisfied with your present progress. Remember there is no standing still in religion. If you are not going forward, you are falling back-ward. Strive for greater eminence of religion. Labour to be more constant in Prayer, more exact in self-watchfulness, more perfect in your outward conduct. But above all, strive, watch, pray to be more pure in heart. This is the one thing needful. So far as you fail of this, though you attend all the meetings in the country, and pray with the tone of a martyr, nay, though you die a martyr, you fail of Religion, you come short of the requisitions of Christianity. I wish to warn you against some things, into which many fall. Beware of

Greene. 6.

self-satisfaction. Avoid spiritual pride. Be careful that you do not place all the duties of religion in the Speculative parts of it. Remember that the fruits of the Gospel, are Peace, and righ=
=teousness, and joy in believing. Do not forget Charity, for men's opinions, defects, yea, for their crimes. Do not slight, and scorn a man because you think he is less religious than you. God only can see the heart, and Remember that all men are your brethren, and if you do not love them, you will not love God.

You did not say whether you had joined a church, or not, nor did you tell to what denomination the minister belonged of whom you spoke. Pray tell me more, and do not let it be so long before you write again.

Perhaps I shall come to Lowell in December, but perhaps not, as I have much to do, during vacation. I was at Lexington about a week ago. I went with Miss Eabot. (whom, by the way, you have never seen.) We staid to tea, and had a pleasant time. They are all well, and Father appears much better in both

Greene. C.

body and mind, than I have known him to do, this long time. I suppose you knew Peter Clarke was dead. It is a sad blow to his relations. Isaac Hemick is going into a store in Boston, to stay, if a good boy 'till he is 21, the gentleman who takes him is a wholesale merchant. I hope he will make a good boy of him. Do you intend to stay at Lowell? Perhaps I shall want to borrow some money of you, though not at present, certainly not before April, since I have earned $113, since I came here, good bye.

J.

If my letters are so badly written that you cannot read them, tell me and I will write better.

Green 6.

To the Same. Lowell.

Cambridge 21 Dec 1824.

Dear Friend,

Nephew perhaps I should say, and so I would but it sounds too old; were I fifty or 30 and you no more than 20 it would sound better. So I hope you will not accuse me of want of kindness if I say Friend instead of nephew. I have to solicit your forgiveness for not writing at an earlier day, but I have been so busy with my studies as scarcely to have time. It is now Sunday night, a time I seldom employ in writing letters, but since our correspondence is a pretty serious one, I think the holiness of the Sabbath is not violated by writing.

You say many people are converted at protracted meetings. I have no doubt of it; many a careless thoughtless, worldly-minded, sensual man, is no doubt awakened at such meetings. His conversion is begun. He sees the wickedness of his own ways, feels that even while his external conduct has not been bad, his heart has been

Greene C.

at enmity with God." He makes resolutions, goes home and prays, finds his strength confirmed, and goes again into the world, to begin life with different motives, and to serve his God. Some time must necessarily elapse, before his purposes have fully matured, and his character become confirmed. I have not a doubt this is the case with *some*, but I *do* fear, that in a vast majority of cases the result is different.

Men become excited, make resolutions, make prayers, and go out into the world with the vile principle still in their hearts. Many are discouraged, many hardened. I consider, in the sincerity of my heart, that these meetings are too violent, and do more hurt than good. I do not speake, altogether without knowledge. You may recollect I attended Dr Beecher's 6 days meeting in Boston, some three and four years ago. I confess I derived much advantage from it, but it was too harsh a remedy for gentle souls. Neither Christ, nor his Apostles ever *drove* Lambs into the fold. A Storm drives now and then, a ship to Land, but how many "perish in the waters."

I have nothing more against these meetings - I would say the same, were it the Unitarians who proposed such

Greene. C.

measured. I do not in the least question your conversion. In what do you consider the most effectual part of the christian Armour? Prayer, do you not? How delightful it is, that we poor, and defenceless mortals are permitted to come into the presence of the most high God, and lay open our whole hearts before him, declaring our wants, and confessing our sins, requesting his aide in our temporal and spiritual affairs, and giving thanks with all christian humility for the unnumbered blessings his hand has bestowed. It is the highest delight of a mind pure and holy. It is the best preservative in times of temptation and Trial. In prosperity, it defends us from Pride and conceit, by reminding us of our constant dependence upon God, and in adversity, in sickness, in the trying hour, when Death is separating the ties that bind our friends to us, this can give a calm and soothing satisfaction, which nothing else can bestow. I could urge you too, seriously to cultivate the Spirit of Prayer. But I would mention some of the errors christians fall into. They are apt to seperate their religion from their business. Many a

Greene. C.

man prays, — sincerely, no doubt — in his closet, morning and night, and then goes out into the noise and bustle of the world, and forgets religion. "God is not in all his thoughts". Now if it is a man's duty to be devout in prayer, it is no less so, to be devout in his business. God never commanded us to be charitable — and kind, an hour in the morning, and a little time, at night, and suffered us to be peevish, and revengeful all the rest of the day. We are not to keep one day holy, and defile all the rest, but every day should be "holy unto the Lord." Religion is not confined to the church, a closet, it will follow you to the counting house, or the mill-wheel. Some men think all worldly things of so little importance, that they will not ask for any thing but spiritual goods in prayer. this is unwise, we cannot do without both. Such men as neglect to pray for temporal blessings, are exceedingly prone to fall into the error I have named.

The body cannot live without food, and the soul needs spiritual provision; this can be supplied by reading the scriptures, and by attending public worship,

Greene. C.

by the conversation of godly people, or by the meditation upon the works of God. The stars speak of his Glory, and the plants and animals declare his great goodness. But in addition to these I would advise you to read other Books. Abbots young Christian. Ware's formation of the Christian Character, or his Life of Christ. All of these are excellent books. Pray write me any thing you please, and do not think I am dull because I write about holy things.

I do not know any thing about the "good folks" at Lexington, only that they are well. I shall go up to Lexington in the vacation, which begins Wednesday. I would come to Lowell and see you, old Friend, but the way is long, and I cannot afford to ride, neither can I lose the time. Perhaps you would like to know something about my studies, since I left the Plough. I have made considerable acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Hebrew and Chaldee Languages, and have lately begun the Arabic and Syriac. The four last

Greene. C.

named are to assist me in studying the Bible. I shall study Italian next summer. Of course I have not forgotten to study the various branches of Science and Literature in our own Language. I hope to lay a good foundation for learning while I am in the School. The Lord has given me an abundance of health and has caused me to prosper in all my undertakings; praised be his holy name, for all his great goodness, and may he make us both useful and happy.

Your's good night

To the Same Lowell.

Cambridge 15th March 1835.

Dear friend

I received your favour of last week and am highly gratified to learn several things, which you state, among others, that you have found such satisfaction

Greene C.

in religious inquiry as to join a church. All our churches are churches of Christ. All I believe contain enough of the saving grace of true religion to secure many salvation, so far as human means can effect it, and all no doubt have embraced more or less error. We are all at best but fallible men, and have no inspiration to guide our steps. You know I am pleased that you can find the water of life, whether it flow from an Unitarian or a Trinitarian fountain. It is with great pleasure therefore that I learn the satisfaction you seem to feel. I hope it will continue. You know however that many endure for a season, and by & by, fall away. It is easy in a moment of excitement, to make a most noble, and holy and sincere resolution, to adhere strictly to it for a few months, or weeks it may be and then to fall away to utter coldness. "The last state of that man is worse than the first."

I know your zeal. You state it in your letter. I know it to be pure, and virtuous, and hope it will continue: indeed I have little doubt it will remain steadfast in the Spirit, even if sometimes hence you

Greene. C.

should not think it necessary to attend meeting quite so many times a week. I do not say this to reprove you. No, far from it, doubtless you find it profitable, and, of course, you know what is best for yourself - only there is danger - when your zeal begins to abate - that you should grow cold and indifferent.

I always had, and still have some fears of that religious zeal, which leads a man away from the common duties of life, and must needs think it is "not according to knowledge." so I was not a little surprised when you told me you had so many meetings to attend, that you could write me a letter one in three months. Now religion, my Dear friend, is not the business of life, it is the principle, by which we should conduct our business, and the motive which should urge us on in all our affairs. We ought always to be careful and not separate religion from our business. Make it a link to connect Heaven and Earth: a living principle, which is diffused like a sunbeam over all you do and say, and think, giving life and warmth and energy to all.

Greene. C.

This, I think is what religion ought to be. Then there is no danger of its leading man away from the duties of friendship. A Religious man is worshipping God as much when he guides the plough, as when he is really engaged in prayer, and nothing is more required of him at the one times than the other. There are at present, two opposite tendencies in society, both equally dangerous, the one is to think no particular time, or place need be set apart for religious duties. This is a great error. The other is, to think, that religious duties can only be discharged at particular times and places. This latter destroys all the beauty and harmony of "pure religion and undefiled": since it separates Religion from life, and as it were shuts up the presence of God in closet and churches. I hope you will not fall into either of these errors. yet there is some danger perhaps. At least it behooves all who stand to give heed lest they fall.

I hope you will excuse the freedom of these remarks, as they are meant in all kindness, and brotherly love.

Another thing which I am glad to learn, is that

Greene. C.

you have not forgotten me, and I hope that you will not for the future. I should have come to Lowell last January, but it was too cold, and I am engaged in a multiplicity of studies that demand all my time and attention. You know life is short, and there is much to learn.

You give me great joy, in saying that ——— has joined the Temperance Society. I pray he may continue firm in his resolution. Do — I intreat you — all in your power to keep him in the way wherein he should go, remembering always that the kind way is the best, and things should be taken by the smooth handle.

You spoke about some money. Thanks to the giver of all good, I shall not need any before September next, and perhaps not then. That is unless some evil should befall me, which I cannot foresee. ——— I hope you are happy at Lowell, do tell what acquaintances you have made, what sort of people they are ——— what Books you have read this year past and all such matters which you know would interest one.

Greene. C.

Rest assured you are always remembered in my supplications, and I hope you will not forget me in yours.

Yours Truly

Wm.

To the Same. Lowell.

C

Cambridge 8 July 1835

Dear Friend,

I do not like to say nephew to one so near my own age, so for the future, I hope you will understand friend to mean nephew, and all other loving titles you please. I am very happy to learn from your last, that your intention of going to the west, is by no means changed. I had some fears lest you should hesitate to encounter all the terrors which your imagination would summon up before you. But I never doubted, if you were

Greene. C.

once resolved and really set out, that all these diffi=
=culties "which in the weak man's way, like lions
stand" would vanish from before you.
I am rejoiced to find your courage is not abated
but is rather grown strong. I hope you have laid
aside that song notion of going to school before you
set out. I saw Isaac a few days ago, and spoke with
him upon your contemplated expedition: it seems
you did not tell him of your intention,— which
does not look very confidential,— but that he learned it
from Charles, with whom he happened to meet. Isaac
thinks it is the best thing you can do. No doubt, he
says, a man of vigour and capacity will do well, may
finely there. Touching the money, you speak of, I
can say nothing more definite than when I spoke before.
The chance that I shall be able to furnish any
depends upon too many uncertainties to allow me
to make a statement.
But putting things on the worst possible footing, allowing
you could not get that sum of money you spoke of, I
do not know what new obstacle would be in your path.

Greene. 6.

If you should carry it with you, there is the chance of robbery, you know. Should you leave it behind, it is very easy to send for it. I should think it advisable, even if it were all accessible, to leave at least a part of your money behind - as a sort of rallying point, should any misfortune happen. I think however that we could contrive some means of making up the necessary amount. However.

If you go there, you will find an opportunity to breathe again, which I suspect you scarcely do where you now are. You will be doing at least something to enable you to live in peace and competency, and to surround yourself with a family, in comfortable circumstances. You recollect the remark of the Apostle, "he who provideth not for his own household, hath denied the faith and is worse than an Infidel". I remind you of this, not that I would recommend a slavish pursuit of money, for I consider that equally unchristian and unreasonable, but because I think many of your notions, touching such matters, are bad and even dangerous.

Greene. C.

It is every man's duty to provide for himself, that is to provide a comfortable residence, and means of living conveniently, and respectably. If he has, or hopes to have a family, it is his duty to afford the same advantages to them. You say you do not care to amass property, and yet you are engaged to a young woman, who you expect will be the Mother of your children: have you then no motive strong enough to excite a desire of giving them the means of comfort - of respectability in life!
You know how much a good education contributes to a man's happiness and usefulness. Do you not then wish to be able to give such as may be descended from you means of obtaining this! Should you like to consider yourself as the patriarch of a race of Shoe-blacks, Scavengers, and Chimney-Sweeps? I know these are useful employments, and that a man may as well fit himself for Heaven in these situations as in any other, but I think such an employment does diminish one's self-respect, and of course his happiness in this world, and I fear too often chills the heart, and prevents men from making efforts to secure a better life. I think every rational

Greene. C.

christian will seek for comfort, not buying: and for a competence, not riches. I hope you will do the same. Do not think my views upon this point are unchristian; the Scriptures encourage them. nay, teach them.

I shall probably come to Lowell during the long vacation — which begins a week from to-day — when we will talk over these matters more thoroughly.

I have two scholars now — young men, who intend to enter an advanced class in college. They come one hour a day. Besides you know I have two young misses, so my time is tolerably well occupied.

I hope you will not delay to write on account of my proposed coming to Lowell, since I may delay some weeks — and perhaps I shall go to Niagara first.

Believe me, yours truly.

Theo: Parker.

Greene. C.

To the Same. Lowell.

C

Cambridge 8th September 1835–

My dear Greene

You complained of yourself in your last – on account of tardiness in writing – I have greater cause for the offence – but not so good a reason. I believe I received your letter a day before you wrote it, since it was a day or two before it was dated – If you are so fortunate with regard to this I shall be exceedingly happy –

I hope your sick friend is recovered, and that you are none the worse in body and much better in soul for your exertions, since I have no doubt your self consciousness of doing a virtuous action will afford an abundant recompense for your pains-taking.

I was up at Lexington a week or two ago, and found all the Family very well – all happy and in good spirits – Isaac is a fine Farmer, and by Gods blessing his labours seem to prosper. He has some fine fields of corn, to say nothing of his great pigs –

Greene. C.

Father is well also. I did not see Isaac as he was gone to Boston, and I could not wait.

+ + + + +

I was in Lowell some few weeks ago - but had only a few minutes to spend, and so I went and saw H, although I wished very much to see you - you know it is a great while since I had seen him and he would have thought I neglected him, and I know you will not take it amiss — While the Party was at Dinner I stole off and saw him — We had a delightful time, and saw wonders enough to fill up one's soul full of astonishment and delight. We travelled about a thousand miles, went to New York city — West point - Catskill — Saratoga, Lake George — Ticonderoga — Lake Champlain, Montpelier. the White Mountains &c, and thence came home. We were gone about 3 weeks, and got enough strength - body and soul — to carry us through the year I hope.

You will not forget your old

Friend and mate

J. P.

Greene. C.

To the Same. Cowell.

Cambridge 6th October 1835.

My Dear Friend,

I hope you will excuse my delay in answering your last favour, though I have scarce any thing but your mercy to rely upon for security, but since that is sufficient, perhaps it is as well as if I had a better excuse.

+ + + +

Touching the west, I am glad to hear your resolution is steadfast, that is if you are pleased with the project. I know well it requires no small resolution to leave home, friends and all the thousand scenes endeared by old and holy associations. But recollect you can soon surround yourself with them in a new place - or if not with such objects, as Imagination lingers on - yet with substantial matters. There is one thing however to be considered - you know whether your present work has suffered

your strength to diminish. If it last, to repair to work "on Land" again, you know would be a bad move.

This however you know better than I. and also you alone know what your prospects are of getting "along in the world", at Lowell. A certainty is not to be sacrificed to any very dangerous uncertainty. I do not say this to discourage you - since I still think it best for you to go, but that you may "prove all things and hold fast that-which is good."

I have not seen Isaac this long time - but have heard that he was well, &c.

Write as soon as convenient, give my love to H. and M. if you please - and tell me how they do, pros-
-per &c and believe me

Yours truly

Theodore Parker.

Greene. C.

To the Same. Lowell.

Cambridge 14th Nov 1835.

Dear Friend,

I do not know but I ought to have written earlier, but since I have nothing of any special interest to communicate I did not know but silence would be as well. I learned from the daily papers of the death of your Pastor, quite sudden too. I suppose besides his parish he leaves a family to bewail his sudden death, perhaps as is the fate of most ministers, he had little of this world's goods to leave them. A minister's life, you know must be one of great self-denial in this regard. All avenues to wealth are effectually shut out. But if he cannot obtain the elegancies of life he can get what is far better and more enduring. He who complains of this proves himself unworthy the cause he embraces.

You spoke something about the West. It appears you waver; well you know your own interest best, and I maintain every man should sail by his own

Greene. C.

compass. In whatever you undertake I hope and pray you may meet with success. You said one of your companions was dead too. Was he one of your intimates! I do not know whether you have any intimate friends at Lowell, but I do not see how you could well do without them. You never speak to me of any such beings, and I know no more of your outgoings and incomings than of the man in the moon. Why do you never write me about your pecuniary matters! how you get along in the world, what friends you have! how you pass your time when not in the mill and what Books you read!

You once told me you went to meeting every Night, I think it was or something pretty near it! Can this be continued now! Not that I fear you do not go often enough. When you first went to Lowell, I had some fears lest you should neglect the most important of all things. Now my fears is all on the other side: not that I fear, that you will pay too much attention to Religion. that is impossible but that you will mistake something else for true

Greene C.

piety, and pay as blind and superstitious reverence to something which encloses the soul to Jesus, instead of giving it that perfect love "which casteth out fear". When I speak of Religion I mean not a name merely, and not a base adherence to a certain creed of man's device. No, I mean, total Obedience to the will of God, in all things, the most trifling as well as the most important. This is the Religion of the Apostles, the Religion of Christ. It does not destroy a single real pleasure of life. It does not draw down the corners of the mouth, and lengthen out the face to an hypocritical Longitude, nor does it "blow men up" with Spiritual pride. No, its fruits are Self-distrust, Meekness, Patience, Cheerfulness, Joy, Faith, Love. If any man on Earth has cause to be joyful, it is the Christian, and I remind you of this because I fear you have a tendency to that same sort of Cant, which we once used very justly to ridicule, although it is too grave an offence to be laughed at.

I have not been to Lexington since I wrote you, I believe. At any rate, they were all well the last time I was

Greene. C.

there. and Father not making cider mill nuts. Write me as soon as it is convenient, and Believe me

Ever your

L.

To the Same. Lowell

C

Cambridge 6 Jan. 1836.

As this is the first Letter this year, I suppose it will be "acceptable if I write you "a happy new year", with all my heart, my Dear Greene, will it not? You wrote me that you were unwell, pray take good care of yourself. If you love health, you love all you know. I hope however that your malady is not serious.

× × × × × ×

I have not been up to Lexington since I wrote you last, but shall probably go up in about a week. I have been, that all were well there. I

Greene, C.

suppose you knew Mr Simonds had sold his farm to Theodore Phinney; I am glad of it. Yet it is almost too good news to be true. Mr Peane is sick. He has a disease on the heart, which the doctors say will soon carry him off: perhaps their expectations will be disappointed. I hope they may. Mr P. is a good man as you know, as well as I.

You never write me any thing about your friend, I mean one much more than friend, but still much less than wife. I hope she is well, give her my best respects, if you please. You seemed to speak as if there was nothing, that you could live for. Is not she enough! To say nothing about my own Love for you!

I hope you will cheer up. Do you "slip down" hot molasses and water for a cold, as you used to do! I doubt it has any good effects, by the way. If you cheer up yourself, I have little doubt you will soon be better.

I hope you will answer this soon, in the true sense of the word. It is now the beginning of a new term with us, and I have much to do in it, more than ever + before. I am appointed instructer in Hebrew, in the college, and supply Dr Palfrey's place in the Divinity

Greene C.

School, this winter; so far as teaching Hebrew is concerned, that is. Besides these I have multifarious duties unconnected with college.

Believe me ever affectionately

your[illegible]. J.

To the Same Correct.

Cambridge 1 April 1836.

My dear Greene

I reply to your letter, which I received a few days ago rather in reference to the Date of the letter than in accordance with the Post mark, between which you know there was a wide distance. You know that I am glad to learn that you are well, and all that, so it is unnecessary to shed more ink upon that subject.

× × × × ×

I saw Father, Isaac and his wife last night.

Scene 6.

for I went up to Lexington and read a Lecture at the Lyceum, much against my inclination for I have been too busy of late to read lectures gratuitously. Father and all the good folks were there. I did not go home for I carried up another young man who belongs to the School—

I shall see Charles tomorrow I think, he was well yesterday, and left a note at my room.

You tell me you mean to go away. — Where I pray? To the west! well, success to you. Nothing venture nothing have, is a wise saying. And it seems to me you have been long enough at Lowell, shut out from the light of Heaven. The influences around you must be very bad, no one can be more than half a man when so situated, but then, on the other hand, you know you risk a certainty for an uncertainty. You may do better, you may lose all and incur much difficulty and distress too. To plunge into a wilderness after you have been accustomed to live in a cellar is no slight change: the consequences may be worse than you conceive them. I should not like to hold up this to frighten you.

Greene C.

You speak too about your money. I hope you are in no want of that which Isaac owes you. You know he holds the original note which Father gave you; of course he could not get the money at a moment's notice. I know nothing about his affairs, but I do not believe he could get the money for you without a good deal of inconvenience, so I hope you will not want it. I think indeed, you ought to let it be as it is a good while, if he wishes you to do so. Consider how much better you were circumstanced when you were 21, than Isaac, and I. You had Father's note for $200, we were worse than nothing, though no fault of our own.

But after all I do not know that Isaac could not pay you, only I do not believe he could. But this I do not say to discourage you from going to the west. I do not think this is any real obstacle.

Perhaps I shall go up to Lexington next week: perhaps — instead of it, I shall take a little trip to Washington, — with a classmate of mine — to spend a few days there, and a few more at Philadelphia; I cannot tell till the day before we start.

Greene C.

× × × ×

believe me your old

friend firmly as ever

J.

To the Same. Lowell.

Cambridge 2d May. 1836

My dear Greene.

That I have not written before, is not because I had nothing to say – as was my excuse upon a former occasion, for now I have no dearth of matter, but I have been expecting an Epistle from you this whole week. I believe one is due. Why do you not write? Have you nothing to say concerning the mill-wheels that are buzzing all day in your ears! your projected expedition to the west, or any thing else which interests you! to say nothing of one you love better than all the green Earths besides!

Greene. C.

Now we are speaking about the west, why do not you go to Texas and fight? Perhaps you could get a Cow=
=pora'l warrant and "about a dozen dollars" a month! what a glorious prospect there would be. You might be killed, but then think of the glory of thus dying in so good a cause as that of human butchery! Have you any notion of going west? or will you stay where you are all the rest of your days! I hope my last con=
=tained nothing to frighten you, you used to have some courage.

\+ + + + +

You have told me nothing about your religious society in Lowell of late, nor of your own progress therein. Rest assured my Christian Brother and old friend you have my prayers. Heaven forbid that distance in Space, or difference in creed should ever chill the hearts or excite one moments coldness between old and tried friends. Do you still find the same joys in religion you used to do? or has coldness come over your heart and shut out all the heaven of gladness which true religion opens to all?

Greene Co.

I hope you will enquire, and think, and will never give up the use of reason; true impartial reason.

Do you know that in but a few weeks — less than twelve, I must go to my labours! Who knows what will be my success! I feel great uneasiness as to the result, but I trust all to the guidance of our heavenly Father. He knows best, what is fitting for me to do, and to his will I submit.

I have been to Washington since I wrote you last. I had a very, very pleasant time: saw many wonders, which I could not get into a letter, sometime or another when we see one another, I hope I shall tell you many things about it. I was gone about a fortnight, visited Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Georgetown, besides a great many more little towns which one has to pass through to see the others.

I have not seen Isaac since I saw you last. So of course I know nothing of the good folks at Lexington: do you? I do. Father was at Uncle Clark's about a week ago, and was very well and so were they all. I saw Charles not a great while since and he was well. I

Greene. C.

hope you will not delay long in writing me, since I am somewhat impatient to hear from you. I saw Isaac Hemmick a little while ago, he thinks of going out into the country to go to school next Autumn, and then going back to Boston. I should think it a good plan. I hope he will make a man.

Believe me your old friend, and one who will never cease to be so,

Theodore.

To the Same. Lowell

May 22d 1836.

I was very much delighted and refreshed my Dear Greene by your last kind letter. The remarks which you made upon the Christian precepts are too true and too beautiful to be lost sight of. That man who has rightly "learned Christ," goes continually on, increasing in knowledge and in estimation. He finds the

Evening. C.

becomes more living and active; his hopes are more clear and certain, and his love is more perfect, and "casteth out fear." When one first becomes a Christian; nay, when he is first taught by his parents, the way of duty and virtue often appear difficult and unpleasant, but as he advances in it, the asperities gradually disappear; the thorns by the way-side give place to the sweet flowers. He no longer finds it difficult to keep the true path. Habit, by God's wise appointment, renders it easy and pleasant and he glides along peacefully and surely towards his destined end.

Christianity is properly, I suppose, both an encouragement and a restraint. The encouragement consists in that joy and peace in believing, "that rest to our souls," which is the pearl of great price; and the restraint is the check to bad actions, improper words and unholy thoughts. The first too is religion as a sentiment, the latter is religion as a principle. Some men seem always governed by religious principle; they do right, not because they love virtue but because they think it a duty, as a means of escaping from the penalty of sin:

Greene C.

now I believe such men are very imperfect Christians, though they may be good citizens. They must learn to love. Any man can consider prayer as a duty and so pray, it may be with the earnest sincerity, but only he can pray because he Loves it, he has much to learn in christian experience.

My Dear Brother in the Lord, I rejoice that you find so much consolation in your faith. We need it all. Religion alone can satisfy all the wants of our nature. In this alone does man find the limit of his earthly perfection. Sorrows will spring up among our joys — like tares among the wheat. What shall comfort us if we have not our hopes stayed upon the Almighty!

I have some melancholy tales to tell. A week ago, a friend of mine died! Mr Emerson, a young Lawyer, a man of great promise — of true genius, and of deep fervent Piety. I have known him long by reputation but not personally until within a short time. He was about to be married to Miss Haar of Concord, and they were

Greene C.

congenial spirits both, pure and noble and generous. Now they are separated.

Today as Rev. Mr Jacobs, the Baptist minister at Cambridgeport was getting out of his chaise to go into the church, his horse ran, threw him upon the ground, and so bruised and broke his skull that he died in an hour! He leaves a wife and large family! I have no room to enlarge upon these providences, nor to add more similar ones which I very easily could.

Hiram came down to see us, as you said he would, I was very much delighted to see him, he seemed like the old Hiram! He could talk like a sober, rational man, said he would come and hear me preach at Lowell if I ever came there. He expressed great willingness to do well; I have much hope of him. His letter still more encourages me; I have sent him the "Christian Register", a very good religious paper, which I hope will help him and encourage him, — and the "Interpreter" our little periodical. I think we ought to do all in our power to save him, both by prayer and by action, and it seemed as if my prayers for him

Greene. C.

were not without avail.

I have heard nothing from Lexington this two months, but shall probably go up there this week. You ask if I am ever coming up to Lowell; I cannot tell when: I may come to preach; if it is possible. I cannot well afford either the time or the cash to come without some professional object. I have no news to write; with you give my respects to Hiram and his family, and write me soon and believe me ever

Your affe friend

Theodore.

To the Revd Lowell.

Cambridge 16 July 1836.

My Dear Friend,

I will not waste my time in making excuses for neglecting to reply to your letter, long ago received, for your silence is as well as I that

Greene C.

men who are good to make epistles, are good for nothing else, and you must know too that I have much to do, and not much time to do it in.

I was much pleased with the spirit of piety and religion which prevailed in your last, and wish that all men could drink deeply of "the fountain of the water of Life," for we all know the salutarings of this Stream. I hope you may continue to drink it pure and unadulterated. I fear sometimes, however, lest you should be betrayed into some extravagancies, which lead to abuse of the "word of God" and bring scandal upon Religion. You know that attention to all the duties of life is no less a part of one's religious duties than private prayer, and public worship. I think too in this boasting pragmatical age, the "still small voice", is too seldom listened to, and that silent, modest, unobtrusive Piety is disregarded. I hope you are in no danger of falling into this error, which brings dangerous consequences with it.

You wrote me nothing about H.—On your next I shall be speedingly happy to hear from him.

Greene C.

I hope he is doing well, and that you have an eye upon him. Do write me all about him!

I was at Lexington Wednesday. They settled a Mr W. G. Swett as their minister that day. I wish he might make Mr Briggs' place good. Many of them are exceedingly attached to him, and great hopes and fears are entertained. They are all well at Father's. Charles and I staid there all the afternoon. I saw Isaac again today; Isaac Hewick too, came to my room today. He has grown much, quite tall, and is a pretty good looking fellow. He thinks of going to school next autumn, and then is going to sea; I rather advised this, than discouraged it, for he said he "had a mind to go, and his mother had no objection." His mother is sick, and has done nothing this month. She is I sadly suspect dropping into a consumption, but hope not, if it be the will of God to spare her life!

My term of residence at Cambridge ends in less than a week! I shall preach Sunday after next at Watertown. Soon after am to go to Barnstable "down on the cape" you know, where I shall stay about

Greene. C.

4 weeks perhaps. If you will direct all your letters to Cambridge I shall get them soon.

I know not what good or evil is to await me, but intend to rest satisfied with whatever allotment I think the Lord intends for me. I hope to do some little good in the world, and am at last resolved to hope for much, and to labour much.

Do not delay to write as I have done, but believe me

yours truly

Theo. Parker.

To the Rev. Lowell

Boston 25 Nov 1836.

My Dear Friend.

I do not expect to be able to offer you a sufficient excuse for my long delay in writing, but me however assume you that I have been driven

Greene. C.

about from place to place since I last saw you, and have seldom remained more than a single week in the same spot. To write then one would have been inconvenient. I have been happy to receive a letter from you a few weeks since, and rejoice that you found pleasure and satisfaction in your excursion. How great an affliction have we recently experienced! We attempt to make up our minds for the most painful results, and sometimes we fancy that our hearts can bear up under the pressure of afflictions, and "not abate one jot of hope," but when the sad reality approaches, how often does our strength vanish down beneath the weight! There is some consolation indeed, when the tree to which our best affections have so long fondly clung — has not only attained the measure of its fullness, but grown gray in its manhood, and sinks at last from our embrace only under the pressure of time kindly. Still, when that has found a kindly shelter, in sunshine and in storm under its branches — who can fail to pour out his sorrows, when the cry of his heart is still? But let us for

Greene, C.

this present time dismiss so principal a subject— He has gone to his reward, and if we at our death can look back upon lives as nobly spent, no doubt, our death as well as his will be like that of the righteous: will be like his, who rests from his labours. I have been at Barnstable lately. They gave me a call to settle with them, but I cannot accept it. To go there, is to deprive myself of Books and of all literary society, which is cutting off my right hand. I could also have been settled at Northfield, where I preached several Sabbaths but that I declined for the same reason. Others can go to those places without making any sacrifice, and can be as useful as I, doubtless more so. Perhaps I shall go to Milton one of these days to preach. I am willing to settle there, I think. When you write— which I hope you will do soon— you can direct to Cambridge as usual. Tell me all about Hiram, how he does &c. I was up at Lexington the other day. All are well. You heard of the approaching marriage of Martha P. I trust you rejoice in it as much as I. To condemn a woman to single life, is

Greene. C.

to condemn her to wear them a sentence of Death I doubt not. Some prefer it, but no one likes it if forced upon them. Wm. I will make her a good husband I suspect: you know that he has as little of the Simonds' spirit in him as he has of their blood! Believe me ever yours

T.

To the Hon. Lowell.

Greenfield 13 Feb. 1837.

My Dear Greene,

I was obliged to you for the bit of a letter you sent me the other day written on a little scrap of Paper: and I condole with you most heartily in the misfortune you seem to have met with. I always thought old friends the safest, and so kept my faith with my first love. But from your complaint — so long and so loud about the fickleness of newly — found friends I have conclu-

Greene. C.

=ded (and indeed no one could mistake so plain a matter) that your intended has cast you off. Now this must be a calamity of no trifling importance— fully worthy to produce the Eloquent declamation you favour me with in your last. But since on a former occasion you displayed so much alacrity in forgetting your sorrow— I trust you will be equally wise in the present emergency. I confess I am truly sorry for you, but suppose that you will do as the old archers were wont to do— when one string snapped they took a new one, and still continued their shooting.

Judging from my own feelings— to lose a Lover is worse than Death, but since you found "a certain cure" for so monstrous an evil, on the occasion above alluded to, I trust you will take more of the same Panaceum— nay, perhaps you have done now as then, that is, have provided the remedy before hand! Ha is it so! I congratulate you before hand. Only write me her name, and I will enter it in my book at the head of a fresh page expecting to have more to add to it every year! Pray write me more particu=

Greene. C.

-lasly about the "breaking off" of affairs, how it took place, and all that. I shall see some of the family soon and should like to satisfy their curiosity upon such an interesting subject. You are most remarkably fortunate — if it is as I suppose, — to have found Three Ladies who did you the honour of giving "their hand with their heart in it." I think myself fortunate to have seemed one. How much more fortunate you to have conquered three!

You enquire about Martha Paine. She has been married something more than 3 months, and her husband is steady, industrious, and is growing rich, for during the last year, he has cleared nearly $2,000. His morals are unimpeachable. As to his Religion I know nothing. All the neighbours were well when I heard from them last, which was about 6 weeks ago. You will please to direct to Cambridge, where I shall be soon I trust. Write all the interesting things you can think of, tell me about Hiram. Give him my regards, if you please &

Believe me truly yours
Thos.

Greene. C.

To the Same. Lowell.

Boston 6 March. 1837.

My Dear Greene,

I received your late Epistle, and read it with much pleasure, and was not so much surprised at the contents as you might expect. when I received your other letter which gave rise to my last, I was struck and sorely puzzled with the enigmatical remarks you made upon leaving old friends: well since I could not accuse myself of that crime, I concluded some one had played the slippery with you, and half in joke half in sober earnest, I made the application which you have read and replied to. I told no one that I suspected you were again at liberty, floating at random on the ocean of Time:— nor should I, had the best opportunities offered, for I should not like, even innocently, to spread any untruth. I am glad you are coming down this way since others may see you, though I should not, since my profession calls me away at

Greene. C.

that time, and I shall not be able to be in Cambridge.

Touching the Books &c, which you speak of, I will look over my matters, and if I can find any thing which can be spared and will benefit you, it is at your service, and I will leave it with Mr Miller, who will hand it to you, as you will call upon him I doubt not. As to pamphlets I doubt that I have any, I never buy them for they are the most costly of Books and seldom are of much value.

I lament as well as you that we cannot oftener meet in this world, but our lots have been cast in separate fields and Space forbids our joining hands so often as we could wish, but this may not always be! "what we shall be" in another world "doth not appear". but, since man is social by nature, and receives most of his happiness from the society of Kindred Spirits it is plain that he must be social hereafter. This is a delightful doctrine, and of great comfort to all, specially to the afflicted!

What bar can we suppose in another land to the perfect union of Kindred Spirits. Certainly

Greene. C.

Time and Space cannot interpose their Obstacles: nor need we suppose that the walls which sunder nations on Earth, will cast any Shadow in Heaven. How comforting is this doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul! What were life without it! who would attempt to grow wise if his wisdom were not to outlast Time! to obtain self command, if it were to last but seventy years! May who would love Gather wife or friend, or attempt to improve them if he fancied them Mortal merely! Man is an immortal seed, sown in the Soil of Time.

Believe me

ever yours T.

To C. Greene Esq P- M. Montgomery-Centre, Vt.

Dublin N. H. 10 Aug. 1855.

My dear Greene

I should have answered your note long ago but for my journey to this snug little mountain

Greene C.

town where we are all of us praying for your recovery. I was quite grieved to hear of your illness — so long continued and so painful. But I trust your lameness will not be permanent, and am glad that you have the patient firmness to bear it. It is fortunate that you have a wife so competent to uphold and cheer you, and material means of support in your illness.

I have been so busy all Spring, and all Summer that I have had no time to write except when it could not be avoided. You know the result of the "Trial". You shall before long see the Defence that I would have made had the matter actually come before the jury: It is now nearly ready for the Press, and will (probably) appear about October 1. The "Trial" has cost me more than $1000, — you need not say this to any one — for I have devoted the spare time of two months to the matter, in which I turned off lecturing to that amount, and besides I have paid $325. in cash for the services of counsel. But this I do not wish known to any one at present. The defence was almost ready for publication the

Greene. C.

first of May, but I had other duties to attend to and left it till now.

In the Spring, (April 26th) I published two volumes of "Additional Sermons and Speeches" but they contain scarcely any thing which you have not already in pamphlet form, so I do not send them. But I have five Sermons in fugitive shape which I will shoot up to you, by and by. — They are all well at Lexington. Charles is at the West — Illinois. Isaac Moore will muster up life enough to get there in the course of ten or twelve months. Frances is at New-Jersey teaching school, and Martha at home making ready for her marriage. She is a good girl — and I like her much. She has a deal of character and is altogether a noble person. Lydia Hewick has a set for her husband quite as low as "Old Hewick" her father. It is a sad fate — a drunken father, a drunken husband! It is hopeless for this life.

All send their best Regards to all — Miss Stevenson sends her kindest and most grateful recollections, and her love to the little Boy. And with hopes

Greene. C.

for your speedy restoration, believe me

heartily yours

Theo. Parker.

We want <u>two tubs</u> of <u>the best butter</u> you can scare up for us, containing about 60 pounds apiece, say in all 120 to 130 pounds. We do not want it <u>now</u>, but by & by when you find it and it will keep well in Boston. The last tub was not very good, the first <u>excellent</u>.

To the Same. Montgomery Centre Vt.

Boston Sept 23. 1856.

Dear Columbus

How sorry I am to hear of your suf=
=ferings— I hope that you have become well again and were so busy with your Farms and your merchandize that you can't not write to me till,

Greene, C.

you have a good deal of the Hero in you, and will bear it like a man I doubt not. God bless you

Theodore.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery Centre, Vt.

Boston 26 Sept. 1856.

My dear C.

The world wags along in its old way, and old Jacs come back now and then. I saw Isaac today — and Frank. They took dinner with us. all well.

Isaac wants a tub of Butter, say 40 or 50 pounds, and Jane is not quite so nice about it as I. Send his and mine together.

Yours ever

T. P.

Greene. C.

To the Same P. M. Montgomery Centre Vt.

Boston Nov 8. 1856. c

My dear Greene,

Your complaint is common with Salesmen, Printers and other Mechanics who stand - which as you say is unnatural. The remedy is twofold: 1, sitting with the feet raised a little - the favorite American posture you know. 2. Bandaging the legs with tight fitting strips of cloth which compress the veins a little and so quicken the natural powers of recovery. If you attend to these two things - and often bathe the afflicted parts in cold water and breathe fresh air - recovery will follow I take it.

I look for dark days - but see bright beyond them. Last Tuesday morning there were three alternatives before the People.

1. Freedom may peacefully triumph over Slavery - by ballots, legislation, the forms of Law and order -

Greene C.

2. Slavery may peacefully triumph over Freedom — by ballots, legislation, Law and "order".

3. the Friends of Freedom and its foes may draw Swords and fight the battle out.

Tuesday night the first alternative was withdrawn by the vote of the People. Now we are to make our election between 2. and 3. — i. e between Despotism and Civil war.

I make no doubt what we shall do — we shall fight and conquer at last. How long we shall fight I know not.

The butter came all right. I don't think it quite so good as that of last year — at least the lot we are eating now is not — But we find no fault — Love from all to all —

Heartily yours

J. P.

If you have leisure read through all I have written on Slavery &c, and tell me how it strikes you now.

700

Greene C.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery Centre Vt.

Newton Corner 4 Aug. 1857.

My dear Greene,

I was glad to hear of your amended health, but grieved to learne that your excellent wife is ill. Give her the kindest regards of mine and me; I am getting better — slowly but perhaps surely; I began to preach as soon as I was able to stand an hour at a time, and became better by the exercise. But the kindly parish insisted on my taking a longer vacation than usual, so we shut the Music Hall July 12, and shall not open it till Sept. I have a trouble in my right side. You know all my Brothers and Sisters die or are sick at about my age; 4 died. Isaac was ill from 44 to 47, but the many bills he had saved his life. If I live one year I shall probably go up to LXXX, or XC, who knows but to C.?

Love from all to all. Yours

Theodore.

Greene C.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery Centre. Vt.

Boston 25 Oct. 1857.

My dear Greene,

The Butter came and I like it much – to do all the Household; I am glad to hear that your family are mending. Do take wise care of your Health. God has written more than Ten commandments on the Body, each of which is a Regulation of His will; a religious man will try to keep them all.

You Isaac written and told you of the sickness at Lexington! all of them have had the Typhoid Fever – since July 12. George the youngest son – 11 3/4 years old – died of it. It was a very sad household, now they are doing pretty well. If you could send them any little gift – the love of the thing would be worth more than the money.

Good bye

T.

Greene C.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery Centre. Vt.

Boston 24 Nov. 1857.

My dear C. G.

You will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If I can I will lend you the $200. you speak of. It all de= =pends on this— if the Factories pay me any dividends I will lend you the Money. If not I shall not have it to lend, I can tell by Jan 1st 10.— I am sorry to hear you are so ill: but you must keep a stiff upper lip and you will all go through.—— Isaac was just here. —and brought me a fine Turkey. All well at home. He is a grandfather— a little Daughter at York— Love from all to all.

heartily & hastily yours

J. P.

Greene. C.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery Centre. Vt.

Boston 16th Jany 1858.

My dear Greene,

I am sorry to find that I can't lend you the $200. I am not well enough to lecture and so earn money by my toil; and the factories I rely on for a little spare money pay me no dividends! All well here, love to all there, — I suppose you see there is a new candidate in training for the Presidency in New York State, I mean Comstock — who killed his Father, roasted his Heart and ate it!

Yours

Theodore.

Greene. C.

To the Same P. M. Montgomery Centre Vt.

Boston 18th Feb. 1858.

My dear Greene,

I find I can let you have the $100— any day you want it, the sooner the better. Let me know.

All well. Love to all

Yours faithfully

L. P.

To the Same P. M. Montgomery Centre. Vt.

Newton Corner 2 Aug. 1858.

My dear Greene,

I am quite glad to hear from you again, and not less that you are not so busy as often. I think the health of yourself and your wife has suffered from three things: —

Greene. 6.

1. Excessive Anxiety and worry,
2. Deficiency of regular sleep.
3. Deficiency and Irregularity of nutritious food — especially meat.

The commandments of God are written on the Body of man, and if we violate them, we must suffer the consequences of our folly. Three fourths of the deaths under XX, can be avoided, and 3/4 of all the sickness of the human race.

Isaac's Daughter Emily will soon pass away, I think her death wholly needless. She is an obstinate, wilful and romantic girl, who pays for her folly with her life. My Brother foolishly put his Hog Stye under his Kitchen windows, and so had the most noi-some stench in his nose all the time. At length he removed the Swine, but all last summer he had a great green puddle of water in its place, under his Kitchen; I called his attention to it and told him it was a fever-breeder as certainly as his Sow was a pig-breeder. It had no effect, he would not even plant sunflowers there, as his father used to, and

Greene. C.

correct the miasma, nor stanch the plague spot with fresh earth. When his son lay dead of the Typhus, and himself, his wife, his two daughters, his youngest boy were all sick of the same terrible complaint, or just recovering from it - on the day of the funeral, I saw the nasty fiddle again, and said, "That is what killed your Boy. His death was as needless as that Mud-hole which poisoned the house"! this year he has dried it up - to my great wonder. NO prayers will alter God, or Gods Laws, and I think it is the part of Religion to conform ourselves to Him, not try to conform Him to our whims.

Affectionately & faithfully

T. P.

Greene. C.

To the Same. P. M. Montgomery - Centre Vt.

Boston 26 Jan'y 1859.

My dear Greene,

I am to sail for the W Indies next week I suppose - shall stay at St Thomas and Santa Cruz probably, "and hope to recover my health. Of this I have about one chance in ten! But I do not fear such odds as 9 against 1! all that I have done most noteworthy has been done against 99 to 1. or 999 to 1. I am ready for either lot - life here or life elsewhere, and have such absolute trust in the Infinite God that I know no fear. Still I shall do all in my power to live - My wife and Miss Stevenson go with me. Love to all.

Yours truly

Theodore.

Prayer is communion with God - you may use words or not. the words are not the prayer only the vehicle it rides in.

711

712

A

[redacted] 2.

21st, *did* correspond to the date of the 'signing' on board the Mayflower, November 11, O. S., and Saturday, December 21st, was the New Style Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims," but, as the 22d has been celebrated for so long a time, it is probably not best now to disturb its hallowed associations.

Again: "If persons are anxious," says the writer of the article in question, "to celebrate the anniversary of the landing on the day corresponding as nearly as possible to that of the 'Forefather's,' in absolute time, they must take the date of that event, Old Style, December 11th, and add the two day's error which would have accrued in the 240 years since elapsed, had the Old Style continued in use. On this principle, we should observe not the 22d, but the 13th of December."

I can arrive at no such conclusion as the above. If the writer had told us to *subtract* from December 11, the two days' error which would have accrued in the 240 years elapsed since 1620, if the Old Style had continued in use, and that the difference, 9, would indicate the day of December to be celebrated, provided we had continued to reckon time by the Julian Calendar, and were now so reckoning, I should believe him. But we are not so reckoning, neither were we told to *subtract* the two days error; consequently I think we should not have the true anniversary.

The landing occurred December 11, 1620, O. S.

The 80th anniversary occurred December 10, 1700, O. S.

The Julian Calendar, by which the Pilgrims were then reckoning, gave 29 days to February, 1700; whereas, by the Gregorian Calendar, which differs but very slightly from "absolute time," February of the same year had but 28 days; and thus the *true anniversary* of the landing occurred one day *earlier* in 1700, than it had occurred in 1699, because one day, the 29th of February, had been *inserted* between the two anniversaries. In 1751, the anniversary came upon the same day, December 10. But by act of Parliament, the year 1752 was shortened eleven days, giving it but 355, instead of 366 days. The anniversary this year fell upon the 10th of December, O. S., as in the previous year, but the *same day* by the New Style of this year was called the 21st. *Hence*, December 21st, N. S., is the Anniversary of the Landing, in "absolute time."

HOW TO THINK, WRITE, AND SPEAK WELL.

[We copy from the *Banner of Light* a letter written by Rev. Theodore Parker, which has never before appeared in print. Although the letter is addressed to a minister, yet it cannot fail to be useful to a teacher.]

BROOKLINE, NEAR BOSTON,
September 3d, 1851.

Dear Sir: — You ask how you can acquire an impressive mode of delivery. That will depend on qualities that lie a good deal deeper than the surface. It seems to me to depend on vigorous thinking in the first place, then on clearness of statement in the next place, and finally on a vigorous and natural mode of speech. Vigorous feeling and thinking depend on the original talent a man is born with, and on the education he acquires, or his daily habits. No man can ever be *permanently* an impressive speaker without first being a man of superior sentiments or superior ideas. Sometimes mere emotion (feeling) impresses, but it soon wearies. Superiority of ideas always commands attention and respect. The habit of thought is easily formed; you doubtless know the way to attain that as well as I can tell you; one help to it is the habit of reading hard philosophical books, and giving an account of them to yourself. Bishop Butler is a good man to try upon, so are Lord Bacon, Hooker, Scott, Clark, Hobbes, and any of the great masters of thought. The philosophers are generally the best reading for ministers. So much for the habit of thought. I need not speak of the mode of cultivating the feelings — either such as relate to finite objects, or the "feelings infinite" which relate to God.

We refer to the clearness of statement. If you have something to say, a good deal of your success will depend on the amount of the matter. It is a good plan to put the least important first and the most important last of all. Thus their is a continual ascension and progress of thought. The speaker runs up hill, and takes his hearer to higher ground at every step. In the expression of the thought, the *shortest* way is generally best, and it is better to state one thing once and no more; the good marksman hits the mark at the first shot, and then puts up his piece; the bungler misses it, and blazes away the second and third time. Things well known require no illustration except for beauty and the delight it gives,

things, new or abstruse, and hard to grasp require illustrative figures, etc. It is better to use definite than indefinite terms; to say a *man*, and not an *individual*, or a *human being*. I love specific terms, such as Thomas or Ellen, and a *man* or *woman*.

It is a good plan before writing anything, to think over the subject and see what you know about it, then to make a plan of your work, putting down the points you intend to make in their order, and under them the propositions, the proofs, illustrations, facts, etc. Time spent in the plan is time saved in filling it up. Then in writing — a tired man cannot write so well as a man not tired; a sleepy man, an unwilling man cannot write well; he will have sleepy readers (or hearers), and unwilling ones. Good, plain words are commonly the best, not fustic and yet not mere *literary* and dictionary words; the language should be chaste and not vulgar.

In the mode of delivery there is little difficulty. If you have felt with vigor, and thought with vigor, you will write so too, and must speak with vigor. The best way that I know is to speak *distinctly* and in the *natural tones of voice* — in the tones of conversation as far as possible. In most (country) churches we need not speak above the natural tones of voice in order to be heard. It is a great help to be familiar with your manuscript. A man that never lifts his nose from his notes cannot interest an audience much. About gestures I cannot give much advice — to some men they are natural and useful; to others not at all. Nature is the guide. Commonly the gesture ought to precede the word it is to illustrate. "Look there!" says a little boy, and points to the sun. But he begins to point before he begins to speak; such is the method of nature.

You will see that I find the chief helps to an impressive mode of speech in the man and not out of him. There are no tricks in real eloquence; they belong to the stage, not to the pulpit — nay, only the low practice of the stage. The best books that I know are Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric and Whateley's Rhetoric. Maury, Part 1st, Eloquence, is good. It is well to read the works of great orators, (Webster, the greatest master of orators in the world,) Burke, North, Taylor, etc. The arguments of lawyers will help you much: you will find them in celebrated trials, in

"State trials," for example — those from the time of James I. to James II. are full of such things as I refer to. The study of poets is a great help, both to the thought and to the form of expression. Shakspeare is a valuable ally. If you read Greek easily, then Homer and Æschylus will help you much. But a personal acquaintance with the Bible will be of incalculable aid. No book will so help the development of the religious feelings, no poetry; then it is a great mine of illustration, because it is the only book that is known to everybody. You see how Jesus illustrates his great truths by reference to common things before the eyes of the public, and to the common events of the day. I have written you a very long letter.

THEO. PARKER.

Rev. H. A. Keach.

WHO MURDER INNOCENTS?

MR. SLASHAWAY, who writes for the Ocean Magazine, says the teachers murder them. Mrs. Prim, who picks the mote out of *other* people's eyes, says the same. Mr. Tradewell, who comes home at night with the headache, and does not like to be troubled with the children's lessons, iterates the same grave charge. And all lazy boys and girls offer themselves as the *living* witness that they expect to *die* of hard study.

We protest —

Who sends the children to bed with stomachs overloaded with indigestible food? Not the teacher.

Who allows Susan Jane to go out in wet weather with cloth shoes and pasteboard soles? Not the teacher.

Who allows the little child, in cold weather, to go with its lower extremities half bare, or but thinly clad, because it is fashionable? Not the teacher.

Who allows John and Mary, before they have reached their "teens," to go to the "ball" and dance until the cock crows? Not the teacher.

B

Dingee. M. P. To Mrs Martha. P. Dingee. York. Penn

Boston 27th June 1856

My dear Martha,

I don't know what to advise Charles. It seemed to me a little rash on his part to take a farm so early in life, with so little acquaintance with the country and its ways— but I suppose he knew better than I. I don't like to advise him at such a distance, with so little knowledge of the facts. But one thing I am sure of— if he goes back to Lexington he will do nothing— and ten years hence will be driving some other man's milk cart for $18 a month, with no chance of any better fortune before him for life. I trust he will not waste his time and money in a visit; and also that he will not return to live here. It seems so cowardly and unmanly to give up defeated!— The Illinois Company makes good offers— but if I were he— I think I should take Government land at $1.25 the acre as so many thousands do every year. But I should work for others till I had two things:— 1— a little experimental knowledge, and 2. a little ready money. You see the Illinois Rail-Road company will sell land for $5. an acre on credit, or $4.00 for cash. It is so with every thing. Let him work a few years— and save his money and

Dingee M. P.

then he can buy land when he will— He can lay by from $100 to $150. a year, say $125. Here then is the state of the case if he puts the money out at interest. 7. per cent.—

1857— earns and saves $125. puts at Interest

1858 — — 125. Int 8.75 = 133.75.

1859 — — — 125 — 9.36 = 143.11

1860 — — — 125 — 10.01. = 153 12.

Then on the first of January 1861 he will have $554.98 of his own earnings and savings. With that he can buy land where he likes, and he will have such experience as enables him to buy wisely. — He has made a bad experiment— he must be wiser next time, but to return to Lexington would be a yet worse experiment— he might as well go into partnership with "Bije Perry" at once— as general loafer.

I am glad to see that Charles has improved in his spelling—, but he still seems to think it a severe task to write a letter, and so only does it at rare intervals. I see no reason why he should not become a thriving man.

Now with many and the kindest regards

Sincerely and yours believe me

Affectionately your uncle Thomas.

C

Dingee. M. P.

716

To Mrs Martha. P. Dingee. York. Penn.

Newton Corner 10 June 57

My dear Martha,

I dropped a letter to you into the P. O. yesterday while the Boy handed me one from you. I did not answer your husband's because I intended to reply to it by word of mouth, but when I went to Penn. I left so many friends dangerously sick that it was not humane in me to remain long from home accordingly I hastened back again, this explains the fact that I neither visited you nor replied to your kind note of invitation.

I think there is little hope for poor Emily. Dr. Hosmer says she is far gone in consumption, none can hear her cough & doubt it. Her face indicates the same fact;

= residence for strangers
e been continually
istakes & this corrects.
& Yours, I need not say
Rome about April 26th &
is know whether I shall
pass the month of May.
If course you heard of
ood even here. Good bye.
Faithfully Yours
Theodore Parker.

B

Dingee M. P.

then he can b
$100 to $150.
the case if he
1857 — earns
1858 —
1859 —
1860 —

Then on the
of his own exam
land where he li
enables him to b
-ment- he m
to Lexington wo
as well go into
as general lo

I am gl
his spelling —
task to write a
I see no reason

just now she is trying a Medicine
of Mrs. Tilson a "Medium Doctress".
I think she knows as much about
the matter as a female horse. She
prescribes without seeing the pati
which is probably just as well.
But she has the good sense to g
no powerful medicines. The last
prescription was Gum-arabic &
Slippery Elm in Bourbon Whiskey
& water. She orders a liniment for
the hips which is to * the dise
of the lungs! Mr. (Seminole (Bowers)
& the Millingtons have great confi
dence in this Dr. & I think some
persons have been really got hel
under her hands. But I doubt
that anything will do this po
thing any permanent good, tha
terrible vulture which has d
poured so many of our family
has his claws in her sides & hi
breath in her nostrils & no Dr. ca

Now with many and the kindest regards

Sincerely and yours believe me

Affectionately your uncle Hudso

tear him away. It is very hard but we must submit. Two years ago I think her life was in her own hands now I think it is beyond all human control, neither Science of Drs. nor a Sister's love can save her – I think it would be impossible for her to visit you, indeed the ride to Boston would be fatal. I would do all in my power to bring her to you were it possible. Her Mother was at our house Saturday last & still has hope, her poor Father has none! But then he easily despairs. The rest are well – the season is backward. My wife & Miss D. join me in heartiest love to you & yours. I would like to see the Baby. Remember me kindly to the Townsends.

Affectionately your
Uncle Theodore

residence for strangers
e been continually
itakes & their corrections.
& yours, I need not say
Rome about April 28th &
it know whether I shall
pass the month of May.
If come you heard of
ord even here. Good bye.
Faithfully Yours
Theodore Parker.

e word in this place I
nink is contrib but cannot
exactly make it out. M.

Dingee M. P.

then he can b
$100 to $150.
the rate if he
1857 ___ earns
1858 ___
1859 ___
1860 ___

Then on the
of his own earnin
land where he liv
enables him to be
ment he mu
to Lexington w
as well go not
as general law
I am gl
his spelling
task to write
I see no reason

Now with many kind thanks and the kindest regards

for yourself and your

Bruges. M. P.

melancholy character. Yet Rome is a favorite residence for strangers
ds come hagen & go reluctant home. I have been continually
interrupted while writing this hence the mistakes & their corrections.
y wife & Miss S. send their loving regard to you & yours, I need not say
o earnestly I add mine. We intend to leave Rome about April 20th go
Florence, Milan, Venice & so to Germany. I don't know whether I shall
turn in July or Sept. nor indeed where I shall pass the month of May.
shall probably go to Naples in a few weeks. Of course you heard of
hat ghastly affair at Lawrence. It chills my blood even here. Good bye.

Faithfully Yours
Theodore Parker.

To Mrs Martha. P. Dinges. York. Penn.

Rome 6th Feb. 1860.

My dear Martha,

Your letter of Nov. 21. reached me here the 14th ult. & more forcibly reminded me of what I have never forgotten that I intended to write you. But it is not quite so easy to write with consumption in my sides as when I could sit up or eight hours at my desk & not think the time a long one. I am glad you were home last Summer but am not surprised that you found it a little dull, the aspect of the country from your Father's door is rather severe at its best estate & tho' it may be cheerful it never hilarious. It gives me a touch of the heart-ache to go there & compare the Rose which I find with the Elms which I but too well remember, so I do not venture there very often & it is not likely that I shall ever lay my eyes on the old place again

xxxx

with a few scratches on it. I have sometimes wasted honest & hard-won money in trying to help persons who could not be helped ×××××××××××××××××

We have been in Rome ever since the 24th of Oct & shall stay, I take it, till about the middle of April, as mine in the pleasantest part of the city; on the high bank came almost within the wall & our rooms are about 70 ft. from the ground, are front the E. & S. so have all the sunlight there is, that is not much this winter but it is not cold enough here to prevent the Roses from opening their blossoms in the open air, or to hinder the Oranges from getting ripe & sweet as they hang on the walls of sheltered gardens. I continue to walk from 2 to 4 hours every day besides riding a little now & then, there have been only 8 days out of near 120 when I could not go out of doors, we have had little snow but only enough to whiten the roofs for an hour or two, yet most of the time is cloudy & disagreeable, damp, dark & uncomfortable. I hope I have grown no worse since I came here & perhaps I am as well as when I was at N.J. a year ago today, then a foot of snow fell & I left it lying in the street when I walked down to the Steamboat two days later. I have lost flesh since I came here & do not weigh more than 140 pounds, which is ten less than I was in 1852, the cough also is a good deal worse but the general health perhaps improved. If I had my choice I should not select this slow way of going out of the world, but am glad the decision depends on no such feeble mind as mine. I am contented & cheerful & enjoy life in proportion to the ability I still have. I feel like a General who has lost an

tenths of his army but still keeps the field, drills his nasty troops as before, who march to the same music though played by a portion of the band, & is ready for such little service as his poor squad can now render. I wish I could look forward to the time when I could visit you & the BABY. But I think I must be content with recollecting the time when I took the Mother there & left her a stranger in a strange land. When I was at Kennett Square in 1858 I was too sick to go any where so hurried home as fast as I could nor have I had a well day since then, or since a some weeks before. If I reach home & live any length of time I intend to buy some little place in the country betake myself to my original & favorite work of farming gardening. I can still I think raise potatoes, apples, peas, peaches &c. as well as ever, the outer air will be good for me in fair weather & in foul perhaps I can still use the pen a little. But I build no hopes even on this.

Perhaps you would like to know something about this famous city which you cannot read in Encyclopedias & Books of Travel so I will say a word or two about it as I see it. Here is a little sketch to show its shape with the river Liber running through it & dividing the town into two quite unequal parts. It is surrounded by a wall built of brick or stone, now and then the other about 50 ft. high on the outside. The wall is nearly 13 miles long several gates let the people out & in, the gates themselves are of wood & are open all day &

shut at night, sometimes the gate-way is adorned with
handsome architecture, towers &c., a large part of the space
within the walls is uninhabited in these times - occupied with
ruins of the ancient city, or cultivated as farms, gardens &c. There
are 70 or 80 great buildings called palaces some of which are truly
magnificent structures, these are all comparatively new, built
within 200 years. It is said there are about 360 churches most of which
are also modern: not earlier than 1450, tho' one dates back to 324
& a few more were built in the 5th, 6th, to 7th centuries. The very old
churches were built over again as a general rule in recent times
& so there is not much left of the very ancient Christian Rome. Some
of the churches you know are immense in their size, thus St.
Peters covers about 8 acres of ground, it cost about $50,000,000. or
$60,000,000, & takes $30,000 a year to keep it in repair. Of course these
churches were built for the "Glory of God" not for the help of man;
a thoughtful man is greatly disquieted at seeing the enormous
expenditure of labor for such ridiculous nonsense. If religion be
Piety the Love of God & morality, the keeping of His natural laws there
few cities are less religious than Rome & in none perhaps are the Rules
more anti religious. But if it be as the Romans think, the performance
of certain ceremonies neither useful nor beautiful then is Rome the
most religious that is or was in the whole world.

There are about 176,000 people, of whom 10,000 are soldiers, 6,000
priests & monks, & 2,000 nuns. There are besides about 2000 beggars &
paupers. The number of thieves & robbers I have not ascertained but
their name is legion, no doubt. The Romans are a very handsome
people. small in stature. I have seen but one dirty-footed, dark
complexioned with large eyes, small mouths & regular features.
Homely women are in the minority here & cannot tyrannize
as in other lands so the Despotism of Ugly women however common
America is unknown - thank God. The women of the common people
go bare-headed in the streets even in rainy weather & their blue-black
hair with gold or silver pins in it looks very handsome. They have
good necks & are full & plump in their bodies, but you see many
persons who look as if they fed on unwholesome food, or had not enough
of what was suitable. They have little or no fire in their houses. I
hire apartments of Prof. Nobile, his rooms in which he lives with his wife
have no sun after XI a XII but he has only a little charcoal in a trap
to warm his thin legs withal. The cooking apparatus in the kitchen is a model
of economy. The coal used in my kitchen in a week would amply
supply these people for a year. I do not the art of saving all things is ever
where practised in Europe so that our habits seem to me only savage
and is one of our great waste. The gay dress of the soldiers, the Priests in their
various garbs, the monks clad in long garments, brown, black, white &
striped, the grotesque costumes of the country people, the fantastic rags
of the beggars - male & female, the multitudes of jackasses & mules, the
quaint carts drawn by mules hamessed three abreast, the open wine shops
from 4 to 6 ft. long, the vegetables & other articles for sale out of doors in every
street, all these things make the city quite picturesque & interesting;
sides men go about all day crying their wares, brooms, shoes, old clothes, old
cabbages, bric-a-brac & many other things in the characteristic tones & added to the
general life of the town. But after all it is a melancholy town, the general
air of the place is grave & solemn. Join ful you live in a tomb, in
Rome is the burial place of two empires. The people have the most
faces I have seen anywhere in Europe. The

Deductive Method in Rel. 21—

6 Gool. 1–20.

H

Hermann Scherffius 16–20

I Immutable p10— 15:

Method in Chl. 21.

$C = P$

Pallas 24 – 6.

Providence (Rhode I.) C.

Sacrificia, Human 16-20

$\mathcal{F} = T$

Transcripción 10